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THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION:

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY.

INTENDED FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS.

BY CAROLINE FRY.

VOL. V.

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THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

JULY, 1825.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

(Continued from page 255.)

HEROD thus established, was deeply in debt to his Roman friends, and much exaction was necessary to answer their demands. His necessities and profusion were so great, that no extortion was spared to satisfy them; and it being the sabbatical year, in which the Hebrews might neither plant nor sow, want and famine threatened the whole country. Hyrcan still lived—the Parthians had freed him from his chains, and he was dwelling in Babylon, highly esteemed by the Jews of Assyria, who respected him as their priest; but such was his love of his native country, that when he heard his friend was on the throne, he desired leave to return to Jerusalem, in spite of the warning of his adherents, where he was received by Herod with great magnificence, and real satisfaction, for he had thus in his power the only claimant to the throne. Domestic enemies now appeared against him. Alexandra, the daughter of Hyrcan, and mother of Marianne, the beloved and lovely wife of Herod, could ill endure to see the pontificate, the right to which was in her family, but which Herod had bestowed elsewhere, in possession of a stranger. Hyrcan could not hold it now, but she thought it belonged in justice to Aristobulus, her son; her frequent complaints served no

purpose but to determine Herod to rid himself of both. Aware of this Alexandra had recourse to the famous Cleopatra of Egypt, and endeavoured to escape to that country for protection. For this purpose she entrusted her design to two of her servants, one of whom was to provide her with a ship, the other with two coffins, in which she and her son were to be conveyed to it. Herod knew their design, and waited only till they had gone some distance in the coffins, then caused them to be arrested and brought back; fear of Cleopatra prevented their punishment, a seeming reconciliation took place, and the young prince was put into the priesthood by the false king, but in effect was doomed to death. The occasion soon arrived. At the feast of tabernacles the new High-priest, then only seventeen years of age, appeared at the altar in his pontifical ornaments, and officiated with such striking elegance and grace, that the people could not forbear to express their admiration, filling the temple and the city with his praises. Herod's jealousy needed no more. As soon as the solemnity was over, he went with the young Pontiff to Jericho, where an entertainment was prepared for them by Alexandra. The weather being hot, Aristobulus was invited to bathe in a fine pond in the neighbourhood, whither Herod's people accompanied him; and, while they swam together, held him under the water till he was dead. Herod pretended to believe it the result of accident, put on the deepest mourning, and erected a monument to his memory. Nobody however was deceived: the people mourned his loss, and the mother carried her complaints to Cleopatra, who persuaded Antony to summon the murderer before him. Herod appeared, but his bribes had preceded him, and he was absolved. Not confident of success when he set out, he had left orders with his uncle Joseph, who governed in his absence, in case he should be condemned, to put to death his beloved and beautiful Marianne, that she might not fall into the hands of Antony. Joseph had the indiscretion to disclose to the

queen this fatal order, meaning to prove to her thereby the violence of her husband's affection. Marianne considered it rather as a proof of jealousy and inhumanity, and thence conceiving a violent hatred towards him, was meditating flight, when the prince, her husband, returned. Suspicions arose out of this affair, which caused the death of Joseph and Alexandra, but Marianne was exculpated.

Soon after this Cleopatra arrived herself in Jerusalem, returning from the Euphrates, whither she had accompanied Antony. She came to claim the revenues of the territories of Jericho which Antony had granted to her, arising chiefly from the growth of the much famed balm of Gilead. The precious plant from which this balsam was extracted, is affirmed by Pliny to have grown only in two gardens belonging to the Jewish monarchs, one of twenty acres, the other something less: but Cleopatra caused it to be transported into Egypt, where it is said to have flourished ever since. It seems, however, certain that it was the natural growth of Arabia, and that it was found on the borders of the Asphaltic Lake in such quantities as to produce a considerable revenue to the owners. The balm was gathered from the shrub in the months of July and August, in some warmer grounds as early as June. It either dropped of itself, or was made to do so by incision with a sharp knife, not of iron or steel, which is said to be death to the plant, but of flint or ivory. The liquor was whitish at first, and thin, but became in keeping thick, and of the colour of honey. Such is the description given of this balsam, then producing revenues sufficient for nations to contend over, but now unknown or little valued.

In the seventh year of Herod's reign, Judeah suffered from an earthquake such as had never before been known; many thousands of persons being buried in the ruins of their houses. Shortly after this, his repose was troubled by the fall of Antony, his friend and protector. Again he feared the rivalry of Hyrcan, who had allied

himself with Augustus, and, at eighty years of age, caused him to be beheaded for his own security; thus repaying a prince to whose favour he owed his life, his crown, and all his greatness. His next step was to repair to the quarters of Augustus, to conciliate his favour, and proffer his allegiance, having first disposed of his wife and her mother in a strong fortress under the care of his confidential servants, with orders, as before, to murder them if he was unsuccessful. Augustus gave him a most kind reception, accepted his friendship, and confirmed him in his title, in token of it, ordering him to take up his diadem, and wear it before him. Herod, well pleased with this success, returned in triumph to Jerusalem, but was there again to encounter domestic broils. The princess considered their confinement to the fortress in his absence, as no other than imprisonment, and well conjectured of the orders that had been left. When therefore on his return, Herod with his wonted tenderness would have embraced his queen, she repulsed him with sighs and tears, and many expressions of disdain and anger. The king's wrath was excited to the utmost, he reproached and threatened her; but his love quickly surmounted every other feeling, and the enemies of Marianne, among whom were her mother and Herod's sister, Salome, found they must use other means to work her ruin. The character of the beautiful and unfortunate Marianne is painted with every excellence by the historians of her people: but her aversion to her husband daily increased, and she took little pains to hide it. She came at length to treat him with so much contempt, his own excessive fondness for her could no longer hide from him, that she was his irreconcilable and bitter enemy. Long time his affection got the better of his resentment, and Marianne might yet have escaped, but for the watchful treachery of her enemies. Herod having one day retired to rest himself in the heat of the day, sent for Marianne, and in the kindest manner bade her sit down beside him. The princess returned his ca-

resses with scorn, reproached him with her father's and brother's death, and all the wrongs of her family; which so exasperated the monarch, that he was on the point of killing her with his own hands. Salome seized the favourable moment of this quarrel: she had previously corrupted the cup-bearer, who only waited the signal to execute her treachery: and now she sent him to Herod with a poisoned draught in one hand, and a sum of money in the other, to affirm that Marianne had bribed him with the one to administer the other to the king. Herod determined to bring her to public trial, and having chosen the judges from among his own creatures, carried on the prosecution with so much violence, they easily perceived they must condemn her to death; yet entreated he would not precipitate the execution, but confine her till he had maturely consulted his own heart. Salome knew that this would save the princess, and perhaps disclose the falseness of the accusation; wherefore under pretence that if the sentence were delayed, the people would rise in arms to save their queen, she obtained an order for the execution. Marianne received the fatal summons with firmness and courage, and in calm serenity walked to the place of execution. By the way her unnatural mother, the ever turbulent Alexandra, fearing for herself a similar destiny, and hoping thus to conciliate the king, insulted the innocent princess as she passed to execution, reproaching her with faithlessness and ingratitude to the best of husbands. Marianne bore all with serenity, her countenance expressing no emotion but that of shame and horror at so base an artifice: she died with intrepid courage, and with her departed the happiness of her tyrannic husband. His resentment expired with her, but his love survived—remorse rent his bosom, and made life a burden. In vain he essayed to divert his grief by feasting and diversion—Marianne was ever present to his thoughts; he called to her aloud in the midst of his revels, and often desired his courtiers to fetch her to him. A pestilence that

shortly after destroyed multitudes of his people, added to his load of misery, because it was universally attributed to the shedding of the blood of the injured Marianne. He withdrew to the deserts to hide himself from the sight of men, till a painful sickness obliged him to return for advice of his physician; but their medicine only increased his sufferings. Time surmounted the disorder, but never could surmount the sour and brutal temper to which he abandoned himself more and more as he regained his health. To such an excess of cruelty came he at length, that in his fits of rage he spared neither friend nor foe, sacrificing on occasions, even to the day of his death, his nearest relatives and most faithful friends. B. C. 28.

Alexandra, the most unnatural mother of the lovely Marianne, was among the first who suffered from the tyrant's wrath; though not altogether undeservedly. Ridden now of all his enemies, Herod evinced a growing disregard for the religion and customs of the Jewish people, and began to introduce foreign games in the stead of their accustomed ceremonies. A handsome theatre and a very spacious amphitheatre were erected in Jerusalem, whither foreign musicians, actors, gladiators, were invited; to the no small scandal of the Jews, who held these things adverse to the true spirit of their religion; and still more were they offended when those places were adorned with trophies, which they mistook for images, and conceived to be idolatrous. Herod, to appease their murmurs, caused the armour to be taken down, to convince them there was no figure beneath it; but nothing could reconcile them to these heathenish novelties. Ten of the boldest among the people entered the theatre with daggers concealed under their clothes, with intent to murder the king, but were detected. Fearful of revolt, Herod fortified the city more strongly, and rebuilt Samaria, as a place of defence, if he should need it. For a short season he regained his popularity by the care and generosity with which he saved the peo-

ple from the destruction of a famine and pestilence that occurred about this time.

Augustus was now reigning in Rome, and the two sons of Herod were sent to be educated at his court: so great was the regard now paid to a people that were shortly to be their destroyers. Herod, fearful of the disaffection his cruelties provoked, thought he should conciliate favour and immortalize his name by rebuilding, on a more splendid scale, the sacred temple of Jerusalem. The difficulty was to persuade the people that he would or could perform the work, and they refused to suffer a stone to be removed of the old building, till he had collected materials for the new. Accordingly he set 10,000 men to work in carving, masonry, &c. under the direction of 1,000 priests, whom he kept in pay; and a thousand carts were employed in fetching materials. In two years every thing was ready; the old temple was then removed, and in about ten years the whole was completed. B. C. 15. This was the temple in which the Saviour taught, and the magnificence of which struck with awe the Roman army, when, a century after, they came to its destruction. The stones of this temple were of white marble, exquisitely wrought and polished—the gateways were closed with costly veils of gold, and silver, and purple—around the cornices were hung festoons of grapes and leaves, curiously carved in gold—the ceilings were carved in cedar. Such is the description given by those who saw the building, so quickly doomed to its final destruction.

Meantime Herod's crimes and miseries increased; his two sons, the children of Marianne, became the objects of apprehensive jealousy, and suffered on the gallows. Plot after plot, murder after murder, succeeded to each other—every where feared and hated, the nearest members of his own family were at once the most treacherous of his enemies, and the most injured objects of his cruelty.

But now the time was come. The eternal purpose of

God, announced to Adam in paradise, pledged to the patriarchs in the land of Canaan, foretold ages after ages by the prophets of Israel, and typified in all the ceremonies of the Mosaic law, was now to be consummated in the appearance of the Messiah—proudly expected till he came, and when he came, rejected and despised. It is here that we must make the second division in our history, and leave the people of God while we trace up the history of the other nations of the earth to this important period, when the condition of all, and the destiny of all, were to be so deeply affected by the birth, to them unknown, of the ruined world's Redeemer. The state of Judeah at this period, when the birth of John the Baptist gave the first warning to those who would believe of the approaching crisis, was such as the Almighty had by his spirit foretold, and such, no doubt, as suited the purposes he had in view. Despised and encroached upon as it was by the prince upon the throne, the Jews were attached, and more strictly than at many times they had been, to the letter of their fathers' law; for it was by those who pretended a zeal to the God of Abraham, and not by the worshippers of other gods, the Messiah was to die. There was no idolatry in Israel now. The people held the oracles of God in reverence—by them they professed to measure their conduct, and on them to build their faith; and so far they believed them, that the coming of the Messiah, as therein foretold, was anxiously anticipated. But essentially and truly they believed them not: else had the Messiah been recognised and acknowledged when he came; for in his appearance those prophecies were exactly fulfilled. There was at this time great profession of religion in Judeah, and great contention about it; as we have seen in the long divided sects of the Pharisees and Sadducees; and there were other sects, as the Galileans, the Herodians, &c.; but to all alike the Messiah was unacceptable, for the doctrine he taught was adverse to them all. The Pharisees were the predominating party—we have already spoken of the

nature of their credence, and shall readily perceive how much it stood opposed to the Messiah's claims. They, in conjunction with the rest of the nation, expected in the predicted King a triumphant conqueror, who should reduce the nations of the earth under the standard of Israel, and extend their dominion to the limits of the creation. Proud, cruel, and rapacious, the doctrines of Christ were little suited to their taste—high in their own esteem, and rigid observers of external form, they were ill pleased to hear the humiliating scheme of salvation by the merits of another, and of resurrection to a life so different from the eternity in which they believed. The Sadducees, next in consequence to these, and opposed to them in every thing, were opposed no less to the unwelcome messenger. They believed in no futurity, and therefore needed no redemption from its dangers; no wonder that they did not wish to have their dream of earthly happiness disturbed by fearful predictions of what should be its recompense hereafter. In respect to the smaller sects, it does not appear whether the Herodians were a religious or merely a political party, nor in what way they were separated from the others. The Galileans seem to have been distinguished only by their resistance to Roman power, to pay tribute to whom they considered contrary to the law of God. The Essenians were a sect of recluses, living in excessive austerity, apart from the rest of the world—famed for their high pretence of sanctity, and contempt for the rest of mankind, as well as by some peculiarities of doctrine. Of their opinions we are not very well informed—their habits were peculiar. A rigid self-denial was their method of propitiating the Deity: in pursuance of which purpose they renounced the world and its enjoyments, and lived apart from the rest of the people. They never ate till after sun-set, and then their meal was spare, the best of their food being bread and hyssop. Their beds were hard, their hours of repose but few—their dress was plain white and of coarse material. On the Sabbath they repaired very early to

their synagogues, and remained there in prayer and reading through the day. The Pentecost was kept by them with unusual rites. At day-break they assembled to prayers and reading, dressed in new washed garments of the purest white—after a day of uninterrupted devotion, by moving their bodies backward and forward in measured time, they worked themselves into what they considered an extacy of devotion, and remained together dancing and singing through the night: when the morning broke, they turned themselves towards the sun, their usual position at prayers, paid their adoration to the Supreme Being, wished each other a good day, and retired to their separate cells. Other sects there were, but the differences among them are difficult to trace. All, it appears, held the law of Moses in professed esteem, and abided by their own interpretation of it—all professed allegiance to the God of Abraham—but to all alike his Messiah came unwelcome, for the message he brought was not to the mind of any. To the meritorious austerities of the Essenian, the ostentatious devotion and self-confidence of the Pharisee, and the infidel security of the Sadducee, the tale of unmerited redemption from helpless corruption, was strange and revolting: the seemingly obscure and powerless Messenger who came upon this errand of mercy, was far other than the brilliant conqueror their sublunary ambition had anticipated: and the Messiah, foretold and waited for through four thousand years, was personally rejected then, for the same reasons, and under the influence of the same mistakes, as he is virtually rejected now by those who, since his coming as before it, profess to believe the written word of God; but do in fact believe no more of it than accords with their own mundane views and wishes.

The temporal affairs of the Jews were also suited to fulfil the predicted circumstances of the Messiah's advent. Rome had subdued the world; and reposing on the summit of her power, had closed the temple of Janus, the symbol of universal peace. The land of Ju-

deah itself, though prosperous and at peace, was sunk into the obscurity of a tributary province: thus the great event which was passing there, the deepest interest of the whole created world, the wonder of Heaven itself, might be transacted there unseen and unobserved—for so it was designed of Heaven: most consistently with all its plans and purposes hitherto manifested. The great things of this world have never been chosen for exhibiting the great things of God; else had the small and powerless progeny of Abraham not been chosen for his peculiar people, while Egypt and Assyria, with their splendid palaces and victorious tents, were passed by without regard—else had the Saviour of men been born and crucified in Rome, the metropolis of the world, and not in the obscure dominion of a tributary province.

Some expectation there probably was among surrounding nations, gathered from their intercourse with the Jews, and from the dispersion of the Greek translation of the Scriptures, that something at this time was to happen in Judeah, by reason of the arrival of her predicted king: but there is no reason to suppose these foreign states took any interest in the lowly being when he came, either to save or to destroy him. There were, however, those who did believe and did expect, and most joyfully received him—the sons of God were not a race extinct, now that the people of Israel were serving their own devices, any more than they had been when at the court of Nebuchadnezzar they served the gods of Babylon. The supreme Being knew where to find them, and the angel Gabriel was sent accordingly to Zachariah, a pious priest, as he ministered at the altar, doubtless himself in anxious anticipation of the expected advent, to announce to him that the time was even come, and the way must be made ready for the Messiah's approach: more especially to foretell to him the birth of a son, the miraculous offspring of age and barrenness, who unlike in birth as in character to the rest of mankind, was to be the harbinger of the world's Re-

deemer. The good old priest found it hard to believe a message of so much strangeness, and asked of the heavenly assistant a sign to assure him of its truth. The sign was at once a pledge and a reproof—the aged minister became instantly dumb, and continued so till after the birth of the child.

Six months later the same messenger came again to earth; but it was still to obscure individuals in their lowly homes, and not to kings in their councils or princes on their thrones. He appeared this time to Mary, a young virgin of Nazareth, living in poverty under the protection of her espoused husband, Joseph; both of them of the line of David. To her he made it known that she was herself to be the honoured instrument of the Creator's purposes. Mary was the cousin of Elizabeth, the pious Zachariah's wife, and having heard that she too had received a message from Heaven, he went to rejoice with her on their own distinguished destiny, and the approaching epoch of mercy. After three months abode with her cousin, Mary returned to her lowly habitation in Nazareth, and Elizabeth gave birth to the predicted son: he was christened John in obedience to the Angel's injunction to his father, a name that in the Hebrew tongue is expressive of his embassy; and Zachariah immediately recovered his suspended speech.

The birth of the Messiah followed quickly—but here our history is to make a pause. And how naturally—from the lowly dwellings of Mary and Elizabeth, remotely situated in the province, where a few individuals of the lower class were holding such strange intercourse with Heaven, and things like these were transacting, do we look out, as it were, upon the now populous world, and ask what they were doing at this momentous hour. The history of each separate nation we shall trace up to the present period, ere we proceed with this. As a whole, a single glance discloses what they were about. The children of men possessed the earth and ruled it,

and did their pleasure with it, and no one forbade them. Forgotten every where, defied every where, and every where unwelcome, he who created it for himself, seems to have had no dominion upon it, but the cottages of Joseph and Zachariah—for though there was a whole nation that he called his own, when he came to them, they too disowned him. How few were at that time the sons of God upon the earth, may well be perceived in the Gospel narrative; when among the thousands who followed and listened to the Messiah, so few could be found, who really believed him to be what he declared himself.

We have thus traced up the Jewish History to the moment of our Saviour's birth, 4004 years after the world's creation. Though in this latter period their history loses much of its peculiarity, from the withdrawing of God, as it were, to a more invisible distance from them, leaving their affairs to be directed like those of other men, still there is an air of romance in their circumstances, and of enthusiasm in their character, that gives unusual interest to the narrative of their concerns: they still commend themselves to our interest as the selected few, God's chosen people, acknowledged though in disgrace: and whether we see them with a few hundred weapons dispersing the heathen armies, fasting and preaching before the conflict, to which they were led by the priests in their pontifical robes, or mourning on the heights about Jerusalem for their polluted altars, we become deeply interested in their concerns, as a people apart from and unlike to the world that surrounded them. And such in truth they were. That they have now become to us objects of contempt and injury, is the judicial decree of Heaven, doubtless: but it is not therefore less blameable or less surprising that we should hold them such. As God's peculiar people, the subjects of dispensations so extraordinary, and the instruments of events so rare, as distinct from others now in their adversity as erst in their prosperity, it would seem more

natural that the sight of one of these isolated beings, wherever encountered or in whatever condition found, should excite an immediate feeling of interest in the bosom of any one who believes what has been written of them. Were it not for the deadening effect of habit upon our minds, the sight of a Jew would surely bring to memory the God of Abraham and all the tissue of miraculous events with which the Jewish name for ever stands associated.



REFLECTIONS

ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE,



Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.—ROM. xiv. 23.

WE hear so much cavilling and disputing about the smaller points of Christian practice, the right of this and the wrong of that—one surprised that another does such a thing, and that other surprised that the one does not the same: some even venturing to condemn the servant of a far kinder master, because his practice or his opinions accord not with their own—one might suppose that the Christian's God had left his followers without a guide; and like the fabled tyrant of antiquity, placed them in a labyrinth of moral difficulty, from which they may issue safely if they can, but of which the intricacy makes escape almost impossible. Is there then no rule, no right—no bright beacon on the path to glory, by which the servant of the Most High may choose his steps? Or is man so blinded rather by self-love, and his own fancied wisdom, that he cannot see it, and so end these doubtful disputations? They were not disputations of principle Paul was speaking of—but of small matters of practice, as consistent or otherwise with a known, admitted principle. And Paul is directed to set them all at rest in these few and simple words, explained

as they are by the preceding chapter. Would you know if that thing was sin—seeing that God has not named it in his law, either to command or to forbid it? Consider what was the motive that inclined you to it. Was it an honest desire to glorify and please your Maker—a simple intention to put things to the uses for which he intended them, and work with his means the good that he wills?—for he wills always good, to yourself, to others, or to his own honour. Are you certain that this was your motive, and that had you not so considered of the action, you had forborne it? Then be you sure that action was not sin—you condemned not yourself in that you did. But you hesitated. Why did you so? Because you thought you perceived in the measure something inconsistent with the known commands of God—something not quite conformable with the spirit of his religion, though unforbidden in the letter—something that might counteract the good purposes of his will, and indirectly administer to the harm of others or yourself, or attain the honour of his name, or be productive of evil, that thing he never wills? Then be assured that whatever it might be to others, that thing to you was sin—for when you did it, it was not of faith. It might be an innocent act, but you did not see it to be so—you did not wait to see it so, but did it at a venture. Some motive must have been stronger in you than the desire to please God—something must have turned the suspended scale—conviction it was not; for had you been convinced you would not still be doubting: the determining motive of your action was something apart from God his pleasure, or his glory—these were the motives of your hesitation—you allowed the other to prevail, and doing so you sinned. Thus it should seem that our difficulties would be abated much, were we to look to our motives rather than our actions, in questions of this sort: and instead of asking continually of others, “May I not do it?”—“Must I abstain from doing it?”—ask rather of ourselves, “Why do I wish to do it?” “Why do I hesitate to do it?” To whichever question

the better answer will apply—to whichever it may more properly be answered, “To do the will of God”—let that, for the present at least, be our determination—it cannot be the wrong, however we may hereafter see the answers changing places, and change our conduct also. But to this criterion our own actions only can be brought; we cannot measure thus the actions of another. What is to be done in this case? The context has decided: “Let us not therefore judge one another any more.”

Et la porte s'ouvrit à eux d'elle même.—ACTES xii. 10.

LA facilité que la grace fait quelque fois trouver dans la conversion et dans la délivrance des inclinations corrompues, la fait presque regarder comme un songe par ceux qui l'éprouvent. Les secours des Saints Anges sont imperceptibles. N'attendons pas que nous les connoissions en particulier pour leur en témoigner nôtre reconnaissance, et pour en louer Dieu. Toutes les difficultés s'applanissent souvent pour ceux qui ont une fois quitté la peché et les occasions. Ceux qui ont une véritable confiance en Dieu, le trouveront toujours prêt à la protéger d'une manière ou d'une autre. C'est lui qui sauve aussi-bien par les voies ordinaires et insensibles, que par les miracles les plus éclatans. Mais les hommes ne sont guère frappés que par les moyens extraordinaires et miraculeux. Dieu cesse d'employer ceux-ci, quand la nécessité cesse. Qui fait reflexion sur la conduite que Dieu a tenue sur lui dans la conversion, y voit et y admire ce qu'il ne voyoit pas alors. Il voit qu'il a fait des demarches qu'il n'auroit jamais faites par lui-même, et que Dieu lui a caché des difficultés qui l'auroient épouvanté. La main de Dieu est plus puissante que toutes les puissances de la terre et de l'enfer. Qui s'appuye sur elle, n'a rien à craindre.

QUESNEL.

Teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.—PSALM xc. 12.

SUPPOSE I had received notice to quit my apartments, and in three days was to remove to some distant residence—I should betake myself to my chambers, consider how I might best dispose of the interval, and make myself ready for my departure—I should say the time was short; and since so short it was, I must make haste to use it for all needful preparation. If any one knocked at my chamber door, I should tell them I was very busy, could not well spare time to entertain them—if they had business they must dispatch it quickly, if not I must request them to forego the visit. Then if they began to talk to me about the concerns of the place, something that was proposed to be done, some danger or inconvenience that was apprehended, I should listen with indifference, and tell them they had better see to it, since I was so shortly to depart. I should remind that I was about to lose all interest in the things they spoke of, and could not attend to them while I remained; for I had but three days longer.

So if my days were numbered—if I knew, as under some circumstances of disease I might—that I had but three months more to live, should I not act the same? Should I not shut my windows, and close my doors about me, to abstract myself from the things of earth, and use the brief interval as the awful certainty required? If sorrow knocked, should I not say, that if it would come in it might—but the visit must be brief—I had but three months more to stay, and therefore its presence did not signify. If pleasure knocked, should I not say, it was all too late to give it entertainment—I had other business than to amuse myself with this world's trifles. If the cares and interests of life tried to force themselves on my attention, should I not feel they were things that I had done with, and could no more trouble myself about.

“Teach me to number my days that I may apply my

heart unto wisdom." If I am fifty years of age, teach me to reckon there are but twenty, likelier ten years more—then all these things will be my concern no longer. If I am thirty, teach me to remember that in thirty more, there will be nothing for me to lose or win, in the game I am playing with so much anxious eagerness. Or if I have counted yet but fifteen years—let me consider—three times, four times more that space—and sorrow or joy, success or defeat, wealth or poverty, pain or pleasure, may knock, but I shall not be there—may come in and out at their pleasure, for the chamber will be empty.

Hold fast the form of sound words.—II TIM. i. 13.

To conciliate unbelievers, by supplying them with every needful means of light for discerning the truths which they do not apprehend or recognize, is doubtless a high moral and Christian duty; but to strive to conciliate them by a surrender of any particle of truth, to modify or change it, to cut and fashion it to the measure and mode of their disposition to conviction, is a breach of trust of the same kind, as to bid our master's debtor take his bill, and write down fifty measures of wheat, when an hundred measures is the just amount of the score. We are not intrusted with any latitude or discretion for thus negotiating the good will of infidelity in the article of revealed truth. We must take care to present it pure and genuine, and unbelievers must then take it as it is or they must leave it; but those who attempt a compromise, by any unauthorized concession, are not the champions, but the betrayers of that truth.

PENN.

And the fowls came and devoured them up.—

MATT. xiii. 4.

THE proper application of this text is to those from whose careless hearts a watchful enemy wilfully takes away every good impression that may be made on them

by the casual hearing of the words of truth. May we borrow it a moment as a warning to some who do unwittingly the adversary's work, and from hearts not careless pick up the good seed that had else perhaps borne fruit to their advantage. We commend not those who on returning from the service, pretend to admire a sermon they have not admired, say they have received benefit by it when they know they have received none, and insist upon it the preacher has honestly delivered his Master's message, when they know that he has not so, because they think they *ought* to be benefitted, and *ought* to be pleased with every sermon: and persisting in asking your opinion when you have no wish to give it, are very angry if you say you did not like it. We commend not this, because it is not truth—and religion disclaims all falsehood. But there is a mean between commendation and censure—there is such a thing as silence. And we would give a warning to others and take one to ourselves, against the criticising and censuring of sermons before those on whose hearts we know not what impression they have made. For we know there are times when the saddened heart has received from the preacher some word of consolation, the callous truth has been startled by some word of warning, the confident heart has been convicted by some home struck heart, the desponding heart has opened to some beam of hope—and eagerly they have seized upon their treasure, and laid it up in their bosom, and are carrying it home in fearful silence lest it should escape them—and by the way they meet the well-meaning chatterer, who having not at the moment the same need, received not from the words the same impression; and having not had the remedy applied because the remedy was not suited to their case, they begin to discuss the sermon—and as we always criticise best what we feel least, their remarks are, perhaps, just. This was too strong, and that was too weak—this was misapplied, and that overstrained. They do not admire this expression, and they disapprove

of that doctrine. Meantime their disturbed companion looks in upon her treasure, and sees its value rapidly decreasing. If she is an experienced Christian, and knows that the consolation or the stimulus she had gathered was what she wanted, she drops a tear for their ill-judged intrusion, and returns to her sadness or her coldness. If she is ignorant and had desired to learn, or indifferent and did not care to know, then she freely lets go her gathered word—it was all a mistake, or at least it may have been—the cold discussion has robbed the feeling of its warmth and the impression of its reality—and the hearer returns to despondency or indifference. There was a seed had fallen on the ground ; had it laid there awhile, it might have taken root and flourished—but the talkers have picked it up to examine it—they have devoured it, and it is gone.

LECTURES

ON OUR

SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

LECTURE THE TWELFTH.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you ; That you may be the children of your father which is in heaven : for he maketh his sun to rise on the good and on the evil, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if we love them which love you, what reward have you ? Do not even the Publicans the same ? And if you salute your brethren

only, what do you more than others? Do not even the Publicans so?—MATT. v. 43—47.

THERE is a language in society that needs not words to give it expression, nor open assent to give it currency—the language of our actions, habits, and opinions. All men speak it and all men understand it, and tacitly conform themselves to its terms. We do not now profess, in sober seriousness, to hate our enemies; and when in the warmth of discourse, we say we hate a person, we have often no other meaning than a slight aversion, a passing disapprobation, that would not, if it might, touch a hair of their heads to injure them. Whatever evil there may be in using terms too strong for our meaning, it is not related to our present subject. It is not the language of our lips that needs to be reformed, as here by the Saviour deprecated. For we have all with the name of Christian taken to ourselves something of the Christian creed; we have all adopted the precepts of the Gospel as theoretically good, though practically we leave them quite out of question: and while we in effect go on hating, tormenting, and to our utmost molesting those who displease us, we all most graciously condescend to admit that God is right when he commands us to forgive them. It is therefore no longer *said*, “Thou shalt hate thine enemies”—but is it therefore no longer done? Has the evil ceased? Are God and man agreed, and the disciples of Christ no longer in need of any better rule than the world subscribes to? Perhaps we shall find upon enquiry, that the world has no such law—and the nominal Christian has no such principle—and the real Christian trims but too seldom the lamp that his Lord has lighted in his dwelling.

It may seem, at first sight, that these words are no more than a repetition of the former precept, and of the many precepts we have had to forgive our debtors and

bear with those that wrong us. But examining, we find it is not so. It is more, much more than all of these, and requires a harder effort at our hands. The gentle spirit, softened by the benevolences of life; the cultivated spirit, refined out of its native coarseness of feeling; the suffering spirit, subdued into pity by affliction, find it no such hard lesson to forego their resentment, so far as it might rest with them to inflict the punishment; and feel it more congenial even, with their ennobled nature, to leave the culprit to some other chastisement. There is so much that is beautiful, kind, and compassionate, in the tone that high cultivation has given to society—there is so much rude generosity remaining, even in the coarse bosom of the hind or the savage, that when the first impulse of resentment has subsided, very many, from mere natural feeling, would rather throw aside the weapon of revenge, and extend the hand of reconciliation to the offender. Can the law of God demand more? Have we not already exceeded the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, abrogated the heathen principle of retaliation, committed our open enemies to the established law, and our secret enemies to the justice of Heaven and their own remorse? We do not go about now with the stiletto in our bosoms, and the concentrated poison in some secret corner of our garments—Are we not become in this at least the disciples of Christ and the children of our Father which is in heaven? Read and see.

“But I say unto you, Love your enemies.” Forgiveness is not love—f forbearance is not love—a cold, repulsive aversion is not love. The utmost stretch of generous pardon, and patient endurance, and abdication of our rights for the sake of peace, such as in the preceding verses is described, would not in themselves amount to love—though we cannot well expect to find them where it is not. Love, such as here by the Preacher designated, is blessing, good, prayer—not for those who

have misused us some time, our enemies reconciled and pardoned—but for those who hate us now, and curse us now, and still go on to misuse and persecute us.

The hardness of this precept is so obvious when thus set forth, so absolutely contrary and impossible to our natural propensities, that it is perhaps unnecessary to say any thing to prove that we fulfil it not, or to describe in what manner we come short of doing so. There is a certain language that we hold about forgiving injuries, without forgetting them—a sort of reckoning of the debt, when we do not mean to exact it—a mounting of party colours, when no battle is intended—a something that says to all who observe us, “These are my enemies and I am theirs—there is hatred between us, though we keep the peace.” So much as this may be exteriorly perceived, where there is no outward wrong on either side; and when the polish of society induces us to accord, and to receive, its prescribed civilities from these objects of our aversion. But what are exterior signs, compared with the secret emotions of the heart? Those deep intriguing, outlawed things, that in the proud security of the bosom’s closeness, carry on their projects in defiance of the eye of man, and too much forgetfulness of the eye of Heaven? Is it love there? Is it love that is pleased when the enemy receives a wound—smiles delightedly at the whisper that attaints his character—believes with unwillingness any circumstance that may promise his advantage—and though standing neuter in the battle, triumphs in any issue that defeats his purposes? Was it love that was so morose, sullen, contradictory, when we came accidentally into the society of yonder persons, and were constrained for a season to abide their presence? If not, I fear we have not yet reached even the passive virtue of forgiveness. But this is no mere passive virtue that our text is treating of. Our Saviour has put an extreme case, and he has brought the duty to its extremity—he has wrought his portrait highly,

that there may be no possibility of mistaking the likeness. He commanded that we be actively employed in doing good to those who are actively employed in doing ill to us. While our enemies are making busy with their curses—perhaps openly and to our faces saying unkind and bitter things, wounding us by their laugh, or depressing us by their frown; or perhaps secretly carrying about their curses to undermine our happiness and alienate our friends—our employment is to be—most strange one, as nature feels!—to be asking or bestowing blessings on their heads, openly or secretly endeavouring their good. And when, no more content with words of mischief and wishes for our harm, our enemies are enabled to proceed to actual hurt, misuse us openly, and persecute us successfully, then we are driven to our last resort—perhaps we have no means, or no lawful means of defiance, and the aggressors are so potent or so subtle, that no one will come in to help us, or stand against them on our behalf. Then we know what alone remains for us to do. We must go to the tribunal of our Father for the aid that earth denies—we must carry our ruined cause to the last resort of justice: unhelped of any man, unable to help ourselves, grossly injured without redress; deeply suffering without a remedy, we must betake ourselves to Heaven as the only refuge that remains. But what are we to do when we come there? Ask for retribution on our enemies? That is not said. Ask for fire to consume them, a sword to smite them, a rod to chastise them? These are not said. It is said, “Pray for them.” It might seem our very proper errand there to pray *against* them: so committing our cause to him who judges rightly, and wishing no more punishment than their due. But nothing of all this is said, and we are bidden to pray *for* them; to plead, as it were, their cause rather than our own, and implore a pardon for the guilt of which we came to accuse them. And we would dwell a little on this part of the command; because if we can sincerely fulfil it, the

difficult remainder will become considerably more easy. We cannot possibly hate those for whom we sincerely pray ; nor can we secretly desire a curse where we honestly implore a blessing. But be it remembered, that to ask a blessing on our enemies is not necessarily to desire it—and to offer a formal petition is not to pray sincerely. Therefore the connexion is reciprocal ; and neither can we pray sincerely for those we hate, nor honestly implore a blessing where we secretly desire ill. First, then, it is desirable we look to ourselves, whether it is our habit when we are injured, to speak of it in prayer to God, desiring first that he will soften and amend the hearts of our enemies, and next that he will not lay it to their charge. And then it is desirable to watch our feelings and actions afterwards, to see if we mean what we have said : that is, whether we would like to convey to our enemies any sort of blessing that providence may send ; whether we are willing to carry back the answer to our own petitions, in the form of some good we can do them, or some kindness we can show them, or some means that may appear of softening and amending their rancorous dispositions. If from this prayer we meet our said enemies by the way, what is likely to be our manner or feeling towards them ? That will depend exactly on the honesty of our intercession. If it be haughty, bitter, aggravating, then surely we were hypocrites in the prayer.

'Tis a hard saying, who can bear it ? We may by principle command our outward actions : we may forbear the word—perhaps we may even controul the look of bitterness—but what can we do with the silent, still emotions of a bosom deeply wounded, writhing in agony for the suffered wrong ? Are its emotions within our controul ? Can we force the heart to love the thing that breaks it ? Alas ! we feel where we have come to : and the precept lies like a letter of condemnation on the bosom of every one of us. How can we help ourselves ? It is out of nature, out of reason—impossible ! Well, then, we must return to the text of the Preacher, and tell him

so. And what is his reply? Is that impossible that has been done? Is it out of reason that the children should do what the Father does? Out of nature it may be—but then it is that very nature that must be changed, or ever the Father's features can be acknowledged in the child. Our Father which is in heaven has been reigning six thousand years over a whole world of enemies. Their active malevolence has outstood the utmost activity of his goodness, and the hand of reconciliation has been proffered them in vain. Through all that time he has sent his sun to shine upon the earth; and what sees he by its light but the base misuse of all that he has given, the open, undissembled breaking of his laws, and the busy activity of men to defeat his purposes for the furtherance of their own? He has sent his rain upon these sons of injustice, and what have they done with it? They have taken of its produce to make themselves other gods and other lords, that they may serve them, and sacrifice to them their time, their health, their bosoms' best affections in idolatrous devotion, to the utter forgetfulness of him to whom they all are due. Well might he bid his sun to rise no more; or, as of old he proved he could do, bestow the light on the dwellings of his people only. Well might he commission the rain to fall no more, and leave to sterility the misused earth. We do not say that God loves all his enemies—there is no reason that he should, as there is with us—though how he *can* love them he has amply proved—but he shows them unbounded kindness, unsparing liberality, unwearied forbearance: and we have been those enemies—the recipients of that ill requited good we say it is impossible to render to those that hate us.

Say that the Father's feelings never could be what the children's are—though offended, he could not be pained—though insulted, he could not be injured. He has lost nothing by the world's defection. What is it to him that the children of Abraham have forsaken the God of their fathers, when of the very stones beneath his feet he can raise up other children to Abraham that will

serve him better ? Wronged indeed by his enemies he has been, but he has suffered nothing, and has nothing to fear. That is true—and we will drop the parallel, admitting that though his provocation is infinitely greater than ours, the case is thus far dissimilar. But it is only to take it up again where no one can gainsay the likeness. There was a circumstance in which Deity itself became the compeer of humanity, and placed itself within reach of the creature's enmity. It came into the power of man—strangely, we confess, yet it is true—to do what he would with his benefactor—not in impotent bravado while the wide expanse of the universe lay between them—a space that his arrows might traverse, but theirs could not—but hand to hand, face to face—he the weak and they the strong—he the servant and they the masters. How the malevolence of his enemies then became manifest, let the story of his existence upon earth declare. His enemies were not one—they were not two—a few among the many from whose hatred he could take refuge in the bosoms of those that loved him. No man loved him according to our estimate of love ; for in his worst extremity all forsook him. His enemies were not strangers, who owed him nothing, and could have nothing of him. He came to his own—his own by ages of preference miraculously evinced towards them—and he came with blessings in his full right hand, to pour abundantly on all who would receive them. Yet still they hated him. Can any of us tell of wrongs like his ? God as he was, he came, too, susceptible of human feelings ; and we may be assured, that in exact proportion as his nature was more exalted, more pure and impeccable than ours, by so much more acute would be his feelings ; as we find it in the different gradations of character among ourselves. And that he did feel the bitterness of mortal enmity, let his sorrows and his sufferings prove : for whence else came they ? That countenance marred more than any man's, those drops of unnatural sweat, the anguished breaking of his yet

unpierced heart—let these prove to what degree he was capable of feeling the malice of his enemies. And can we still say that to love our enemies is impossible, that the requirement is unreasonable and cannot be complied with? How possible it was the sacred Preacher knew, by the sad experience of that very hour in which he issued the command. For there was he, sitting in the midst of his own world, the most hated being in it; persecuted, and reviled, and about to be destroyed; surrounded by enemies who meditated his destruction, and followers who were ready to forsake him at its approach. And it was for love he came there—and it was for love he sate upon that mount and spake. Love was in his bosom the only rival of the grief that reigned there; and it seemed that they increased and grew together. Love shed tears for his persecutors that he shed not for himself; and while his enemies held such wide possession of the earth, that he found not where to shelter his own head, love found him space enough to scatter blessings so profusely, he seemed not to have regarded on what heads they lighted. And when he came to the extremity we spake of, and had no more to do but to offer his last prayer, what was the tenour of it? “Father, requite them?” That would have been our’s—that would have been what we call just and natural—but it was not his.

And surely now we can no more deny that it is possible to love an enemy; and if it be difficult to us, it is not that in the nature of things it is so, but that in us there is some disposition that creates the difficulty, and offers resistance to the divine command. Thence arises, as it appears to me, the closing injunction that bids us overcome the imperfection in ourselves which is all the difficulty in the way of our obedience to these precepts, and assimilate our dispositions to his, to whom it had proved so possible to love his bitterest foes. And in enjoining this, the Saviour assumes that there is reason why those to whom he was speaking, his disciples,

should in this be distinguished from others, and exchange the resentful nature which in common with others they originally had, for one more assimilated to that of their heavenly Father. As if he saw them ready to declare, as we do, that they could not love their enemies, he seems, as it were, thus to interrupt their thoughts: "That is your imperfection; and imperfection in this kind is sin; and sin must be resisted and subdued, until you be perfected. For if it be not so, what are you more than others? What do you, to lay claim to a greater name, and a better principle, and a higher destiny? Publicans and sinners can plead their nature—heathens can love as selfish nature dictates. What is the new profession you have taken up, the new dignity with which you have been invested as the children of God, the new name you have assumed as the followers of Christ, if you are still to use the excuse of your debasement, and indulge the propensities of your degradation?" To apply it in a few words to ourselves, what has redeeming grace and mercy done for us, if we continue in disposition even as others, and hold ourselves excused by saying it is our nature?

THE LISTENER.—No. XXV.

I WAS travelling once over a distant land—a land it had been by the way I travelled, of bleakness, and barrenness, and danger. If sometimes I had loitered where there were flowers budding, fair as the first and fairest of our Spring, while I yet waited in expectation of their blowing, I saw them wither in the sunshine, fade and pass away. If ever amid the parched and thirsty soil, I had looked upon the bursting of a pure, clear spring, quickly there came to it some unclean thing, and muddied and polluted what had risen so pure. And often as beneath some shadowing tree, I had laid down to rest, or ever I had shod myself again to hasten forward, the cold north wind had come and stripped that tree, and robbed

it of its beauty and of its shade. It was a wretched land, and they that dwelt in it were like the land they dwelt in. Their well-seeming virtues rarely bore the bloom they promised, but failed at the moment of expected fruition—their wisdom, however rife it seemed to flow, flowed not far before it became mixed with error and empoisoned—their enjoyments were the evanescent verdure that could not withstand the first cold touch of sorrow. And surely I had felt pity for them as I passed, and mourned that they had not a better land to dwell in.

Having travelled thus some considerable way, I reached a spot, seeming more fair for the rude path that led to it, and beautiful in the contrast of its fertility with the coldness and barrenness of the land I had passed over. There was no barrier that I perceived, between them; and yet were they distinct as the darkness of night from the broad light of noon. Why the inhabitants of the adjacent country did not pass on to it, I perceived not: but I concluded it was appropriated property—the hereditary possession, probably, of a people too powerful to need a land-mark, or an armed out-work against the encroachment of their neighbours. Certainly I saw that no desire was manifested on either part, to take possession of the other's land; and unequal as seemed to me the destiny of each, each appeared contented to abide their portion. I entered with delight on the rich scenery of this pleasant land. I do not know that I need particularly to describe it: it was like the best spots in our native country—those that industry has toiled to cultivate, and some tasteful hand has taken pleasure to adorn. It was like to those wide estates, that being appropriated to some powerful and rich possessor, who finds his pleasure in them and does with them what he will, manifest in every part the influence of his interference. It was no fairy-land I speak of, where magic suns gave birth to golden fruits, or necromantic power charms the elements to stillness. But it was one where forethought had provided every thing,

caution had secured every thing, and whatever were the natural ills to which it lay exposed, some defence against their influence, or remedy for their mischiefs, had carefully been provided. The blossoms of their gardens died like others—but their departing beauty left the fruit to ripen richly on the stem. The sun of their day-time went down like others, and often went down in clouds—but the damps of their nights were like the waters of affliction to the bosom of submission, the better for its tears. When the tree that adorned it withered in the blast, and passed away, there came a friendly watcher and planted another as lovely in its place. The menacing weeds sometimes came up, indeed; but quickly the eye of the inspector marked them, and put in his keen-edged tools to their destruction. Like our most highly cultured grounds, its paths were made straight, and its rough places were made smooth—the threatening tempest passed it over harmless, and the winds that rocked its habitations to their base, found them too strongly founded for destruction—the dwellers in them slept secure in danger.

The inhabitants of this happy region, I observed, were many, and they seemed to know the value of their estates. They did not live on them in idle luxury, waiting the productions of a soil that, rich as it was, would surely so have disappointed them: but they cultivated it in cheerful expectation of no uncertain harvest. Though they enjoyed its good in common, it was not in wild misrule, the lawlessness of promiscuous possession. Each one had his place, and each one had his task; and if the proportion of each was not the same, it showed a fair adjustment to his powers, his industry, or his deserts: it was enough to suffice him till time and circumstances should bring him elevation in the scale: there was enough for all: and all were secure they should not be deprived of the possession, unless they willingly departed to some other residence.

When I had staid some time with this people, I found that they too had a character something in conformity to

the features of their country. They evinced the infirmities and dispositions of other nations, and this appeared to be the chief attaint, that sullied the lustre of their state, and marred their happiness. Yet even this was not without a palliative and a corrective remedy: the laws were so good, and the administration of them so good, the punishment ensued so quickly on the misconduct, and the pardon so quickly on the effectual repression of the wrong, that order and peace were the general characters of the kingdom, notwithstanding the peccability of its subjects, and the frequent interruptions of their enjoyment by the obtrusion of their faults. I became after a time very anxious to know who these people were, and how they came to be in possession of so beautiful a territory, while all around it and about it, as I have told, remained so bleak, so bare.

"Tell me," I said to one I thought could inform me, "from what great line of ancestry these people are descended: the children, doubtless, of some pristine hero, who conquered for them this so pleasant land—or perhaps the generation of its first possessors, who, when the inhabitants of earth were few, found it and took possession, and by their industry and wisdom made it what it is, and bequeathed it with all its blessings to their posterity."

"This land," he answered, "was not originally theirs who hold it now—their fathers did not conquer it, their progenitors did not possess it. They dwelt yonder in the lands you passed through."

"Indeed," I said, "most happy are they then in the exchange. But by what rich purchase is it theirs?"

He answered, "It came not into their hands by purchase, but was the gift of our Sovereign Lord the King, who gave it to them and their heirs for ever."

"In reward for some service to the crown?" I asked.

"None that I ever heard of," he replied; "it was confiscated property, and he gave it where he pleased."

"But who then, and where, are the original possessors

of these lands? Do they who planted yonder vines not gather of their fruits?"

"No," he rejoined to me, "nor they who built those palaces may dwell in them—nor they who raised those altars may longer worship there. They were faithless, ungrateful traitors; they broke their pledged allegiance to the king, their persons were outlawed and attainted, their estates forfeited to the crown—and what the fathers made themselves, the children have continued."

"What were the fathers before this happened?"

"The favourites of their prince—the best and best-beloved of all his realm. The highest in dignity, and the most happy in estate, they came, every one of them, of royal blood, and could trace their ancestors by name to a period when ours were unheard of. Here, amid the blessings surrounding us, they lived secure, no man disputing their possession; for they indeed had been its first possessors, the sole inheritors from remotest ages."

"And what are the children now?"

"Did you not see them," he replied, "loitering in helpless indigence on the confines of our territory? Come and I will show you them."

"We walked towards the way opposite to that by which I had entered; and I observed, amid surrounding dreariness, a few miserable hovels, the abodes of the wretched, as their appearance told—humanity was pleased to see they were not more."

"Are these all that remain?" I said.

"No," answered my companion, "but they are all that reside in this part of the kingdom, wandering round the dwellings that were once their own, but where now they enter not."

I looked upon those miserable ruins of departed greatness, and saw, or fancied I saw, some traces of nobility in their features—but it was so mixed with an expression of sordid wretchedness, and abject acquiescence in disgrace, I could liken it only to the fallen

statue which the elements have discoloured, and the rank herbage overgrown, till we know not if we really perceive, or do but persuade ourselves of its former beauty. Misery, guilt, and deep-written melancholy there certainly were upon their sallow brows—in some, I could have believed it the melancholy of penitence and shame.

“The children of royalty,” I uttered as I looked at them, “the certain claimants of that remote ancestry of which we are all so proud! And do they want for any thing?”

“It is likely they want for every thing,” my guide replied, “for they have no possessions here or any where; they dwell upon the waste; they have no country and no friends, and scarce a home—none but those miserable huts.”

I entered one of them. An aged man was sitting, older, I judged in misery than in years—and yet his head was grey, as sorrow's often is before its time. The scanty hair upon his half-bared head was strikingly contrasted with the abundant fulness of the beard. His features were harsh; there was vice in them, and there was misery—but it was vice and misery that had done its work and gathered its reward, and purposed no more, and feared no more of either; poverty, abandonment, and despair were the predominant characters of every thing in him and about him; excepting that there lay about his feet a group of children, whose sunny foreheads and deep hazel eyes glowed with the vigour of fresh existence, as yet unquestioning of weal or woe. And even to these, the long, falling line of the nose and forehead, and the shadowing eyelid that half veiled the oblong eye, gave such an expression of pensive melancholy, one might have fancied they borrowed their features from their fate.

I spoke to the old man softly, and said his store appeared a spare one; and something I said about the condition of his house, and the contrast with their former

greatness when in possession of the adjoining lands, which, as I was told, had been his fathers'.

"They tell me so," he said, "but they were never mine; and I do not want them—for I am going to my fathers, from whom the rapacity of those strangers stole them."

"But I have heard that you forfeited them by rebellion, and were lawfully ejected."

"It may be so—but I know nothing about it. Whatever happened, happened before I was born. Compelled to toil my life through for my bread, sometimes to beg it, aye, and sometimes to steal it or forego it, I have had no time to enquire, and no one has cared to tell me."

"You do not seem so much concerned as I expected. Would you not like to enter again upon that pleasant land, and look at the dwelling of your fathers?"

"No one has invited me. Concerned! Is the loathed spider, think you, concerned when you wipe it from your gilded cornices, and cast it out as a pollution? Is the hated reptile concerned when you put your foot upon it, as too vile to be sheltered even in your dust? What matters our concern?"

"But your children—perhaps the time may come—do you not wish ——"

The old man raised himself from his seat, placed his back against the humid wall, his clenched hands resting upon the staff before him. "My children!" he interrupted me—"I have said I did not know—you say I do not care—but this I know—I love my children, miserable villain as I may be, and they are suffering, outcast, and despised. The land they dwell upon produces nothing—the returning seasons bear them nothing—look at them, unwashed, unshod, and starving. Perhaps if they knew what they are and what they might have been, they would try some means to be reconciled to their king—but who is to instruct them? Where are they to find him? They are born to misery, and they will die in ignorance, the innocent victims of their father's deeds,

and no man comes to help them." He paused a moment—then with increasing mournfulness resumed—"The boastful inhabitants of yonder place, talk much of their abundance. Proudly exulting in their unbought possessions, they cast our forlorn condition in our teeth, and weighing our wretchedness against their bliss, bid us behold in it the issue of our fathers' crimes. I have said I do not know if it be true. I do not know if their land be as abundant as they say. How should I—they have never imparted to me of its fruits? I do not know if they are really the happy creatures they profess to be. How should I? They have never bidden me to their hearths. But if it be that their halls are so wide, and their harvests so rich, and their government so beneficent as they say—ah! surely there should be room enough for these few poor children! But none will fetch them in." The father's voice grew hoarse with deepened emotion—the dark eyes of the children moistened with a tear; they knew not why, but that their father wept.

I could have wept too—but I replied, "Perhaps the prince your fathers so much offended, forbade your re-entrance on those lands—perhaps its new incumbents hold it on condition never to admit you—or surely they had not so long left you here unfriended."

"It may be so," the old man answered, fixing a look of lorn despair upon his children,—paused a moment—then, as if a hopeful doubt had broken in upon his sadness, added, "I never heard it. I have heard he loved our fathers—they who love the fathers are not used to hate the children. It may be so—but when you go back again to yonder halls, if you see that there is any thing to spare—if there be room enough in their chambers and food enough on their boards, ask if they are forbidden to take in my few poor children."

Readers, I have fulfilled my commission. If you were the possessors of some rich tenement, given by the sovereign, as in former times it often has been in our country, the forfeited property of his traitor subjects, to those

he makes his friends—while you enjoyed the gain of their disloyalty, should you feel no pity for their need? Should you leave their children to perish at your gates? I believe you would not. There is nothing more moving to our natural feelings, than to look on the residue of fallen greatness—if a suffering pauper be pointed out to us as the child of one who was of rank and birth superior to our own, a stronger emotion of pity is excited for his degradation; for we contrast his fortunes with our own, and measure his fall as what ours might be. Still more, if you were the gainers by that change, and held the property that was once his father's, would you not hold out to the deprived and degraded offspring, some portion of your well-spared abundance. You would go out of those pleasant lands to the bleak forest I have described, to look for those poor children that were perishing on the waste, and bring them in to live on your estates, and be at least your servants. Now believe me it is no fiction I have told. Jehovah has a garden that he cultures with especial care, as unlike the heathen lands that lay around it, as the dwelling I have pictured to the country that was about it. He cast out in anger the original inhabitants, and put you in unearned possession of what erst was theirs. A few of their outcast children, innocent of their fathers' sin, ignorant of the real cause of their degradation, and not knowing by what means to be reconciled to their offended Maker, are lying about your streets, and lurking round your doors, and you have taken no notice of them. You have not gone to their dwellings to offer them a partition of the word of eternal truth, on which you feed so richly. And you have not sought out their children to separate them from their miseries and rear them to a better state, before habit has confirmed them in their errors, and reconciled them to their destruction. You know their high original—you trace with lively interest their distant pedigree, and are proud to call yourselves by the name of their fathers—it is your boast and glory to observe the law of Moses, their legislature,

and Christ who was born of them. And yet you hold these ancient people in contempt, individually, if not as a people; and feel no emotion when you see them perishing without those moral and religious advantages you possess in such rich abundance, and have never been forbidden to communicate. On the contrary, you know there would be joy in heaven itself to see the offspring of a Hebrew become a spiritual Christian. The only way in which an inhumanity not natural to our hearts can be accounted for, is thoughtlessness of the circumstances in which we stand respecting these people, or ignorance of the means by which we can amend their condition.

These thoughts were suggested to me when on a late occasion I went to listen where the holders of the rich blessings of the gospel were assembled to consider of the claims of these poor children, and deeply was my mind struck with the contrast I beheld. They were not indeed unfed and naked in their land of barrenness, for pity had fetched them in—but they were sitting there, the suppliants for a small share of that which once was all their own—the children of Abraham were in the dress of charity—their little eyes cast down and often filled with tears, while their wants and claims were urged by those who spoke on their behalf, to wring a poor pittance from the gay Gentile crowd before them—gay in the ornaments of superfluous wealth, that, spared to them, had not been missed—and gay in the consciousness of moral dignity and enjoyment of spiritual good, that, divided with them, had surely not been lessened. The sight was to me the argument—the scene was its own sufficient illustration. Who are these? Who are these? Abraham, four thousand years ago, worshipping our God on the only altar he had upon the earth, the temple of Jerusalem in all its splendour, his own presence shining in the midst, while our unknown forefathers were wandering somewhere in the wilds of uncultured ignorance—rose to my imagination with such impressive reality, every thing that was said or could be said, came short of the spontaneous

emotion of my bosom, that had already ran through the world's strange history for an explanation of the scene before me.

In determining to represent to Christians the duty of instructing Jews in general, and Jewish children in particular, I have left the grounds on which more has been said, than I can find to say—they are in better hands than mine. I have left to others the strength of Scripture language, and the mysterious voice of prophecy; and put in the plea of feeling, justice, and humanity; because I am writing for some who may not understand those; but must be accessible to these persuasives. I do not wish to suggest any particular measures or means; but merely to awaken in the bosoms of my younger readers some share of the shame I feel, that I have never given any of my time, or talents, or superfluous expenditure, towards the children of Abraham—that I have not yet, even by a word of persuasion, sent a messenger out from our Christian halls, to ask one of those few poor children to come in to the habitations of their fathers.

BIOGRAPHY;

QUEEN MARY.

(Continued from page 292, Vol. 4.)

"ON 19th October, 1688, the prince went on board, and the whole fleet sailed out that night. But the next day, the wind turned into the north, and settled in the north-west. At night a great storm arose. We wrought against it all that night and the next day. But it was in vain to struggle any longer, and so vast a fleet run no small hazard, being obliged to keep together, yet not to come too near one another. On the 21st, in the afternoon, the signal was to go in again; and on the 22nd, the far greater part got into port. Many ships were at first wanting, and were believed to be lost; but after a few days all came in. There was not one ship lost; nor

as much as any one man, except one that was blown from the shrouds into the sea. Some ships were so shattered, that as soon as they came in, and all was taken out of them, they immediately sunk. Men are upon such occasions apt to flatter themselves upon the points of providence. In France and England, as it was believed that our loss was much greater than it proved to be, so they triumphed not a little, as if God had fought against us, and defeated the whole design. We on our part, who found ourselves delivered out of so great a storm and so vast a danger, looked on it as a mark of God's great care of us, who, though he had not changed the course of the winds and seas in our favour, yet had preserved us while we were in such apparent danger, beyond what could have been imagined. The princess behaved herself at the Hague suitably to what was expected of her. She ordered prayers four times a day, and assisted at them with great devotion. She spoke to nobody of affairs, but was calm and silent. The States ordered some of their body to give her an account of our proceedings. She indeed answered little: but in that little she gave them cause often to admire her judgment."

Nothing can more strongly depict the deep impression on Mary's mind, of the awfulness of her situation, than this sort of silence and withdrawing from communication with others at a time when most minds would have sought encouragement and consolation from all around them. Mary seems to have felt where only it was to be efficiently obtained. Her biographer gives us elsewhere an account of these very frequent regular devotions in publick as well as in private, where he says, "Her punctual exactness, not only to public offices of religion, but to her secret retirements, was so regular a thing, that it was never put off, in the greatest crowd of business or little journeys; then though the hour was anticipated, the duty was never neglected: she took care to be so early on these occasions, that she might never either quite forget, or very much shorten that, upon

which she reckoned that the blessing of the whole day turned. She observed the Lord's day so religiously, that beside her hours of retirement, she was constantly thrice a day in the public worship of God: and for a great part of the year, four times a day; while she lived beyond sea. She was constant to her monthly communions; and retired herself more than ordinary for some days before them. In them as well as in all the other parts of the worship of God, an unexampled seriousness appeared always in her, without one glance let out for observation: and such care was taken to hide the more solemn elevations of her mind to God, that these things struck all who saw them, and had never seen any thing like it before. This did spread a spirit of devotion among all that were about her, who could not see so much in her, without somewhat to arise in themselves; though few could chain themselves down to such a fixed and steady application as they saw in her. Nothing in it that was theatrical; nothing given to show; every thing was sincere as well as solemn, and genuine as well as majestic."

After considerable detention by contrary winds, the violence of which threatened the whole fleet with destruction, and the undertaking with defeat, William again set sail for England with his armament; and from this time every event proved favourable, and every change of wind and weather exactly served to promote their purposes, and put it out of the power of the English fleet, the greatest object of their fears, to approach or molest them. This concurrence of fortunate circumstances was so striking, that Burnet says William, on landing, shook him heartily by the hand, and asked him if he would now believe in predestination—to which the Bishop answered, that he would never forget the providence of God, which had appeared so signally on this occasion. While alarm and confusion reigned in the councils of James, every thing with William prospered beyond his utmost expectation. The kingdom hailed

him as their deliverer, he marched through the country without meeting an enemy; those who feared or were averse to join with him, fled from his approach. Once James had sent his army within two miles of the advancing foe; but their faith could not be relied on, and they were hastily withdrawn. The nobles of his court, whom he most favoured, and most trusted, were the first to forsake him; and even his younger daughter, the princess Anne, the object of his utmost kindness and affection, fled from the palace; while her husband, prince George of Denmark, joined his enemies. James saw nothing around him, but traitors to his cause, and heard nothing but songs of triumph for his ruin. The historian says, "A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the papists, chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden, said to be Irish words, *lero, lero, lilibulero*, that made an impression on the army, that cannot be well imagined by those who saw it not. The whole army, and at last all people both in city and country, were singing it perpetually, and perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect."

All was rapidly decided—the queen and the infant prince of Wales were secretly conveyed out of the kingdom, and the king attempted to follow them in disguise. Nothing could be more desirable to his enemies than such a flight; it being considered by them as the forsaking of his people and the relinquishment of his crown. Unfortunately some persons detected him, and by most ill-timed interference, placed him in the hands of the invaders. This was extremely embarrassing to William, who knew not what to do with so dangerous a captive. Some would have had him imprisoned: to this the prince said, "he could not deny but that this might be good and wise advice; but it was that to which he could not hearken: he was so far satisfied with the grounds of this expedition, that he could act against the king in a fair and open war; but for his person, now that he had him in his power, he could not put such a hardship on him

as to make him a prisoner: and he knew the princess' temper so well, that he was sure she would never bear it." We are pleased to read this further testimony of Mary's feeling towards her unfortunate parent, at a time when every tie of natural affection seemed to have been severed by the fate that pursued him; and we can please ourselves with believing that Mary was in her closet, humbled rather than exulting in her situation, and mixing her parent's name in her petitions, at the moment when the following picture is sketched of the employ of some in England. "The king was carried down the river, in a very tempestuous day, not without some danger; and while the poor old king was thus exposed to the mercy of the elements, and an actual prisoner under a guard of Dutchmen, that very moment his daughter, Anne of Denmark, with her great favourite, Lady Churchill, both covered with orange ribbands, in her father's coaches and attended by his guards, went triumphant to the play-house."

Pity at such scenes began to move the hearts of many, and perhaps had James remained, the Revolution had not been so easily effected: but the will of Heaven was fixed—with his royalty James seemed to have lost at once his senses and his courage; and being left at liberty, soon disembarassed his enemy by a second flight.

(To be continued.)

CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

CONVERSATION I.

INTRODUCTORY.

MRS. L.—I have been thinking, with some hesitation, what subject we had better make choice of for our evening conversations in succession to the Botany, which we have dismissed.

MATILDA.—I should like Chemistry. Anne thinks she would prefer Mineralogy; desirous, as she says, to have some knowledge of the various substances of which the earth is formed, in the state in which we find them, before she proceeds to enquire of their more secret properties and their action on each other. I do not myself see much reason in this.

MRS. L.—I confess, Matilda, I see a great deal; and from something of the same motive, should propose deferring both these studies to that of Geology, as affording general ideas of the structure of the earth, the mode of its formation, and the arrangement of its larger parts, before we proceed to examine the separate substances that form the study of the mineralogist. What say you to Geology?

MATILDA.—Before I say any thing, I should like to know exactly what Geology is—I hear the word continually, but never have been able, in my own mind, to affix to it any determinate idea.

MRS. L.—Geology, Geogony, or Geognosy, as it has been variously called, may, I think be defined to be the Knowledge, or the Theory of the Earth. “It teaches us to observe and classify the several substances which form the surface of our planet, the circumstances under which they occur, the order of their succession to each other, and their relative position; also the forms, heights, and directions of mountain chains, and the several phenomena of vallies, rivers, and seas. The great object of Geology is to infer the former states of the earth from its present one, and understand something of the changes it has undergone.” Perhaps though you have walked over this solid earth for sixteen years, it has never yet come into your mind to consider of what it is composed, or by what process it came into its original form.

MATILDA.—It certainly has not—but that is the less extraordinary, since you may recollect that, till you drew our attention to them last year, we had trodden as carelessly over the flowers and herbage on its surface, with-

out a thought about the manner of their growth, or the beauty of their structure. Nature has so clothed the solid mass of earth, in its gay dress of green, that the ruder material seldom comes under our observation so as to excite curiosity.

MRS. L.—And it is remarkable that “ though the facts which belong to the science of Geology are of such magnitude, and of so extraordinary a nature, no attention was paid to them until comparatively a recent period. In the most remote ages, in every country, men have observed and named the heavenly bodies, and endeavoured to calculate their motions; but the series of events which has reduced the most solid rocks into the state of clay and sand, which has left the spoils of marine animals at a height of 14,000 feet above the level of the ocean, which has elevated mountains and scooped out vallies, seems to have excited little or no interest, till within the last hundred years.”

MATILDA.—But do you not apprehend we shall find considerable difficulty in pursuing this study,—the terms used in it, are in a language quite new to us. When I have casually opened a Geological work, I found it might as well be written in some unknown tongue. Every moment I found occasion to exclaim, What are Schists, and Floetz, and Alluvial Soils, and Calcareous Spars, and all these hundreds of hard names of things I never saw or heard of? neither can we always set off with hammer in hand to seek for them.

MRS. L.—True; but when you cannot go to them, they may come to you. With respect to the difficulties of the study—to young persons so entirely ignorant as you are of every thing connected with it, I am aware they are considerable even in the first steps; and it is the better to get over these difficulties I propose the mode of familiar conversations, rather than giving you treatises and elements to read; which you would probably return to me with a remark that they were obscure and uninteresting, as every thing is which we do not perfectly under-

stand. Plainness, not depth, will be my object—I shall describe every substance spoken of, and every term used, in a way that would be very tiresome to scientific ears; and though I shall take care to select my information from the best writers, and as often as I can, give it to you in their own words, I hope there will be no learned Geologist behind the door, to convict us of not pursuing a very philosophical course in our new study.

MATHILDA.—So pursued, I think I shall much enjoy it. Can you enable us, when we pick up a mineral substance, a stone, or a mass of earth, to satisfy ourselves of what it is, or of what composed? When we look over the beautiful collections of our friends, shall we no longer be obliged to say to every thing, “What is this?”—and be nothing the wiser when we are told?

MRS. L.—I shall endeavour to do so—even at the risk of sometimes encroaching on the province of Mineralogy, when it may help to elucidate our subject.

ANNE.—Mamma, I feel great inclination towards this study—but I have been told it is a dangerous one. I once heard a gentleman say, you cannot study Geology and remain a Christian.

MRS. L.—If gentlemen were always to say what they think, you would soon hear it asserted that you cannot be a Christian and retain your senses. It is not worth your while to listen to the way-side remarks of ignorance and folly. But there is a more serious aspect in which this objection may be placed before you; therefore I am glad you have alluded to it. It is too true, that with this science, as with every other, man has wrought weapons for his own mischief; and taken of the works of God himself, to defeat his counsels and disprove his words. The Anatomist, of all philosophers perhaps the most eminently useful, finds means to take to pieces what he could never put together,—traces the effects to their cause, the sensations to their source, and finding every thing in the human structure exactly made for the purpose it is to answer, and answering the purpose for which it is made,

comes to a determination, that it was never made at all. The Naturalist, observing how, from the unsubstantial gas the materia of nature resolves itself into the organized vegetable, and passes thence to the frame of the thinking, moving animal, where, having subsisted for a time, it returns again into an aerial fluid, and becomes the invisible thing it was at first—concludes as wisely that the world has made itself. So the Geologist, when by much research he has discovered that the ordinary process of crystalization might, if it had time enough, compose a rock—and that a certain quantity of materials, properly prepared and jumbled together, with time and space allowed them to perform in, might produce a mass of earth exactly like our own, may, if he pleases, thence assert that the world did make itself of Chaos:—but if he could prove this, which he cannot, he has done nothing to the purpose of his infidelity:—for what is Chaos,—and where did it come from, and who put it there? where did his self-making world find the materials for its work? a first cause and a creator there must still have been, to communicate to matter its properties, even if it were so that to those properties it owes its present form. When God said, “Let there be light,” whether the particles of matter he had previously made ready, began, at his command, to act upon the laws of nature that have ever since directed them, and so produced the light—or whether the Creator produced at one moment the material and the work, and communicated afterwards the laws by which that light is communicated, makes no difference to God’s omnipotence—though if in his holy word he has described the latter to have been his method, we are bound to believe it was so. It is impossible that the study of the Creator’s works should tend to disprove his existence, or controvert his word. It is impossible that man, going to the study of nature with an honest and a humble mind, should there discover that God did not make the world, or that he did not make it in the way he says he did. But the sceptic

goes to these pursuits with no such mind—he has learned beforehand to desire that there should be no God, or that he should not be the sort of God that in his written word he has declared himself: what he desires to find, he carefully searches for; and persuades others and perhaps himself that he has discovered what he wished. The fault is not in the study, but in his own perverted mind.

MATILDA.—But is it true, as I have heard, that the discoveries of the Geologist have proved the world could not have been made so lately as Moses has affirmed—and that therefore the Bible account of the creation cannot be the true one?

MRS. L.—If Geology had proved that, it would but have proved itself mistaken. But I am of opinion that those who love the Bible are little less its enemies than those who hate it, if, on every new discovery in the earth's formation, they stand ready to exclaim, "O that cannot be, because it does not agree with the Bible"—for then, if in the issue it should be proved to be so, they have themselves made the truth of Scripture to depend on the correctness of the Geologist. It was so when astronomers discovered the motion of the earth round the sun. The too-zealous divine immediately exclaimed, against the system as infidel and dangerous; because if the sun never moved, the Bible was untrue when it says that at the word of Joshua it stood still. Now it has been amply proved that the astronomer was right—the sun has never moved—but is the word of God therefore untrue? Does astronomy make infidels or excuse them? And do we not plainly perceive that Moses, writing for the ignorant, and not wishing to instruct them in astronomy, was directed to speak of things as they appeared, knowing that he should thus be understood. And in Geology it will assuredly prove to be the same. Wherever any alledged discovery in the formation of the earth does *certainly* contradict the Mosaic history, the Christian will at once decide it to be false—for the greater authority is better than the less—but before he

pronounces it to be an error, he will consider whether it does really contradict the word of God, or only seems to do so, like the discoveries of the Astronomer. All Geologists are not scepticks, though some have been so—and I should not have introduced the latter to your notice at all, it not being necessary to our study, had I not known that every body now talks about these things; and that whether you study Geology or not, you will hear it continually said in society that somebody has found something to prove the world was not made when Moses says it was—and not understanding what you hear, you will be much more likely to be misled, than if you were previously instructed in the meaning of these assertions. I have myself read much of what has been said on the subject, and have little doubt that all the discoveries of the Geologist confirm, if confirmation were needed, the Mosaical account of the Creation, and the events that succeeded it.

ANNE.—I am quite eager to pursue this study, and to learn something of the wonderful secrets of that creation, in a part of it that is veiled from our eyes, and has hitherto escaped our observation. Doubtless it is as wonderful, as beautiful as the things we are familiar with.

MRS. L.—If possible, more so: we cannot, without looking into it, know the half of the wisdom and munificence of God—for in this now hidden mass of earth, we behold his first creation, the beginning, if we may so express ourselves, of his day's work, essential to the production and existence of all the rest: and what it was at first it has continued—for without the internal properties of this mass of earth, the things upon its surface must perish and pass away.

MATILDA.—I am in a hurry to begin—but tell us first what you consider to be the utility of this study, in comparison with others.

MRS. L.—I will give you my own opinion in the words of another. "The rank of the several sciences

must undoubtedly be measured by their tendency to make men wiser, better, and happier; and in this view Geology must be content to rank after religion, morals, legislation, political economy, and indeed after many branches of physics, such as astronomy and chemistry—It may, however, be safely classed with botany and zoology—like them it has produced many incidental advantages, such as an improved system of mining, and a knowledge of the situations in which the several metals and their ores are likely to occur, by which many abortive and costly speculations have been prevented: so much it has already done—what the effect may be of its future progress, nobody can say. But beside the pleasure which Geology affords in the excitement and gratification of a laudable curiosity, it possesses a great advantage over many other scientific pursuits, in the effect which its investigations produce upon those who pursue it. Its labours are performed in the open air; it requires and encourages a habit of taking exercise, which is so necessary to persons of all ages, but so peculiarly indispensable to the young. Like Botany it gives zest to what has been formerly passed by, without awakening any pleasurable emotions: as the former enables us to take interest in every flower that adorns the fields, so does the latter induce us to notice every pebble, even the sand which we trample under foot. Under this point of view it may be reckoned peculiarly useful to the female sex.”

N. B. Our Geological papers will in future be illustrated by plates—in the introductory Conversation none was required.

SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

CLASS IV. ZOOPHYTES.

- Order 1. Echinodermata *Star Fish, Sea Urchin.*
 2. Entozoa *Fluke, Hydatid.*
 3. Acalephæ *Actinia, Medusa.*
 4. Polypi *Hydra, Coralline.*
 Pennatula, Sponge.
 5. Infusoria *Vibrio, Proteus Monas.*

CONVERSATION I.

POLYPI.

ANNA.—Look, Papa ! what a large piece of sea-weed I have found !

PAPA.—It is not sea-weed, my love.

ANNA.—Not sea-weed, Papa ! What then ?

PAPA.—It is an animal substance, the residence of a species of Polype.

ANNE.—But it looks just like a vegetable.

PAPA.—It resembles a vegetable very much in appearance certainly ; and so do all the Corallines ; but it is really the nest of the little animals that formed it. Do not you perceive that its surface is regularly disposed into a number of minute cells, scarcely big enough to admit the point of a pin ? Each of these has had its inhabitant, and some of them, as you might perceive by the microscope, are still occupied. This *flustra*, as it is called, belongs to the class of Zoophytes ; a class which forms a sort of intermediate link between the animal and vegetable creation. It has, as you observe, the form of a vegetable, but its properties are those of an animal ; which we will prove, when we go home, by burning a piece of it : you will find that it smells like burnt bone. There are, I believe, more than thirty species of Corallines ; most of them so much resembling vegetables, that it is

often very difficult to distinguish them in any other way than by burning them.

HENRY.—I think the Sea-tamarisk and the Sea-cypress are among them, are they not?

PAPA.—Yes, they are. Here is a Cockle-shell, Anna, which has been washed up by the tide with a piece of Sea-cypress adhering to it; you would not have supposed, I dare say, that this is not a vegetable.

ANNA.—No, indeed, Papa, I should not: it looks very much like some species of grass, or fennel, only it is not that colour.

PAPA.—You see how delicately fine it is.

ANNA.—Is not Sponge an animal substance too, Papa?

PAPA.—Yes; Sponge is classed among the Polypi; but, I believe, naturalists have not quite decided whether it is an animal or the residence of animals. Mr. Ellis, who took a great deal of pains to discover its nature, concluded, from its inspiring and expiring the water, that it is itself an animal. If it is, however, it has not the power of locomotion; for it is generally found firmly fixed to the rocks at the depth of several fathoms below the surface of the water. There are at least, fifty different kinds of Sponge, ten of which belongs to our own coasts.

HENRY.—The sponge we generally use comes, I believe, from Greece.

PAPA.—Yes; Sponge is an article of commerce in the Mediterranean and in several of the islands of the Grecian Archipelago. The poor inhabitants dive to an immense depth to gather it. Of all the species of Polypi, the Coral-polype is the most wonderful in the effects it produces. Do you know, Anna, that these minute creatures are known to block up harbours and to form islands?

ANNA.—Indeed, Papa! you surprise me.

PAPA.—I assure you, my dear, it is true. There is a reef of coral rocks, extending from New Guinea to New

Holland, nearly nine hundred miles in length, which has been entirely made by them ; they have also blocked up the harbour of Bantam with their productions, have destroyed the navigation of the Red Sea, and are believed to have formed all the tropical low islands in the Pacific ocean.

ANNA.—Do you mean to say, Papa, that the islands which Captain Cook visited were formed by these little animals ?

PAPA.—Yes, my dear ; it is believed that most, if not all of them were. That navigator, in his different voyages, observed the gradual increase of some of them ; and no doubt, I believe, remains as to the manner of their formation. These little creatures build up a rocky structure from the bottom of the sea till it nearly reaches the surface ; it then becomes a receptacle for various substances floating on the water : and by that means a soil is gradually formed, which supports vegetation, and finally becomes the abode of animal existences.

HENRY.—There is a very interesting account in Cuvier's "Theory of the Earth" of Coral islands, which I would advise you to read, Anna.

ANNA.—I will ; but I am curious to know what sort of a creature this wonderful little island-builder is.

PAPA.—The Coral Polype, my dear, is a white, soft, and semitransparent animalcule, with eight tentacula or feelers, surrounding the orifice opening to the stomach. I might remark that this is a very general arrangement in the Zoophyte class : most of them have their organs of motion and sensation symmetrically disposed around a common centre.

HENRY.—That is the reason they are also called radiated animals, I suppose ?

PAPA.—It is. I should add to my description of the Coral-polype, that it does not live in the stony part of the Coral, but in a gelatinous substance with which that structure is invested.

ANNA.—Perhaps, Papa, the island of Great Britain

was formed by these little creatures: do you think it likely?

PAPA.—No, my dear. No Coral rocks have been found in the Atlantic ocean, excepting those in the West Indies. Great Britain, with most of the larger islands, was probably formed by the Deluge; and many of the smaller, perhaps, owe their origin to volcanic eruptions.

HENRY.—The Madrepora, Anna, which lies in the study, is a substance of the same nature with Coral.

ANNA.—I thought that was a stone: I understood Mamma that it is called Brain-stone.

PAPA.—So it is, from its resemblance in figure to the brain; but it is really the work of minute Polypi. I should never have done were I to enumerate all the different kinds of lithophytes which the little animals of this genera have formed. They are the most unobserved and industrious little workmen in the universe.

ANNA.—And yet I suppose they are the lowest species of animals.

PAPA.—I do not know: the Infusoria, or Animalcules of infusions, are perhaps lower; but they are all so extremely minute as to be invisible to us without the assistance of a microscope of high magnifying powers; we can therefore determine little respecting them.

HENRY.—It is astonishing what wonders the microscope has discovered. It has shewn us that

————— “Where the pool
Stands mantled o’er with green invisible
Amid the floating verdure millions stray;

and that

————— “Not the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seem,
Is void of unseen people.”

ANNA.—I have often been delighted with reading the “Wonders of the Microscope,” which Mamma gave me.

HENRY.—The *Pennatula*, or Sea-pen, of which there are several species in the ocean from the coast of Nor-

way to the Mediterranean Sea, is a very curious kind of Polype, Father.

PAPA.—Yes, it is. It is not a Coralline, you know, for all the Corallines are fixed by their bases to submarine substances; but the Sea-pen either swims about in the water, or floats upon the surface. Of all the Pennatulæ, the Silver Sea-pen, as it is called, is the largest as well as the most elegant. There is a fine specimen of it in the British Museum. It is of a beautiful silvery white, elegantly streaked on each of the feather-like processes, with lines of the deepest black. This species is very rare, and is, I believe, a native of the Indian seas.

HENRY.—I was reading the other day an account which Dr. Shaw gives, in the History of Algiers, of the Pennatulæ Phosphorææ. He says that these animals are so luminous in the water, that in the night fishermen discover fishes swimming about in various depths of the sea by the light they give.

PAPA.—They might with propriety be called “the lamps of the ocean.” Linneus, I think, speaking of the phosphoretic Sea-pen, says, “*Habitat in oceano, fundum illuminans* ;”—“It dwells in the ocean, illuminating the deep.” The manner in which the Pennatulæ receive their food is remarkable: they take it in through their fins or feather-like processes, which are furnished with suckers, or mouths, armed with filaments. Each sucker has eight filaments, with which it catches or draws in its prey.

ANNA.—Why are they called Sea-pens, Papa?

PAPA.—From their resemblance to a pen in shape. They are generally about four inches long, and of a reddish colour. There is another curious Polype, Anna, the Hydra, an inhabitant of fresh water, which I will tell you of at some future time: it is a very wonderful creature, I assure you.

HENRY.—Indeed it is. I remember you once gave me an account of it: I think you said it has neither heart, nor blood vessel, nor nerve, nor muscle.

PAPA.—None of these organs can be discovered in any of the Polypi, I believe : their only method of extending their tentacula is by filling them with water. But you must not forestal me, Henry ; I expect to surprise Anna by the account I have to give of this singular creature.

HENRY.—All Zoophytes are inhabitants of water, are they not?

PAPA.—Yes, I believe they all are.

Z. Z.

DESCRIPTION OF BRITISH TREES.

No. I.

It has frequently been our lot to remark, as we walked by the way, the extreme ignorance, mixed with a desire to know, that betrayed itself in the ladies our companions respecting the trees, every where claiming attention as the most magnificent productions of the vegetable world, produced without the culture or the care of man. Passing by the light and airy birch, we have been asked if it is not a willow ; and we have seen girls hunting for acorns under an Ash Tree, in order to discover if it is an Oak. If any sort of ignorance is undesirable, this must surely be so ; and it is our purpose so to pursue the subject that the fault shall be their own, if our readers be not able to give a name to any tree they meet with on their rambles, that is the natural growth of the country.

THE MAPLE—ACER.

The Maple is described botanically as having in the flower five petals and five calix leaves, though the appearance is rather that of a ten-leaved calix. The eight stamens consign it to the class Octandria of Withering, while the stamina and pistilum, in separate flowers on the same plant, may place it in the class Monœcia of some botanists. A reference to the Plate, No. 1, will best describe the shape of the leaf, and growth of the flower, which is altogether green, and blossoms in May.



Common Maple.
Acer Campestre.
Octandria Monogynia.

We find the Maple chiefly in the hedge-rows, growing small, and mixing its branches among the underwood, but it may be reared into considerable trees; and when large, the wood is extremely valuable from the closeness and variegated appearance of the grain. The ancients held it in very high estimation. Pliny says,

“The Maple, for the elegance and lightness of the wood, is next to the very Citron itself. There are two kinds of it, especially the White, which is wonderfully beautiful; this is called the French Maple, and grows in that part of Italy that is on the other side the Po, beyond the Alps; the other has a curled grain, so curiously maculated, that from a near resemblance, it was usually called Peacock’s Tail.—The Bruscum, (the knots or swellings of the Maple) is of a blackish kind, with which they make tables.”—PLINY.

“Such spotted tables were the famous Tigrin and Pantherine curiosities; not so called from being supported with figures carved like those beasts, as some conceive, and was in use even in our grandfathers’ days, but from the natural spots and maculations. Such a table was that of Cicero, which cost him 10,000 sesterces; such another had Asinius Gallus. That of King Juba was sold for 15,000, and another which I read of, valued at 140,000, which, at about three-halfpence sterling, arrives at a pretty sum; and yet that of the Mauritanian Ptolemie was far richer, containing four feet and a half diameter, three inches thick, which is reported to have been sold for its weight in gold. Of that value they were, and so madly luxurious the age, that when the men, at any time, reproached their wives for their wanton expensiveness in pearl and other rich trifles, they were wont to retort, and turn the *tables* upon their husbands”—the supposed origin of that now common expression—“the great art was in the seasoning and politure: for which last, the rubbing with a man’s hand, who came warm out of the bath, was accounted better than any cloth.”—EVELYN.

Virgil introduces Evander as holding his court among the groves of Maple, and says,

“On sods of turf he set the soldiers round,
A maple throne raised higher from the ground
Received the Trojan chief.”—ÆNEID.

This wood can be worked so thin as to become almost transparent—but the tree, in its uncultured state, is so small with us, that it answers little other purpose than that of the turner, inlayer, and cabinet-maker, to whom it is highly valuable.

“The savages in Canada, when the sap rises in the Maple, by an incision in the tree, extract the liquor; and having evaporated a reasonable quantity thereof, (as suppose seven or eight pounds,) ”

there will remain one pound as sweet and perfect sugar as that which is gotten out of the cane; part of which sugar has been for many years constantly sent to Rouen in Normandy to be refined.”—EVELYN.

“In America the Sugar Maple grows as tall as the Oak. Its wood is extremely inflammable, and is preferred on that account by hunters and surveyors for fire-wood. Its small branches are so impregnated with sugar, as to afford support to the cattle, horses, and sheep of the first settlers during the winter, before they are able to cultivate forage for that purpose. Its ashes afford a great quantity of potash. It is not injured by tapping; on the contrary, the oftener it is tapped, the more syrup is obtained from it. A single tree not only survived, but flourished, after forty-two tapplings in the same number of years—this is further demonstrated by the superior excellence of those trees which have been perforated in a hundred places, by a small woodpecker which feeds upon the sap. A tree of an ordinary size yields in a good season from twenty to thirty gallons of sap, from which are made from five to six pounds of sugar. The perforation in the tree is made with an axe or an auger. The auger is introduced about three quarters of an inch, and in an ascending direction, and afterwards deepened gradually to the extent of two inches. A spout, made of the Elder or other wood, is introduced about half an inch into this wound, projecting some inches from the tree, and troughs of wood are placed under the spout to receive the sap, whence it is conveyed to the boiler. This sap flows for about six weeks in the early spring. During the remaining summer months, a thin liquor is yielded, not fit for distillation, but supplying a very pleasant drink.”—DR. RUSH.

The Sugar Maple is not the same species as that of our hedges.

“The Common Maple may best be produced from the seeds contained in the folliacles or keys, as they are called. It is also propagated by layers and suckers.”—EVELYN.

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

THE ADVICE.

WHAT'S forming in the womb of Fate?
 Why art thou so concern'd to know?
 Dost think 'twou'd be advantage to thy state?
 But wiser Heaven does not think it so.
 With thy content thou would'st this knowledge buy;
 No part of life thou'dst pleasant find;
 For dread of what thou seest behind,
 Thou would'st but taste of the enlight'ning fruit and die.

Well, then, has Heaven events to come,
 Hid with the blackest veil of night ;
 But still in vain, if we forestal our doom,
 And with prophetic fears ourselves affright :
 Grand folly ! whether thus 'twill be or no,
 We know not ; and yet silly man
 Learns of his evils what he can,
 And stabs himself with grief, lest fate should miss the blow.

Be wise, and let it be thy care
 To manage well the present hour,
 Call home thy ranging thoughts and fix them here ;
 This only mind, this only's in thy power :
 The rest no settled, steady course maintain ;
 Like rivers, which now gently slide
 Within their bounds, now with full tide
 O'erflow, that houses, cattle, trees resist in vain.

'Tis he that's happy, he alone
 Lives free and pleasant, that can say
 With every period of the setting sun,
 I've lived, and ran my race like him to-day ;
 To-morrow let the angry Heavens frown,
 Or smile with influence more kind,
 On God depends what's yet behind,
 But sure what I have seiz'd already's all my own.

AN OLD AUTHOR



ON READING A LINE OF LORD BYRON'S,

" I want no Paradise but Rest."

WHERE wilt thou find it? Thou hast journey'd far,
 And thou hast paus'd to ask at many a door,
 And question'd many a traveller by the way,
 If they could tell thee where her mansion lay.
 When the full cup was sparkling to the brim
 With pleasure's promise, and its golden rim
 With eager liking to thy lip was press'd—
 'Twas joy, 'twas mirth—'twas any thing but rest.
 The wild expectance, giddy on its height—
 The agitating hope, the snatch'd delight—
 O they were like yon sea-surge, breaking ever,
 Gay, brilliant, beautiful—but resting never.

And when that all was over, and no more
The fig-tree blossom'd or the olive bore—
When the rich fruit no more was in the vine,
And joy had not wherewith to fill again—
And baffled hope had nothing more to plight—
And sorrow could not find a bud to blight—
Firm as the scath'd oak when no tempest shakes it—
Still as the lute-string when no finger wakes it—
Thy spirit, startled at the wide, wide waste,
Had fain bade back again its sorrows past;
And, weary of its emptiness, confess'd
There may be stillness, where there is not rest.
Thou'st tried upon the hard, hard world to rest it—
But colder grew the pillow as you press'd it,
Thou'st dream'd of many things that spake thee fair—
But still they were not what they said they were;
Ever at distance something seem'd to shine—
But it glitter'd only while it was not thine.
Half sleeping and half waking—half aware
The things you tried to grasp at were not there—
And yet pursuing them with anxious zeal,
As if you had not known them shadows all—
Persuaded even while you hurried on.
That soon as you awak'd they would be gone.
Sometimes, perhaps, in deeper slumber wrapt,
Unconscious for a moment that you slept,
You dream'd that you indeed had touch'd the good
So long, so far, so eagerly pursued;
Believing it the bliss it seem'd to be—
And was—except in durability.

But then the sudden sounds, the feverish starts
With which the sleep of earthly bliss departs!
The brain-disorder'd patient, doom'd to lie
One hour enwrapt in some wild ecstasy,
The next, with stifled and convulsive breath,
Rudely reminded he is sick to death,
As well may talk of rest, as he who tries
To rest him on this false world's promises—
Banter'd, befool'd and cheated at his best—
And even in his slumbers not at rest.

Rest was the opiate balsam that the flowers
Of Innocence let drop in Eden's bowers—
And never fear or sorrow might dispel
The peace of him who slumber'd where it fell.
One only plant those honied blossoms bare—
Man parted thence, and going, left it there.

In vain has knowledge look'd for it—in vain
Has wisdom sought to find that plant again—
Through many a flowery path and meadow fair,
Has sought it sorrowing—for it is not there.
It grows not in the sunshine or the shade—
Nor on the mountain height, nor in the glade—
And man must ask the opiate drop in vain,
Till he return to Paradise again.



THE WINTER BEECH.

It is faded, that tree that was fresh on the mountain,
And fallen the leaf that was green on the spray;
The cold breath of winter has gone through its branches,
And stripped off its garment of summer so gay.

Unwillingly staying, there hangs on it lightly
A brown, shriven leaf, but its colour is flown;
It stays there in sadness, and sighs in the breezes,
As restless to go where its fellows are gone.

Is it dead then, that tree that was fresh on the mountain,
When late I went by it and saw it so fair?
Will the leaf not return with its light hanging mantle,
To cover that bosom so barren, so bare?

The leaf will come back to the stem where it withered,
The warmth will return to those branches so cold;
And the tree that is faded be fresh on the mountain,
As gay and as green as I saw it of old.

But when shall the peace of the bosom return,
That sorrow has banished and sadness has left?
And when shall the spirit be rid of the coldness,
A long-cherished hope at its going has left?

The blight of affection—Ah! who shall repair it,
And bring back the dead that have left us alone?
Has sorrow its spring-time, to see the returning
Of things that are altered and things that are gone?

Ah! never, O never!—The world's faithless promise
Once stripp'd of its guising, lies naked for ever;
The dead leaf may linger awhile on its branches,
But the hues of its beauty return to it never.

Arise then, poor child of affliction, and take thee
 Of flowers that not on this cold world have blown ;
 They pass not, they change not—they never will leave thee
 To say in thy sadness, " My summer is gone."

But one spring awaits thee—its coming renews not
 The things that are alter'd, the things that are lost ;
 But, true to its promise, 'twill leave thee a summer
 Eternal in bliss, when the spring-time is past.

EXTRAITS.

THÉODULPHE, évêque d'Orléans, fut, sous le règne de Louis le-Débonnaire, condamné injustement à une prison perpétuelle. Il y composa le cantique *Gloria, laus et honor tibi, Christe redemptor*, et le chanta le dimanche des rameaux au moment où le prince (qui pouvait l'entendre) passait processionnellement. Le chant inattendu d'une belle voix, une mélodie nouvelle, pure, simple, souchante, et les paroles saintes du cantique, émurent profondément le cœur du prince, et le portèrent à la clémence. Il fit aussitôt briser les fers de Théodulphe.

FABLE.

UN jeune homme priait sous un bannier, au bord de la mer. O Brama ! disait-il, tu es tout-puissant, tu es bon ; rends-moi heureux ! Brama exauça sa prière : un flot jeta à ses pieds un coquillage entrouvert, et il entendit une voix faible qui lui dit : Choisis ; ce coquillage te rendra heureux. Le jeune homme ouvrit le coquillage qui renfermait une perle des plus précieuses ; mais sans y réfléchir, il la jeta sur le rivage, car la variété des nuances du coquillage avait attiré toute son attention. Un autre jeune homme trouva la perle, la ramassa et en acheta le trône des Indes, car elle étoit d'une valeur inappréciable.

THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

AUGUST, 1825.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

(Continued from page 14.)

EGYPT.

FROM B.C. 569, TO THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

LEAVING the history of the people of God at the eventful moment of the Messiah's appearance upon earth, we resume the thread of profane history where we left it, at the Babylonish captivity, in order to trace up the affairs of other nations to the same important era—an era which, disregarded as it was at the time, we who look back on it consider as the beginning of an altered state of things; almost, as it were, a new creation of the veteran world; and we begin to date our years anew, calling the date of this event the first year of our chronology, and reckoning backwards and forwards from it, as the great central point of mortal history, to which all things tended, and from which all things have resulted.

The history of Egypt was the first we pursued after that of Israel—because it is the first great nation we hear of upon earth, the first in the commencement of its greatness, and the first to fall. We left it in the year 569 B.C. a few years after the Israelites had gone into captivity, and when Apries, its king, had been strangled by one Amasis, who succeeded him. Some authors doubt the manner of his succession, and suppose a reign between

these two—however that be, Amasis is allowed to be of plebeian extraction, and to have obtained this dignity by some unfair means. Perceiving that the people payed him with reluctance the respect due to his present station, he took a golden cistern, in which his guests were used to wash their feet, and ordered it to be melted down and cast into a God. This golden idol was set up in the most frequented part of the city, and all men payed honour and devotion to it. Amasis then called an assembly of the people, and told them the God they now worshipped was made of the vessel in which they had been used to wash their feet: his own case was the same—formerly he had been a mean and ignoble person; but being now their king, he expected to be honoured and obeyed as such. It was the custom of this prince to attend closely to business in the morning, and pass his evening in drinking and carousing with his friends. Some persons remonstrating with him on this, as being beneath his dignity, he answered, that as a bow always bent will surely lose its spring and elasticity, so a man always engaged in serious affairs would grow stupid and lose his senses; wherefore he would divide his time between pleasure and business. Before his elevation to royalty, this prince is said to have supported a life of riot and luxury by thieving. Of this he was often accused, and always denying his guilt, they used to take him to the oracle of whatever place he happened to be in, to decide upon his innocence, by which he was sometimes convicted, sometimes acquitted. When he came to the throne, mindful of the transactions of his former life, and of the falseness and ignorance of those oracles that had pronounced him innocent, when he knew himself guilty, he neglected the temples of such gods and refused them his offerings; while he revered the veracity of those that had convicted him.

Amasis built a portico to the temple of Minerva at Sais, very much famed for the vastness of its size, and the magnificence of the structure; but his most wonder-

ful achievement was the removing from Elephantis to Sais a certain house, formed of a single stone: the exterior dimensions were twenty-one cubits in front, fourteen deep, and eight high: two thousand mariners were employed three years in transporting this extraordinary edifice. It stood near the entrance of the temple at Sais, but was never carried quite in, as had been intended. Two reasons are alledged for this—either that the chief engineer, having one day sighed as if he was tired of the work, was therefore forbidden by Amasis to have any more to do with it—or that in rolling the mass towards the temple, a man had been killed by it, which made it unlawful to move it farther. Added to these, Amasis erected many enormous statues, and the temple of Isis at Memphis. Egypt is said to have been extremely happy under this prince, and to have contained not less than 20,000 flourishing and populous cities—perhaps, therefore, this must be considered as the summit of Egyptian greatness, now on the very verge of decay and ruin. To preserve order in so immense a population, Amasis enacted the law that obliged every Egyptian to appear once a year before the governor of his particular province, to report of himself by what means he lived: death was the penalty of not appearing, or of being unable to give a good account of himself when there; wherefore Amasis is styled the fifth lawgiver of Egypt. He was a great friend to the Greeks, and was visited by Solon at his court, and encouraged them to trade on his coasts, and build temples to their own deities in his cities—this may account for the many remains of Grecian architecture found in Egypt. The prince also married a Greek, and sent in consequence many presents to their cities; among which it is mentioned that he sent to Cyrene a picture of himself done from the life. This is the first mention of a picture in Egyptian story: it possibly means an image; though the period of Grecian fame in painting was fast approaching. Added to all these glories, Amasis was the first who conquered Cyprus.

But brilliant as profane history has reported the reign of Amasis, it closed in misfortune and dishonour. Two nations were preparing to succeed to the pre-eminence Egypt had hitherto held among nations—one, the Assyrian, had already reached its height—the other, the Persian, was growing to it fast—and both were preparing to absorb the kingdom of Egypt in their increasing power. Added to these, Amasis made himself a dangerous enemy near his shores by the following curious and unusual means. Hearing of the success and prosperity of his friend Polycrates, king of Samos, and fearing some reverse would come on him equal to his glory, Amasis wrote to him a letter in the following terms: “Amasis to Polycrates speaketh thus: It is with pleasure I hear of the happy state of my friend and ally. Nevertheless I fear for thy great prosperities, knowing the unstableness of fortune. For my part, I should rather choose that my affairs, and those also of my friends, should be sometimes prosperous, and sometimes unhappy, than have them go on with continued success. Therefore do thou now hearken to my counsel, and do as I shall bid thee, to take away from thy happiness: consider with thyself what thou possessest of greatest value to thyself; and what would the most bitterly grieve thee if lost: and when thou hast found it, cast it away from thee, that so it may never more be beheld by man. If thy happiness after this knoweth no mixture of evil, preserve thyself against the sorrow that may come upon thee, by repeating the remedy I have shown thee.” Extraordinary as was this method of averting sorrow, the advice seems to have been followed—for it is further related that when Amasis heard that in pursuance of his counsel Polycrates had thrown into the sea a very valuable signet, which, being swallowed by a fish, was found and restored to him, he considered him as the most unhappy of men, and fearing to share the misfortunes that must surely come on him, renounced at once his alliance, his friendship, and all obligations existing between them,

lest as a friend he should have to mourn his fall. Polycrates repaid this very generous sort of friendship by sending a fleet of ships to aid Cambyses in the invasion of Egypt. Amasis did not live to witness the result: dying after a reign of forty years, his body was embalmed and deposited in a sepulchre he had built for himself in the temple of Sais: but there the invaders did not long allow his ashes, or, according to Egyptian faith, his spirit, to repose. B.C. 525.

The reign of Psammenitus, the son of Amasis, was short and calamitous—the Persian was already at the door, and Egypt was to fall for the first time, as far as yet appears, under a foreign yoke. The suddenness of this fall is very remarkable; but it was not without resistance, and a struggle frequently renewed, but unavailing. It is said that this invasion was preceded by a fearful prodigy, portentous of approaching ill—showers of rain fell at Thebes, where it had never been known to rain before. Cambyses approached; in the first battle the Egyptians gave ground and fled to Memphis, where the king and his army were besieged and taken, and so was the kingdom lost. On the tenth day after, the captive prince and his nobility were sent into the suburbs of the city, to perform their part in the tragedy prepared. Being seated there, the king saw his daughter in the habit of a poor slave, with a pitcher in her hand to fetch water, followed by the daughters of the greatest families in Egypt, bound on the same errand, clothed in the same miserable garb. When the fathers looked upon their children in this painful degradation, they burst into tears, and could ill contain their agony; all but Psammenitus, who fixed his eyes in silence on the ground, and kept them there immoveable. When these had passed, there followed the son of Psammenitus and two thousand of the noblest Egyptian youths, with bits in their mouths and halters on their necks, going to be executed. While the outcries of the parents around him were renewed, Psammenitus observed the same

silent stupefaction. A short time afterwards he saw an intimate friend and companion, in his old age bereaved of every thing, walking up and down the suburbs, begging his bread. Psammenitus, when he perceived him, wept bitterly, and smote on his head in frantic sorrow. Cambyzes sent a messenger to the captive king, to learn what might be the meaning of this inconsistency in his grief—he answered, that the calamities of his own family had confounded him—they were too great to be lamented by any outward signs of grief—but the necessities of a bosom friend had awakened him to reflection, and thence drew tears from him. Cambyzes was moved, and tried to stop the execution of his son; but the orders arrived too late, the prince having been the first executed. Psammenitus was set at liberty, and would have been trusted with the administration, had he not shown himself more disposed to vengeance than submission; wherefore he was put to death, after six months' dismal reign.

So died the splendour and liberty of Egypt. The body of Amasis was taken from the tomb, mangled insultingly and burned. The god Apis was slain, and his priests ignominiously scourged. The Egyptians, reduced to the lowest degree of submission, their religion outraged and derided, the institutions of their forefathers set aside, and their royal line extinct, hated their victors and were restless in their subjection. New revolts brought on increased severities, and increased severity but exasperated and increased rebellion. Sometimes they were temporarily successful, but never permanently free. In 414, Amyrtæus, having made himself king, for a short time expelled the Persians; but he was quickly slain. Pausiris, Psammiticus, Nephereus, and Acoris, succeeded him in turn—sometimes the tributories of Persia, sometimes leaguings with the Greeks and other enemies against them. To these succeeded Psammuthis and Nephertotes, and Nectanebis and Tachos—reigning some a few years, others not many months, and all in contention with the power of Persia. The last king of

Egypt was Nectanebus, the confederate and ally of the Grecian Agesilaus, by whose assistance he for a short time held his kingdom in quiet independence. In the twelfth year of his reign, finding the Persians still determined on his ruin, and about to overwhelm him with their forces, Nectanebus collected the largest army he could raise, consisting of 20,000 Greeks and as many Lybians, the rest Egyptians, to the amount of 100,000; still not a third part equal to the Persian army. A battle was lost and the king's affairs were ruined—both Greeks and Egyptians forsook him and submitted to the conqueror. When Nectanebus saw this he was driven to despair, and taking what treasure he could carry with him, fled from his palace of Memphis into Ethiopia, and returned not again. He was the last Egyptian that ever governed in Egypt, which has been since under foreign jurisdiction even to this day. Egypt was a province of Persia, till Alexander subverted that monarchy, and was received by the Egyptians as their deliverer from a people they hated; but they did no more than pass from one yoke to another less offensive to them: the prediction of the prophet was fulfilled—"There shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt." B.C. 337.

We are thus compelled to take leave of the Egyptians more than three centuries before the Christian era—for the history of Egypt is ended. The regular succession of rising and falling nations, may be remarked throughout the history of the world—they rise gradually to power, attain their height, and fall—some suddenly, as the Egyptians—but there is no instance of their reaching the summit of greatness a second time, except in the miraculous history of the people of God. Greatness, and power, and distinction, pass over the nations of the earth as the shadow of a cloud over the landscape—it makes but a short pause and comes not back again—we must pursue it now to Assyria and Persia, whence it will very speedily pass away, to rest upon the nations of

southern Europe. Of Egypt we shall have very frequent mention in the history of other nations, as she becomes connected with them—but she has no more a history of her own. Occasionally we shall revert to the condition of the country, as it passes on to its present state of lowest degradation; where all that excites our interest in this first seat of wisdom, learning, and refinement, this first abode of civilization, are the massy vestiges of distant prosperity—the pyramids that have outstood all record of their erection—the colossal statues, of which to move a single limb has almost baffled the antiquary's powers—the obelisks so enormous, that we cannot even conjecture the means by which they could be raised. We go, from curiosity, to ransack the cenotaphs of their heroes, and bring away the painted coffins and the embalmed bodies of their kings, to place them in our museums, as the oldest memorials of mankind that can be found on earth: but their people are no longer worth our notice, nor their territories inviting to the conqueror's sword.

For further particulars of Egyptian history, of her amazing works, her learning and legislation, we know of no book within their reach, to which we can better refer our young readers than that of Rollin; though some things, we believe, are there taken for granted that cannot be exactly ascertained; and the early dates in some degree differ from those we have adopted on examination of larger histories. We have before mentioned that the Greek historians are our only authorities for Egyptian story; their own language, and, if they had any, their literature, being extinct, and all their records gone.

REFLECTIONS
ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

And the fowls came, and devoured them up.—

MATT. xiii. 4.

WE lately used this text as a warning how we act towards each other the part of a spiritual enemy, by lessening the impression that may have been made from the dropping of the words of truth upon our hearts. But there came to us, as we wrote, another thought—do we not often act this unkindly part towards ourselves? While honestly, perhaps, desiring the influences of God's Holy Spirit, and ardently pursuing the means of religious improvement, by assiduous attendance on the places of divine worship, fixed attention to the words of the preacher, and feeling appreciation of the Gospel message, whether read or preached to us in the public service—are there not ways—ways too common, if I mistake not—by which we ourselves take up the fallen seed and cast it from us, and mar unknowingly the promised harvest? And this by the objects to which we immediately turn our thoughts, and the affairs about which we immediately go to employ ourselves. It is in vain that law, and habit, and decency, and perhaps a better feeling, have forbidden to the Sunday the occupations of the week, if the untrammelled mind takes licence for itself, to be engaged in week-day thoughts, and week-day feelings, and week-day conversations. They may be all innocent in themselves—innocent even on the Sabbath, so far as it regards the express command of God—and yet may they have the effect of lessening the good impressions we have received, deadening the fresh-awakened feeling, smothering the new-formed desire, or chilling the warmth of a heart that, scarcely aroused from its natural indifference, is ready to be lulled asleep again, in the first moment of permitted thoughtlessness.

We speak not of things forbidden, nor of things that are a breach of the Sabbath—but have we never been conscious, that when the Sunday afternoon, or the Sunday evening, perhaps the very first hour after we leave the church, is passed in talking of the affairs of yesterday or the schemes of to-morrow, our minds are withdrawn from the serious truths they have received, and on returning to the contemplation of them, find the impression considerably weakened, the images grown fainter, the interest in them considerably cooled—if they have been words of alarm to us, that our spirits have gone to rest again—if they have been words of comfort, that our disquietude has returned? “The fowls have devoured the seed,”—but the fault is with ourselves—we should have avoided these distractions till it had acquired a stronger hold, and thrown out a deeper root: we should so have spent the remainder of the Sabbath, that our minds might have been kept fixed and serious on the things that had taken possession of them: we should have spent it alone, or with persons whose society would have perpetuated and encouraged the more serious tenor of our thoughts and feelings.

It profiteth a man nothing that he should delight himself with God.—JOB xxxiv. 9.

MANY, very many beside Job, have said this thing; and in the buoyancy of their joys and in the despondency of their sorrows, have believed indeed that the love of God is unneeded in their bosom's gaiety, and can avail them nothing in its sadness. It is hard to say in which they are mistaken most. We must delight in something—we cannot drag ourselves through the weariness of existence, without something on which to set our hearts, and of which to say, “This shall be my good—here will I plant, and here will I gather, and my delight shall be in it.” But alas! if that thing be any thing but God, what is the harvest it will yield us? The mildew blight upon the flower we have cultured most—the rotting of the fruit at the very moment we expect to gather it

—roses for a day, perhaps, and thorns for ever. And at the end of every season, when we sit down to count the sum, in anxiety, in fearfulness, in satiety, in vexation, in impatience, in regret, perhaps in self-reproach, that this our delight has cost us, in not one in a thousand, in none, perhaps, if we await the issue, can we say we have been gainers. Would it profit us nothing in our joy to have had a delight that pays its charges better, yields never-falling blossoms in time, and everlasting fruits in eternity? And then in our despondency—Ah! who has tried it knows how well it profits, even though it should have been itself the source of our affliction. We know, well enough some of us know, the times when no earthly delight can avail us, because we are not susceptible of any—place what hope you will before our eyes, set what good you may within our reach, promise us any thing, every thing, it is of no use—our hearts are too dead to take of it—we are so sick with sadness, that the very taste and mention of delight is loathsome to us. And there are other times, when the mind hungers to fill itself, but finds nothing to feed upon—its pleasant things are all consumed and gone—the capacity for delight remains, but the objects of delight are no more. Does it not profit them to have a table spread at which the sickest appetite may find food to suit it, and the most eager appetite may find enough to sate itself? And this, all of this is the case with them that delight themselves in God. Because it is certain that the more a spirit is in disquiet and sickness of the things of earth, the more it is capable of enjoying the promises of God, and the anticipation of futurity: and that the losses and deprivations which leave the bosom empty, do but increase the capacity of receiving into it that presence of God and enjoyment of God the preoccupied bosom seldom can find space for. We should value a light that would burn always brightest when the hour is darkest—we should make choice of a fuel, that would give the more warmth in proportion as the night is colder—yet we say that it pro-

fiteth a man nothing to delight himself with God ! Have we tried it ?

Why doth thine heart carry thee away, and what do thine eyes wink at, that thou turnest thy spirit against God, and lettest such words go out of thy mouth?—JOB xv. 12, 13.

WE are apt to be surprised at the manner of some persons in society, and at their words, that whenever religion is named, or any thing that regards the Deity is alluded to, they show so much uneasiness—they will try some idle, perhaps profane jest, to rid themselves of the subject, rather than entertain it—or if they cannot, will be seriously discomforted and utter many unpleasant and bitter things against the truth : not because in their sober judgment they do not believe it truth, but because their hearts carry them away—that is, their feelings are averse to the subject, and averse to the intrusion of serious thoughts—averse, we fear, not seldom, to God himself, or at least to his presence with them. It is their hearts carry them away in defiance of their better knowledge—their inclinations, that are earthly—their passions, that are corrupt—their affections, that are set on other idols, and do not like to be disturbed withal : their hearts have carried them away, and they are offended and irritated at being recalled. And what do they wink at, that they cannot set steadily their eyes upon the things so suddenly brought before them—what is the matter they cannot look upon sacred and eternal things, without so much disquietude ? It must be because there is something in it that abashes them, or alarms them, or brings with it a light that threatens to disclose what lay before concealed, and is not altogether easy to them to behold. Self-convicted spirits ! ere you betray yourselves in empty or bitter words, be at least aware of what it is that incites you to them. It is that your hearts are not at peace with God, and you do not like to be reminded of it—that sin is laid up and cherished in your bosoms,

and you do not like that a light should be brought too near—it is, I doubt me, that you know yourselves in the wrong and do not wish to be in the right, and so would rather avoid the subject altogether. Perhaps you are not yourselves aware of the origin of your averseness to the mention of serious things, or of the many hard and bitter speeches you make against them, and against those that propose them—but examine and find if it be not as we say.

Le diable le transporte encore sur une montagne fort haute, et en lui montrant tous les royaumes du monde.—MATT. iv. 8.

LA vanité, l'orgueil, et l'ambition d'Adam sont guerries par la troisième tentation de Jesus Christ, le nouvel Adam. C'est s'exposer à cette tentation, que d'aimer à voir les pompes et les richesses du monde. C'est ouvrir son cœur à l'amour des faux biens, que d'ouvrir la bouche pour les louer dans les autres. Les parens font l'office du diable, quand ils font naître l'estime et le desir de l'élevation, des grands biens, et de la gloire du monde dans leurs enfans, en les leur faisant voir et admirer dans les autres.

QUESNEL.

BE always displeased at what thou art, if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not: for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest. But if thou sayest, I have enough, thou perishest: always add, always walk, always proceed; neither stand still, nor go back, nor deviate: he that standeth still, proceedeth not; he goeth back, that continueth not; he deviateth, that revolteth; he goeth better, that creepeth in his way, than he that runneth out of his way.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

LECTURES
ON OUR
SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

LECTURE THE THIRTEENTH.

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly.—MATT. vi. 1—4.

It might seem that there is one point at least of moral obligation, in which man and his Creator are agreed—in which the world's law and God's law are registered the same. There needed not the voice from Mount Sinai to pronounce it, there needed not the soft whispers of the Gospel to enforce it. Men did not wait the light of Christianity to discover this duty, or the encouragements of Christianity to fulfil it. That they who have, must give to them that have not, is a principle and feeling, we believe, that human nature, fallen and corrupted as it is, may claim to be its own. We are aware that some persons may deny this, and we know there are individual exceptions to it, at least in practice: but still we are persuaded that in every age and country, and under every shade and variety of religious difference, to give food to the hungry, and clothes to the naked, has been an admitted duty, which to do was honourable, and to refuse was disreputable. And with the admission of the principle, we believe there has been generally no incon-

siderable disposition to fulfil it. The wild savage, who delights him with the tortures of his captive enemy, and dead to every other feeling of humanity, murders his wife and children before his eyes in very wantonness of cruelty, had the same father and his children come to him cold and starving, would have warmed and fed them. The bandit, whose very business it is to murder and rifle the rich man on his way, will give something of what he has so gained, to the starved and naked wanderer that breaks in on his concealment. In civilized society, it is true, there are some who, in proportion to their means, will give but very little—their self-indulgence and wasteful expenditure leave their coffers so exhausted, that with more truth, perhaps, than they would like to have it believed, they plead their inability—or if ashamed of this, as is more commonly the case, find an evasive covering for their selfishness, in pretended objections to the mode of charity proposed, or the object for whom it is solicited. But these delinquents find not, like the proud and vindictive man, an advocate in the habits of society, or a shelter in the opinions of men. They are clothed in their own colours, and called by their own name—selfish, riggard wretches, whose conduct no man will take upon him to defend. This want of charitable feeling towards the indigent remains a blot upon the few, and not a charge against the many.

It is impossible to look around us at this time, and deny that alms-giving is the fashion, the prevalent disposition, the very favourite virtue of our age and country. Doubtless with those to whom the Saviour preached, alms-giving was in reputation too, whether in practice it prevailed or not. With the Pharisees we know it did prevail—for it was one of their boasted virtues—one of their pleaded claims to the favour of heaven and reward hereafter. In principle and practice, then, it might seem that God and man were at last agreed, and that the disciples of Christ needed no new law on the assumption of their new name. And we may observe how the divine

Preacher, ever mindful of his object, and ever wise in the pursuance of it, changes at this point the manner of his address. He no more repeats the false maxims established in the world—the sayings of them of old time were on this occasion right, and he no more complains of them—neither does he complain of their doings—he does not complain that they withheld their alms, or that they bestowed them too liberally, or in the wrong place. But now, with the eye of Deity, he looks into the secrets of their hearts, and there beholds that while the words are right, and the deeds are right, the motive, and object, and principle are wrong—and growing even more indignant than while they were open and consistent in their wrong, he uses a stronger and a harsher term, and calls these worldlings hypocrites. Why were they hypocrites? Doubtless when the trumpet sounded, the alms were given—there was no deception in the outward act. The hypocrisy was in the motive of their charity, and the purpose they meant to serve by it: the hypocrisy was to God, and by him alone perceived. And now, as then, his wide glance is upon all this charitable land, laying, perhaps, the charge of hypocrisy against thousands, whose names are blazoned in the records of benevolence, and held of men in high and just esteem.

Is there, then, no beauty in the abundant benevolence of our age? Is there no merit in abridging our selfish expenditure to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to surround the sick-bed of poverty with indulgence, and take the fatherless and widow into our keeping? Jesus does not say so. The heart must be insensible indeed to moral beauty, it must be devoid of the feelings, not of Christianity, but of nature, to find no satisfaction in contemplating the universal impetus of benevolence that agitates our country, and puts every body in motion to provide for the necessities of their suffering fellow-creatures. Whether we consider the enormous sums of money subscribed to publick institutions, multiplied every year, and swelling their lists in proportion as they multi-

ply the objects; and count the crowds as they egress from the charitable institution, and see the road-ways stopped, not as they were used, at St. James's or the Opera-house, but before the halls of anniversary meetings for some benevolent purpose—or whether we look into the privacy of retired life, and observe the lady of rank making baby linen for her tenants, instead of wreaths for her own head; and the most refined and delicate women, not sending the solicited cash, they care not whither or to whom, but going themselves to the filthy and disgusting abodes of misery, to administer comfort and counsel as well as money—does the heart feel no glow of exultation, even though we cannot scan the individual motive? Can we say there is no beauty or excellence in it? Jesus does not say so—on the contrary he admits a merit, since he speaks of a reward.

The trumpet that proclaims the day of alms-giving is sounded continually in our streets, and they who obey the summons are sure to have glory of men. He who makes a good speech upon the platform of a charitable institution, is as sure to see it printed, and almost as sure to gain reputation by it, as if he made it in the commons or at the bar: he whose name is conspicuous in every subscription list, becomes a person of greater notoriety now than the hero of Newmarket. Are we therefore to suppose notoriety the actuating motive? We hope not, and we believe not. Far be it from us, even in thought, to lay such a charge against any individual—those who take the lead in these things, are those whose principles do not depend on such undertakings to prove or disprove them. But it becomes very necessary at a time like this, that each one for himself and before his God—especially those younger persons, who may enter so smoothly on the path, once exposed to opposition from the fears of the timid and the laugh of the foolish, but which now the best of men under influence of the best of motives have made so easy—should bring, as it were, this charge against himself, and try his motives

strictly, lest he deceive himself with respect to them. A reward he will have at any rate, and better than any other earthly pursuit he will find it—for he will gain the exact object of his pursuit—if that object be to win the praise of men, he will have their praises—if it be to deserve the gratitude of men, he will deserve their gratitude, and he will have it—the niggard world will for once at least be just, it will discharge its debts; and for the benefits the man of benevolence has conferred on society, he will receive the love and approbation of society—it is his reward—his by merit, and his by choice.

And where the trumpet does not sound, and the crowds do not assemble, and there is no witness but Heaven to the deed of charity, we know that the prevalence of benevolent exertion is not less; and it is surely there we shall look for it in its purest form. It would be impossible to tell the numbers of young people in genteel life, who expend a portion of their time, abridged not seldom from their hours of recreation, in visiting the cottages of poverty; and when their supply of means are not equal to the tender suggestions of their pity, we know them very frequently employed at home, in earning money by their ingenuity to distribute in secret to the indigent. The praise of man cannot here be the object or the reward—but even here there may be some self-deception. Our motive is the kindest feeling and the best of which the heart of man is naturally susceptible—tender pity and disinterested sympathy: our object is the noblest and the purest that can be aspired after upon earth—to lessen the sum of human suffering, and add something to the quantity of enjoyment—and the only reward we aim at is to succeed in doing so. And sweet indeed shall be the reward we gather—the thought that a fellow-creature is made happier by our means, will be a nobler recompense than the applause of nations, and richly will our bosoms share the joy they have communicated. The female who sets out in the full flush of expectation, to enjoy the fête for which she

has expended on her person all she could command of her time, and all she could spare of her revenue, tastes not a pleasure to be compared to that which charity feels, when she steals out undressed and unobserved, to seek the pallet where a suffering, dying fellow-creature lies watching in anxious expectation the hand of the dial-plate, as it draws nearer to the hour of her coming. She has her reward—the only one she desires, the only one she values.

But while we give to publick and to private charity its full measure of approbation, and paint it in all the charms of moral loveliness, and repeat the promise of our Saviour that it shall be rewarded, we cannot but be aware that it is simply earthly—aiming at an earthly good, instigated by an earthly feeling, and awaiting an earthly recompense. The successful competitor in the race, however much he may outstrip his fellows, cannot claim more than the prize for which he runs; and if that prize be but the myrtle-wreath, decreed to him amid the shouts of an admiring multitude, he cannot complain, when it fades upon his brow, that it was not of gold: he had what he contended for. Even so, when gratitude, and love, and approbation, and the lightness of a self-approving spirit, have attended the man of benevolence through life, his claims have been acknowledged and his reward received. Should he present himself thereafter where the prizes awarded are of another kind—where the crowns are of gold, and the wreaths are woven of everlasting flowers, and the praise is of God, and the reward is immortality—should he present himself with his record of charities to be rewarded there, would it not be just that his Lord should say to him—“What have I to do with it? When your name was sounded through the crowded chamber, when you were sitting alone beside the bed of poverty, I was present. I looked into the secret emotions of your bosom, but I did not see in it any thought of me. It was not on my account that you were there, nor was it my approbation you were

seeking. The praise, and the love, and the benefit of your fellow-creatures were your objects. It was a rich reward—you earned it and you had it—the world must pay its own reckonings, and requite the labours of its own servants. The things of time must pay the virtues of time—it was not for love of me you did it. Nay, I have something against you—in many instances you were hypocrites before me—for you took my name upon you without any regard to me in your hearts, and pleaded my commands for what you did, and professed to do it to my honour, when in fact you cared not for my honour or my name, and only gratified your earthly feelings for the securing of an earthly recompense. You have your reward.”

So meant the Saviour when he spake: and so the apostle meant when he said, a man might give all his goods to feed the poor, and yet not have charity in his heart towards God. But Jesus knew that no earthly recompense would satisfy his disciples, or seem worthy of their pursuit; any more than the shout of the gazing multitude of strangers as he goes by them, can satisfy the hero who expects his laurels and his triumph in the land of his fathers and at the hands of his sovereign. Therefore tells he them a better way, and holds out to them a higher motive and a more rich reward. Let them put out of sight the world, its smiles, and its recompense, the most amiable of their natural feelings, and the most honourable of their natural desires, and act simply to the honour and pleasure of their God. He who seeth in secret—as much in secret where thousands are assembled, as in the lonesome chamber—for what he sees is that which is hidden from all beside—if he observe that when the name is put to the subscription list, it is that the religion we profess may be honoured by our appearing in behalf of the unfortunate, or that if the name be withheld, it may seem we are ashamed of the cause for which it was solicited—when the hand is put to the treasury-box, the moment is waited for when none is nigh, because it

is desired the gift should be to God and not to man—or when luxury abridges itself of some of its indulgences, or fashion puts aside some of her needless ornaments, or industry supplies by activity her lack of means; it is because God requires, and because God accepts it as an offering of our hands; and because we feel ourselves withal but the stewards of his bounty, holding our good things but as the dispensers of them to the needy, and giving to him in the persons of his creatures, what in fact is his own, though he is pleased to acknowledge the gift as if it had been ours—if an unfashionable and stigmatized cause be as sure of our support, if we believe it to be a good one, as if the whole world approved it; and ingratitude, and ill-success, however painful, cannot chill the ardour of a charity, of which success and gratitude were not the primary objects—and if, when we have given the dole of charity, or performed the task, or made the sacrifice, the secret satisfaction we enjoy is not from having earned a fellow-creature's love, or added to our store of fancied merit, but simply from the hope of having pleased our Father which is in heaven—if our most valued reward is his smile, our most desired recompense is his approbation—then He who sees these deeply hidden secrets which man can never come at, though yet in fact he owes us nothing, is pleased to consider himself our debtor for the reward—he will leave us, for the present, to go on our way with others, engaged in the same objects and pursuing them by the same means—men will perceive no difference between our charity and the charity of the world—but at the last great distribution of immortal glory, openly and in the presence of assembled worlds, He will declare that we have gained the prize we ran for—that our charities have not had their reward, inasmuch as our object in them was himself, something far above and far beyond this sublunary sphere. It is then he will say, “Inas-

much as for my sake ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me—Behold, my reward is with me.”

Thus, agreed as for a moment they seemed, the charity of a disciple of Christ proves to be as widely different from the charity of the Pharisee, as is his character in every other respect; and though walking together and acting together, the principle and the issue both are different: each one has his own reward—that he earns and that he chooses—but the rewards are not the same: one worked for earth and has his recompense of earth—the other worked for God and has his recompense of God. We have dwelt with more willingness on this text, because there never was a time in which we so much needed to dwell upon it, and inscribe it on our hearts as a warning, and as a rule by which to take measure of ourselves. It is impossible not to perceive the good that must result to the community by the combining of forces that divided could perform but little, and throwing our impotent mites into a fund that, concentrated, becomes all-powerful. But we must look to it, each one for ourselves, that the general benefit be not an individual mischief, and while the world reaps the good, that our spirits do not reap the evil. The left hand, alas! is no longer a stranger to the right-hand's gifts; for they are printed and circulated from one end of the kingdom to the other. Good comes of this too—for example is good—and the open acknowledgement of a righteous cause is good—but I fear the good is not to us; and without great carefulness, it will be positive evil to us. We have already overpassed the letter of our Saviour's precept—and if ever we suffer this publicity of our benevolence from any motive but the right one, we have set aside the spirit too, and can have no reward of our Father which is in heaven. Collectively, we cannot but look on these things with approbation—individually, we would have each one warned how they mistake benevolence for religion, and the service of their fellow-creatures for the service of Christ.

BIOGRAPHY.

QUEEN MARY.

(Continued from page 43.)

THE country was now at peace, the throne was declared vacant, and the only question that remained, was how to fill it. William showed very plainly his own determination to be king, though he affected to leave the nation free to choose. It was by some proposed to inquire into the birth of the infant heir, and if established, to make William only regent to govern in his name. But the infant was in the hands of foreigners and papists, and no security would thus be gained to the kingdom and the church. Some would have made William king alone. To this William appears to have had no objection, since Burnet says, "He spoke of it to me as asking my opinion about it, but so that I plainly saw what was his own: for he gave me all the arguments that were offered for it; as that it was most natural that the sovereign power should be only in one person; that a man's wife ought to be only his wife; that it was a suitable return to the prince for what he had done for the nation; that a divided sovereignty was liable to great inconveniences; and though there was less to be apprehended from the princess of any thing of that kind than of any woman living, yet all mortals were frail, and might at some time or other of their lives be wrought on." This plan was rejected as unjust in every way, invading the rights both of Mary and the princess Anne. "The princess continued all the while in Holland, and came not to England till the debates were over. The prince's enemies gave it out, that she was kept there by order, on design that she might not come over to England to claim her right. So parties began to be formed, some for the prince and others for the princess: and one

was sent over to the princess, and gave her an account of the state of the debate, and desired to know her own sense of the matter; for if she desired it, he did not doubt but they could carry it for setting her alone on the throne. She made him a very sharp answer: she said she was the prince's wife, and would never be other than what she should be in conjunction with him and under him; and that she would take it extreme unkindly, if any, under pretence of their care for her, would set up a divided interest between her and the prince."

William, after long reserve and affected indifference, declared that he would neither be regent for the prince of Wales, nor nominal king in right of his wife—in short, that he would either have the government as his own, or return to Holland—for he knew well they could not do without him. This declaration and Mary's firm rejection of the crown, brought the debates to a conclusion—the throne was declared vacant by James' abdication, and William and Mary were desired to accept it, as king and queen, the administration being given into the hands of the king. The succession was settled on the protestant heirs of the two princesses, so as to prevent the accession of any papist to the throne, James and his heirs being for ever excluded. Whatever might be thought of the justness of this settlement, the expediency of it was so apparent, that all parties in the state bent their consciences to compliance, and took the oaths of allegiance. Those who could not exactly admit that James had abdicated, or that his people had a right to depose both him and his heirs, considering him still as king *de jure*, as it was called, the lawful sovereign, persuaded themselves that it was yet their duty to obey William as king *de facto*, the sovereign in actual possession—and thus with the help of a little sophistry and a little evasion, all parties contrived to acquiesce in an arrangement that was for the interest of all. The family of Stuart being fortunately extinct, the question now only remains as a subject of harmless disputation; while

we are in the full enjoyment of the benefits resulting from the arrangement—had they still lived to urge their claims, the question would probably have never been at rest. It is impossible not to perceive throughout the interference of God for the preservation of protestantism.

“All things were now made ready for filling the throne, and the very night before it was to be done, the princess arrived safely. It had been given out, that she was not pleased with the late transactions, both with relation to her father, and the present settlement. Upon which the prince wrote to her, that it was necessary at first she should appear so cheerful, that nobody might be discouraged by her looks, or be led to apprehend she was uneasy by reason of what had been done. This made her put on a great air of gaiety when she came to Whitehall, and as may be imagined, had great crowds of all sorts coming to wait on her. I confess I was one of those that censured this in my thoughts,” adds the historian—“I thought a little more seriousness had done as well when she came into her father’s palace, and was to be set on his throne next day. I had never seen the least indecency in any part of her conduct before; which made this appear to me so extraordinary, that some days after I took the liberty to ask her, how it came that what she saw in so sad a Revolution, as to her father’s person, made not a greater impression on her. She took this freedom with her usual goodness; and she assured me that she felt the sense of it very lively on her thoughts. But she told me that the letters that had been writ to her obliged her to put on a cheerfulness, in which she might perhaps go too far, because she was obeying directions, and acting a part which was not very natural to her.”

We have now to consider Mary as queen of England—a most unenviable greatness under the circumstances in which she became so, and at a period of so much disorder and corruption. A peaceful reign was not to be expected, and though William kept his throne se-

curely, it was through a succession of broils, invasions, insurrections, and continually attempted assassinations. Beside the efforts of James to regain his throne, and endless political contentions, William found himself distracted with the religious dissensions of the people, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Dissenters of every denomination were contending for privilege and power, while piety and devotion were almost equally lost amongst all. William was constrained more than once to wish he had never been king of England, and was on the point of leaving the kingdom, and committing the government to the queen. In the midst of all this confusion, James appeared in Ireland, and while William was obliged to repair thither to meet his enemies in the field, Mary was left in charge of the administration at home. "It was a new scene to her; she had for above sixteen months made so little figure in business, that those who imagined that every woman of sense loved to be meddling, concluded that she had a small proportion of it, because she lived so abstracted from all affairs. Her behaviour was indeed very exemplary: she was exactly regular both in her private and publick devotions: she was much in her closet and read a great deal: she was often busy at work, and seemed to employ her time and thoughts in any thing rather than matters of state: her conversation was lively and obliging; every thing in her was easy and natural; she was singular in great charities to the poor; of whom, as there are always great numbers about courts, so the crowds of persons of quality who fled from Ireland, drew from her liberal supplies: all this was nothing to the publick. If the king talked with her of affairs, it was in so private a way, that few seemed to believe it; Lord Shrewsbury said that the king had upon many occasions said to him, that though he could not hit on the right way of pleasing England, he was confident she would; and that we should all be very happy under her. During her temporary administration, the queen balanced all things with an extra-

ordinary temper; and became universally beloved and admired by all around her."

Meantime the dangers increased on every side. James had some success in Ireland, the French were masters at sea, and William, beside the perils of the field, had good reason to fear assassination from his popish subjects. "In all this time of fear and disorder, the queen showed an extraordinary firmness; for though she was full of dismal thoughts, yet she put on her ordinary cheerfulness when she appeared in publick, and shewed no unbecoming concern: her behaviour was in all respects heroical; she apprehended the greatness of our danger; but she committed herself to God, and was resolved to expose herself, if occasion should require it;" for invasion in England was feared from the French, while William was engaged in Ireland. The battle of the Boyne greatly lessened these dangers: when news of it was brought to Mary, her joy seemed in suspense, till she heard that the late king, her father, had escaped. Speaking of the state of the country soon after this, the historian writes—

"It had been happy for us, if such dismal accidents had struck us with a deeper sense of the judgment of God. We were indeed brought to more of an outward face of virtue and sobriety: and the great example that the king and queen set the nation, had made some considerable alterations as to publick practices; a disbelief of revealed religion, and a profane mocking at the Christian faith, and the mysteries of it, became avoided and scandalous. The queen, in the king's absence, gave orders to execute the laws against drunkenness, swearing, and the profanation of the Lord's day: and sent directions over England to all magistrates to do their duty in executing them; to which the king joined his authority, upon his return to England. Yet the Reformation of manners, which some zealous men studied to promote, went on but slowly: many of the inferior magistrates were not only very remiss, but very faulty

themselves ; they did all they could to discourage those who endeavoured to have vice suppressed and punished ; and it must be confessed, that the behaviour of many clergymen gave atheists no small advantage."

" Upon the whole, the nation was falling under such a general corruption, both as to morals and principles, and that was so much spread among all sorts of people, that it gave us great apprehensions of heavy judgments from Heaven."

Mary's pious mind must naturally suffer much from the contemplation of her people's corruption, feeling in some degree herself responsible for their improvement, yet finding it beyond even the power and influence of royalty to infuse that principle of religion, which could alone give a check to their immoralities. We find in another account of her that this was in fact the case, and that Mary's mind suffered much depression on account of her ill success—" How good soever she was in herself, she carried a heavy load upon her mind : the deep sense she had of the guilt and judgments that were hanging over us, as no doubt it gave her many afflicting thoughts in the presence of God, so it broke often out in many sad strains, to those to whom she gave her thoughts freer vent. The impieties and blasphemies, the open contempt of religion, and the scorn of virtue, that she heard on all sides, and in so many different corners of the nation, gave her a secret horror, and offered so black a prospect, that it filled her with melancholy reflections, and engaged her in much secret mourning. This touched her the more sensibly, when she heard that some, who pretended to much zeal for the crown, and the present establishment, seemed from thence to think they had some right to be indulged in their licentiousness and other irregularities. She often said, ' Can a blessing be expected from such hands, or any thing that must pass through them ? ' She had a just esteem for all persons as she found them truly virtuous and religious : nor could any other considerations

have a great effect upon her, when these were wanting. She made a great difference between those that were convinced of the principles of religion, how fatally soever they might be shut up from having their due effect on them, and those who had quite thrown them off: where these were quite extinguished, no hope was left, nor foundation to build upon; but where they remained, how feeble or inactive soever, there was a seed still within them, that at some time or other, and upon some happy occasion might shoot and grow. Next to open iniquity, the coldness, the want of heat and life in those who pretended to religion, the deadness and disunion of the whole body of Protestants, and the weakness, the humours, and affectations, of some who seemed to have good intentions, did very sensibly affect her. She said often with feeling and cutting regret, 'Can such dry bones live?' The last great project that her thoughts were working upon, with relation to a noble and royal provision for maimed and decayed seamen, was particularly designed to be so constituted, as to put them in a probable way of ending their days in the fear of God." She hearkened carefully to every thing that seemed to give some hope that the next generation should be better than the present, with particular attention. She heard of a spirit of piety and devotion that was spreading itself among the youth of this great city with a true satisfaction; she inquired often and much about it, and was glad to hear it went on and prevailed. "She lamented that whereas the devotions of the Church of Rome were all show, and made up of pomp and pageantry, that we were too bare and naked, and practised not enough to entertain a serious temper, or a warm and affectionate heart: we might have light enough to direct, but we wanted flame to raise an exalted devotion."

(To be continued.)

THE LISTENER.—No. XXVI.

A FRIEND requested me, a short time since, to write a paper on CONSISTENCY. I was well pleased with the suggestion; it is a pleasant thing to have a subject given, when every body writes so much, that subjects are growing scarce: I thought I would quickly set about it, and indite a paper describing the beauty, and loveliness, and excellence of CONSISTENCY. But when I would have gone to work to paint the portrait, I found myself in no small difficulty—for where was the original? Had I any acquaintance with it? Had I ever seen it? Imagination may make a drawing, but a portrait it cannot make—and what would it avail me to describe an imaginary being, whose features none would recognize, more especially when I profess to draw always from the life, and describe only what I hear and see around me. What was to be done? I could think of but one way of emerging from this great difficulty, without breaking the promise I had given to touch the subject. If there were such a thing as CONSISTENCY, and I had never heard it doubted, it must be somewhere to be found—why not look after it? I must of course have seen it often, and my ignorance of her exact features, and the contour of her countenance altogether, must be the result of inattention or forgetfulness. This might be repaired, as ignorance mostly may, by diligent research—and I resolved that it should be so. I resolved to listen every where, and look at every thing, and enquire of every body, till I should find my subject, and so have no more to do but to paint the resemblance of it. So I put my pencil in my pocket—and my Indian-rubber, lest I should sketch a feature wrong—and patiently resolved to delay the portrait till I had seen the individual, whom I did not doubt to meet in some of the ordinary walks of society, now that I had seriously set myself to watch

for her. The progress of my researches is what I now wish to disclose to my readers.

It happened, a short time after, that I was staying in a house where, without that sort of profusion that intimates abundant wealth, there was an air of ease and liberality that bespoke poverty at equal distance. As many servants were kept as could do the required service well; but not so many as very usually prevent its being done at all. As much ornament was about the house, as gave a tone of elegance and comfort to the apartments; but not so much that every thing must be bundled up in sacks of brown Holland, till somebody is expected worthy to look upon it. The dress of the family was genteel, perhaps a little *recherché*; but not so as to convey the idea that the great essential of their happiness, the cardinal virtue of their character, was to have their clothes becoming and well-made. In short, the whole air of the mansion seemed to say, we have not enough to squander, but we have enough to enjoy.

It befell on an occasion, that we—that is, myself and the ladies of the family—sate pleasantly engaged in our morning occupations, about as important as such occupations usually are—that is, one was making a frill, and another was unpicking a frill that somebody else had made—one was making match-boxes for the chimney, and another was making matches to put into the match-boxes, and so on. A person was announced who came to solicit a contribution to some charitable efforts making in the neighbourhood for the relief of indigence, or suffering of some kind, I do not exactly remember what. The lady of the house listened with much civility to the application; fully approved both of the object and the proposed means, wished all manner of success, and greatly lamented that her very limited income did not allow of her doing so much good as she desired. They had contributed already to so many things, the objects of private charity that presented themselves were so numerous, it was quite impossible to assist in any new efforts.

The applicant, who, as an intimate friend of the family, used the liberty of persuasion, again pointed out the necessity of the case, and the Christian duty of dispensing what we hold of providential bounty. The lady replied extremely well—spoke fairly of the beauty and the duty of charity—admitted that she did not give so much as she should feel to be right, and as she should be inclined to, but that she actually had no more to spare—her income was no more than sufficient for the proprieties of her condition—she never expended any thing unnecessarily—she wished she had a few hundreds a year more, and she would give a guinea to this undertaking most willingly—there was nothing for which she so much desired wealth. Then turning to her daughters, she said, “I do not know how the girls’ allowance stands—they are always anxious to give, and I am sure this is a case in which they would feel deeply interested—but they, like myself, cannot do all they wish.”

“I really am sorry,” said the elder daughter, “but I have given away every farthing I can possibly spare—if I had a shilling left that I could do without, I should think it quite my duty to give it on such an occasion.”

“I have no money,” said one of the younger girls, but I am thinking whether I can assist the charity in any other way—whether I can take any part in the trouble of providing—of visiting the ——”

“I am sure, Julia, you cannot,” interrupted her sister, “you know you have more to do already than you can get through. Our time is taken up with so many things—it is impossible you can undertake any thing more.”

“Well, I believe it is,” answered Julia; “but this is so plainly a case of urgent necessity—a duty so obvious, that we certainly ought to aid it some way.”

“We ought, if we could, my dear,” said her Mama; “but no one is required to do more than they can. As it has not pleased Providence to give us any superfluity of wealth, much is not required of us. It cannot be our duty to give more than we can spare with propriety, and

in justice to ourselves and our families—I am really sorry, because I think it a proper case.”

The contribution was declined, and the visitor departed. I had held my tongue, because I always hold my tongue; but I had been thinking all the time. I had thought it was a pity people so charitably disposed had so limited an income—I thought how painful it must be to them to feel that there was no way in which they could make their circumstances yield to the claims of their suffering fellow-creatures, without trespassing on the expenditure imperiously demanded of them by the proprieties of life. And as my secret reflections are apt to excuse very widely from the point where they begin, and no one spoke to interrupt me, I went on to think what is the real extent of charity that Christian principle may demand of any one. It is immediately perceptible that it cannot be to do away with the distinctions Providence has made, and throw from us the advantages and indulgences Providence has given, and disable ourselves to support the expenditure required of our station, itself a means of dispersing wealth and averting poverty from the industrious—a limit, therefore, there must be to every one's liberality. But can that limit be within the point where a case of real want presents itself, and the possessor of wealth *can* command, without injustice or injury to any one, something to bestow? I was just entering in thought upon this wide field of rumination, when the servant announced the arrival of a vender of certain rare articles of dress and curious wares from abroad—things as pleasant to the eye of taste, as to that of vanity. The vender was willingly admitted. Every thing was examined, many things were wished for, a few things were purchased. Mama bought some ornaments for the table—the eldest girl bought some ivory winders for her thread, much prettier than the wooden ones she had in use before—Julia bought a gilded buckle to fasten her waistband. These things were all very pretty—not very

extravagant in price—harmless indulgences of taste—the produce of some one's industry—the superfluity the Creator has provided means for, and therefore cannot disapprove. But they were all unnecessary. The one lady had added nothing to her influence or respectability by the ornaments for her table—the second lady had added nothing to her comfort or happiness by exchanging wooden winders for ivory ones—the third lady had added nothing to her gentility or beauty by a new buckle for her waistband. Therefore I said within myself, their words and their actions do not consist. They said there was nothing for which they so much valued wealth as to distribute it to the necessitous. That was not true—they preferred to spend it on themselves. They said they had not any money to spare, though they felt strongly the claim that was made on them. That was not true—they could spare money the first moment they felt inclined. Had these people said they had given in charity as large a portion of their income as they thought it their duty to deprive themselves of, and wished to give no more, it had been well, and whether right or wrong, they had spoken honestly; but inasmuch as they said they wished to give and regretted that they could not, their words and their deeds were not consistent.

“Good morning, dear,” said Mrs. White to her cousin Mrs. Grey, as I chanced to hear one morning on the parade at Brighton; “I have a favour to ask of you—our girls are going to have a quadrille party next week—I wish you would let your young people come.”

“You know I do not like my girls to enter into those things ——”

“Not when it takes them into publick and leads to habitual dissipation—but in private parties, and when you know what company they mix with, and when you are sure they will neither hear nor see any thing calculated to pervert their principles or corrupt their minds, it is impossible you can imagine any harm in a party,

merely because they dance. We shall not have above thirty people."

"No, certainly not because they dance. To dance, literally, is only to move in a certain measured step, and jump a certain number of inches from the ground, and go about the room in a prescribed figure, instead of the irregular figure and unmeasured pace they would observe were they running about the hills. I am not so absurd as to suppose there can be any harm in this motion more than in any other motion. Therefore that my girls do not come, is not merely because you have dancing, but I do not like that sort of party for them at any rate. It is a scene of display—an exhibition of the person and excitation of the mind, that they are better and happier without, and I should be sorry that they acquired a taste for it."

"I cannot think why you should fear their having a taste for an innocent amusement that all young people enjoy—you are not bringing them up for the cloister, I suppose."

"By no means: I bring them up to be agreeable and useful in society, and therefore would not wish to unfit them for it—but you cannot pretend to say there is any real enjoyment of society, any mental improvement to be expected, or any benevolent feeling to be cultivated, in these parties."

"Perhaps not—I cannot say there is—but at least there is no harm."

"That is not so certain—I apprehend a great deal of harm may be done. A great many wrong feelings are excited—if they are much noticed, and have the best partners, their vanity and self-esteem are excited—if they see others succeeding better, their jealousy is excited—jealousy, and vanity, and self-esteem are sins, and in all sin there is harm. Then there is so much thought and care about what they are to wear, and how they shall look, and what will be thought of them by strangers—a set of people, in whose approbation or affections they

can never find credit or advantage, whom they care nothing about, and to whom therefore I would not have them feel anxious to commend themselves by such factitious means. They are contented now with pleasing those who know and love them, and in whose society they have advantage—I would rather they did not come to you to acquire new desires, and divert their minds from more rational pursuits.”

“I would not persuade you against your wishes—I know your sort of religion forbids you to conform to what you call the practices of the world—but I do not perfectly understand to which of its practices you do, and to which you do not object.”

The ladies parted. Mrs. Grey and myself walked home to find the young ladies, to whom their mama mentioned what had past. They gave entire assent to her opinions; spoke with more vehemence and less moderation against the vanity and wickedness of such amusements—pitied their cousins’ corrupt propensities, and detailed half a dozen instances of the spirit of emulation, and contention, and display, exercised in parties of the kind; and then they talked about renouncing the world, and its pomps, and its delusions—and the spirit of self-renunciation, meekness, and humility, that could only be maintained away from scenes of dissipation, rivalry, and display—and so on and so on—and I thought they talked uncommonly well, only rather too fast; particularly as nobody was disposed to contradict them.

I observed, however, that they were remarkably busy all the time, as if in the act of preparing for something.

“Mama,” said Charlotte, “have you brought the flowers for our bonnets.”

“No, my dear; but we will send for them.”

“Well, but we must make haste—the meeting begins in an hour or two, and we shall not be ready—ring the bell.” The bell was not answered. “Ring again.” The bell broke—that was the bell-hanger’s fault. “Where is John?”—“John is gone out, ma’am.”—

"How tiresome! then Betty must go."—"Betty is about Miss Charlotte's pelisse that must be done to put on this morning."—"Was ever any thing so provoking? then, cook, you must go."—"I am just putting down the meat, Miss, and can't leave it."

"My dear," said Mrs. Grey, "you can wear your bonnets as they are."

"No, Mama, that is impossible—we had better not go at all."

"Then you must fetch it yourselves."

"Yes; and how are we to be ready? Every body will be there before us. Things always happen so contrarily."

And now a certain quantity of ill-humour, and a considerable quantity of impatience, were manifested on all sides. Mama blamed the girls, first for thinking about their dress at all, and then for not having thought of it sooner. The girls wondered their Mama had not brought in the flowers. John was blamed for not being at home when he had been sent out—Betty was blamed for being busy when she had been set to work—the cook was blamed for dressing the meat, though no one, as I believed, meant to go without their dinner. The ladies were what, in domestick phraseology, is called *put out*; and when that takes place in a family, it does not signify who is to blame, or what the matter is—every body must submit to be in the wrong.

Time mends all things. The young ladies went to the anniversary of some charitable society in the town—and the young ladies came home again.

"Well, my dears," said Mrs. Grey, "how have you been pleased?"

"Tolerably," replied Ann; "but we were so late, and got such bad seats—I could not enjoy it at all. Do you know that there were those Miss Browns in the High-street sitting before us in the best seats—and they would not make room for us, though they knew very well who we were. A great many people put themselves for-

ward who have not done half so much for the charity as we have.”—“ Dear, yes,” said Charlotte, “ and I had such a vulgar woman next me—she would speak to me, and I was quite afraid lest people should think I knew her.”—“ And, Mamma, the three Miss Blacks were there—their servants were in such gay liveries—it made me feel ashamed of John’s old clothes. Julia Black was very rude to me—but I took care to be quite as rude to her—for I think myself of as much consequence as she is.”—“ Lady Buff was there—I wish we could have gotten up to speak to her—people must have thought we belonged to nobody.”

“ Those who knew you had no occasion to think, my dear; and those who did not, are not of much consequence to you. But you have not told me what you heard.”

“ O, we heard a great deal of good—I wonder my cousin Whites were not there—much better for them than going to balls—it was a very interesting meeting; but there were not so many people of consequence there as last year—these things always go off. There were some excellent speeches—it vexed me to hear that disagreeable man, who was so rude to us once at the committee, so very much applauded—I quite hate that man; but he made by far the most sensible and religious speech.”

To that connexion of ideas which, on the repetition of a single word, brings back to memory all with which it has sometime come associated, it was doubtless owing that I at this moment thought of pomps, and delusions, and conformities—and self-subjection, and meekness, and humility—and love of approbation, and fear of opinion, and rivalry, and contention, and a great many other things that had not much to do with the dinner we were eating; or the meeting we were talking of. Had Mrs. White been there, a part of her doubts had been solved at least—for though she had not learned what it was of the world the Miss Greys’ religion taught them to renounce, she had certainly discovered what it was not. Is it the prac-

tice of the world or its spirit that stands most opposed to religion? Avails it any thing to renounce the one and keep the other? I saw no **CONSISTENCY** between the morning's discourse and the evening's, except in volubility of speech.

CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

CONVERSATION II.

INTRODUCTORY—STRATA—NODULES—VEINS.

MRS. L.—We have determined, I think, on Geology as the future subject of our evening conversations.

MATILDA.—I hope so; for my curiosity is excited by what you said last night. For the first time I looked out upon the hills this morning, with a desire to know what was beneath their verdant covering; and where the broken cliff laid bare the soil, began to consider of its form and colouring, as if I had already taken up the profession of Geologist, and peeped into the secrets of our mother earth. You mentioned that the science of Geology is of very recent date—where had it a beginning?

MRS. L.—A recent writer has remarked, that “Geology, as a branch of inductive science, is of very modern date; for though the attention of men has long been turned to the theory of the earth, the formation of such a theory is incompatible with any but an advanced state of physical knowledge. There appear, indeed, few studies of more difficulty; none in which the subject is more complex—appearances so diversified and scattered—and where the causes that have operated are so remote from the sphere of ordinary observation.” “About a hundred years ago, the attention of the learned began to be directed to these great phænomena, and Burnet, Woodward, and others, devised theories to explain them. Their attempts, as might be expected from the small number of facts then known, were very defective.” The

systems of these crude Geologists are scarcely worth noticing, except it were to prove how slowly knowledge grows, and what strange fancies men can persuade themselves and others to accept as truth. Burnet supposed that at the creation the elements separated themselves from a fluid mass; the heaviest sinking to the bottom, formed the solid earth, while the lighter water, and still lighter air, each took its respective station. In this state he supposed the earth to have been a smooth and equal surface, and its position being also different, clothed with the charms of a perpetual spring; 'till in the lapse of years, by the heat of the sun, the surface cracked and divided; and, finally, at the disruption of the flood, attained its present broken and uneven surface, the water subsiding into beds opened to them by this breaking of the earth beneath. Leibnitz wrote to prove the earth to have been in a state of combustion for many ages, and at length to have gone out for want of fuel; a glassy crust of sand and gravel was thus formed; and as the globe cooled, the water, which had before been kept in the state of steam, assumed a fluidity, and falling to the earth, produced the ocean. The learned Buffon, whose object always was to get rid at once of creation and its Creator, produced a system suited to his purpose. Having first persuaded us that our planet had been struck off from the sun by the blow of a comet, and so put itself in motion for ever, he proceeds to prove that every thing upon it also arranged itself by degrees into its present form—the rivers cutting out their own beds, and so on, through all those wonderful works of nature, of the glory of which he was determined to deprive their great Originator.

“From these speculations, Geology was rescued by the appearance of Werner. This great man first applied to it that spirit of observation and calm deduction which had already so greatly advanced other branches of physics: he first elevated it to the dignity of a science; and though his cosmogonical hypothesis is now almost uni-

versally abandoned, yet to him we are indebted for awakening a spirit of enquiry which has extended itself to every branch of the civilized world, while he has also pointed out those facts which are most worthy of observation, and from which any knowledge of the previous states of the globe have been derived." So much I have said, or rather quoted, in answer to your question respecting the origin of Geological science; but I by no means intend to lead you into disputed systems and vague conjectures of the past—but rather to inform you of the present state of the globe as far as it is known, leaving it to the learned to decide how it came so: occasionally I shall mention their more reasonable conclusions—still aware, that whatever I may tell you on that subject, or whencesoever I may draw my authority, some Geologist of another school will say we are misinformed.

ANNE.—Do you not think this uncertainty takes something from the pleasure of the pursuit?

MRS. L.—I confess I do not—on the contrary, when we have gathered what is already known and proved, we have the animating expectation of hearing something new. Every year may be expected to produce some new discovery, or the confirmation of some previous conjecture: and though we admit the uncertainty and doubtfulness of every thing that respects the past, the actual state of the globe is tolerably well ascertained. So much as is known on the interesting subject, we may do well to add to our store of information—more will doubtless be hereafter discovered: but when all is known, and all discovered that is within the reach of mortal ken, there is no doubt but we must end, here as every where, in the simplicity of childlike ignorance—be content to take the word of God for what we cannot discover, and believe that things are so because he made them so, and that he made them so because it pleased him. I believe, be our studies what they may, they all must end in this.

ANNE.—And now I think we may proceed with our enquiries.

MRS. L.—I shall begin with explaining the meaning of some of those terms which I imagine you do not understand, and which are of most frequent occurrence. You will observe that, “the substances which form the surface of the earth, occur in STRATA, NODULES or VEINS. The Strata are beds, which preserve through a considerable extent, a certain degree of parallelism in their Superior and Inferior Planes.” You understand these terms, I trust.

ANNE.—I understand parallelism to be the running of two lines in the same direction, (*Plate I. Fig. 1.*) and I suppose the Superior Plane (*a*) to be the upper, the Inferior Plane (*b*), the under surface of a Stratum or bed.

MRS. L.—Exactly so—endeavour to remember that this is meant whenever these terms are used. “Another character of Strata is that their length and breadth greatly exceed their thickness. The thickness varies from many feet to much less than an inch. Different Strata of the same or of different substances repose upon each other, and the undermost is then considered to be of earlier formation”—that is, by some means deposited there previously to the one above it—which you must remember as the usual meaning of the term FORMATION. “Now it is obvious that if all the Strata were perfectly horizontal, as suppose in *Fig. 2.*, we should only be acquainted with the highest in the series, unless we sunk shafts through them; but Providence, in this, as in other respects, making provision for the comfort and happiness of mankind, has disposed these Strata at angles more or less inclined towards the horizon: the consequence of which arrangement is, that many Strata successively appear at the surface, and afford us the several advantages arising from the difference of soil and mineral products.” Do you understand this entirely?

MATILDA.—I think so. If the Strata that compose

Fig. 1.



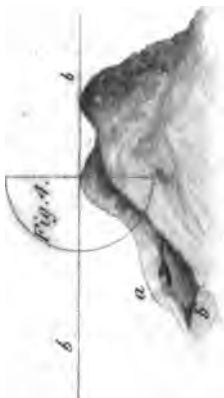
Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 5.



the earth's surface were placed upon one another horizontally, as in *Fig. 2*, we should always have the same at the top, consequently should have difficulty in obtaining the products of those beneath—whereas, if inclining or aslant, as in *Fig. 3*., each may successively appear on the surface, and yet not actually change places with the one above it.

MRS. L.—That is the case. And this arrangement has given rise to certain technical expressions which it is necessary you should fully understand, as they will be continually recurring. Where the edges of the inclined Strata are uncovered and visible upon the surface, (*a a a*, *Fig. 3*.) they are said to *rise to the day*, to *basset*, or *crop-out*—the points at which the edges of such Strata appear, being consequently called the Out-crop, or Basset. That part of the horizon to which the Out-crop is directed, is called the Direction of that Stratum—as to the East, the North-west, &c. The degree in which the Plane or surface of the Stratum differs from a horizontal position, is called its INCLINATION, or DIP, and is measured by the degrees of a circle—thus, *Fig. 4*.—the Stratum is said to have an Inclination of forty-five degrees, because the depression of its Plane (*a*) is forty-five degrees from the horizontal line (*b*). I conclude you know that the quarter of a circle is ninety degrees. I have traced the half circle that you may better understand me. In the term Dip is also included its tendency towards some point of the horizon, when not vertical.

“NODULES are masses of irregular form, which are found imbedded in, and surrounded by the regular Strata: they vary greatly in size, from a foot to many miles in length.”—(*b. Fig. 4*.)

“VEINS are distinguished from regular Strata, by their great irregularity, their laminar and thread-like forms, and by their intersecting the Strata and Nodules of other rocks—they also intersect each other. Veins vary in thickness from many yards to that of a hair. In

some cases Veins are simple; in others they divide into two or more; their position with respect to the horizon, and the rocks in which they occur, is very irregular; the Direction and Dip are estimated in the same manner as in the Strata. When parallel to the Strata, as sometimes happens for a considerable extent, it is difficult to discover their real character; but in some part or other of their course, they will invariably be found to become oblique, so as to touch more than one Stratum of a series, or to intersect it at a considerable angle, or to send branch-like Veins through it, (*a a*, Fig. 5.)

DESCRIPTION OF BRITISH TREES.

No. II.

WE may distinguish the Beech Tree by the silky thinness of the leaf, the regularity of the strong veins, and the fringe of soft hairs surrounding it. It is in the Class Dodecandria Trigynia of Withering—the Monœcia Polyandria of Linnæus. The blossom is a ball of male and female flowers separately, but on the same plant: the seed a prickly husk, containing nuts. The Beech is a large and beautiful tree, affording a pleasant shade, but injurious to the vegetation beneath it. We do not consider the timber so good as some others—but it is still very useful; and the records of antiquity have made much mention of its services. Cæsar has asserted that the Beech did not grow in Britain when he conquered it—but the truth of this is doubted, the tree being now so abundant.

“The Beech serves for various uses of the housewife.

“Hence, in the world's best years, the humble shed

Was happily and fully furnished:

Beech made their chests, their beds, and the join'd-stools:

Beech made the board, the platters, and the bowls.

“With it the turner makes dishes, trays, rims for buckets, trenchers, dresser boards, and other utensils. The upholsterer uses it for sellies, chairs, bed-steads, &c. It makes shovels and spade-graffs for the husbandman, and is useful to the bellows-maker. Floats for fishers'



Beech Tree,
Fagus Sylvatica,
Dodecandria Trigynia.

nets instead of corks, are made of its bark. It is good for fuel, billet, bavin, and coals, though one of the least lasting, and its very shavings are good for fining of wine. P. Crescentius writes, that the ashes of Beech, with proper mixture, are excellent to make glass with. Of old they made their Vasa Vindemiatoria and Corbes Mes-sorise, as we our pots for strawberries, with the rind of this tree; nay, and vessels to preserve wine in; and that curiously wrought cup, which the shepherd, in the Bucolicks, wagers withal, was engraven by Alcimedon upon the Beech. And an happy age it seems:

"No wars did men molest,
When only beechen bowls were in request."

"Of the thin lamina, or scale of this wood, as our cutlers call it, are made scabbards for swords, and band-boxes, super-induced with thin leather or paper; boxes for writings, hat-cases, and formerly book-covers. I wonder we cannot split it ourselves, but send it into other countries for such trifles. In the cavities of these trees bees much delight to hive themselves.

Ricciolus much commends it for oars; and some say that the vast Argo was built of the Fagus, a good part of it at least, as we learn out of Apollonius."—EVELYN.

The Fagus, by Claudian, is mentioned with the Alder:

"So he that to export o'er sea his wares
A vessel builds, and to expose prepares
His life to storms, first Beech and Alder cuts,
And measuring them, to various uses puts."

Evelyn charges this wood with being liable to the worm, and adds,

"I wish the use of it were by a law, prohibited all joiners, cabinet-makers, and such as furnish tables, chairs, bedsteads, coffers, &c."

But while we thus condemn the timber, we must not omit to praise the mast—the nut was sometimes called Buck-mast—which fatten our swine and deer, and hath, in some families, even supported men with bread. Chios endured a memorable siege by the benefit of this mast. And in some parts of France, they now grind the buck in mills; it affords a sweet oil, which the poor people eat most willingly. But there is yet another benefit which this tree present us; its very leaves, which make a natural and most agreeable canopy all the summer, being gathered about the fall, and somewhat before they are much frost-bitten, afford the best and easiest mattresses in the world to lay under our quilts instead of straw; because, besides their tenderness and loose lying together, they continue sweet for seven or eight years, before which time straw becomes musty and hard: they are thus used by divers persons of quality in Dauphiny and Switzerland; I have sometimes lain on them to my great refreshment; so as, of this tree it may properly be said,

The wood's a house, the leaves a bed.—JUVENAL.

"The leaves chewed, are wholesome for the gums and teeth; and the very buds as they are in winter hardened and dried upon the twigs, make good tooth-pickers. The kernels of the mast are greedily devoured by squirrels, mice, and above all, by dormice,

who, harbouring in the hollow trees, grow so fat, that in some countries abroad, they take infinite numbers of them; I suppose to eat: and what relief they give to thrushes, blackbirds, fieldfares, and other birds, every body knows."—EVELYN.

So it was in Evelyn's days—but we believe the wood he despises is more valued now, than either the nuts, or the dormice they have fattened.

"Pliny relates that beechen vessels were employed in religious ceremonies; but in general they were considered as the furniture of the meanest people:

Terra rubens crater, pocula fagus erant.

"The ancient shepherds frequently carved their love verses on the green bark of this tree, which was no bad substitute for the Egyptian Papyrus. They also wrote upon the bark of the living tree—a custom that seems to have derived its origin from the simplicity of nature, and consequently must have been common to all nations."—HUNTER.

This tree is propagated by sowing the mast or nut. In Berkshire the beech-woods are extensive.

"The best trees are sold to coachmakers, wheelwrights, and farmers, at seven-pence per foot; the others are generally cut up into billets and faggots for the bakers in the country; and great quantities are sent down to London for the bakers there, as well as for packing in the holds of ships. The woodman marks the billets according to their size, with one, two, or three notches, which are considered as so many farthings worth when the billets are sold; and by this means he is able to ascertain not only the value of the wood cut up, but pays his workmen accordingly, at the rate of six-pence for every 255 notches, which is called a load. Those who take care of their woodlands, permit their labourers, during the winter months, to take up the old roots from which no shoot is rising, on condition that the workmen plant new sets, in a proper manner: by this judicious practice a constant succession is kept up."—HUNTER.

SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

CONVERSATION II.

CLASS—Zoophytes. ORDER—Polypi, (*continued.*)

ACALEPHÆ.

ANNA.—The last time Papa, and Henry, and I walked here, Mama, we had a very interesting con-

versation about Polypes, particularly those that make Coral. I was quite astonished when Papa told me that these little creatures form islands, and block up harbours and seas.

MAMA.—You were very much surprised at it, my dear, I dare say; and indeed it is exceedingly wonderful. One thing it may teach you, Anna, and that is, the importance of *little* things. The minute efforts of one of these Animalcules would be thought of no consequence, and would perhaps be scarcely perceived; yet see what they effect altogether.

ANNA.—Ah, Mama! I know what you are thinking of; but indeed I do mean for the future to pay more attention to what I call *trifles*.

MAMA.—Well, my love, I hope you will—they are, I assure you, of far more importance than young people are generally willing to allow. It is the trifling and unobserved actions of each day that form habits; and habits, you know, form character.

HENRY.—I fancy few of you young ladies were aware that you are indebted for your ornaments to such little creatures.

ANNA.—No, indeed, Henry—I am sure I was not. Where is the Coral we wear brought from?

HENRY.—I believe most that is used in Europe is fished up by divers on the shores of the Mediterranean.

ANNA.—I hope, Papa, you have not forgotten what you promised when you were here last.

PAPA.—That I would give you some account of the Hydra, or fresh water Polype? O no; I have not forgotten it.

ANNA.—You said you should surprise me very much, you know, Papa.

PAPA.—And I still think I shall: what would you say of a creature that might be turned inside out like a glove, and would continue, notwithstanding, to live and act as before; and if cut into several pieces, would become so many distinct and perfect animals?

ANNA.—Are you really serious, Papa?

PAPA.—Yes, my dear—I assure you that this is the case with the Hydra, or fresh water Polype. It may be cut either length-ways or transversely into two, three, or more pieces, and each piece will quickly be furnished with a head and tail, and will perform all the functions of life; or it may be turned inside out, so that the lining of the stomach form the outer skin, and what was before the outer skin, the lining of the stomach; it will still eat, and live, and act as vigorously as ever.

HENRY.—And I think you told me, Father, that if we slit a Polype length-ways through the head or tail to the middle of the body, we may form a monster with two heads or tails; and by slitting these again in like manner, we may form one with as many heads or tails as we please.

PAPA.—Yes, that is the case. Indeed every part of these creatures is so strongly endowed with the principle of life, that a new animal will be produced, even from a small portion of the skin of an old one. Linnæus, you know, called them *Hydræ*, on account of their remarkable power of reproduction. A still more surprising property of these animals is, that they may be grafted together. If the truncated portions of two Polypes be placed end to end, and gently pushed together, they will unite into a single one. Thus we may form Polypes, not only from portions of the same, but of different animals: we may fix the head of one to the body of another, and the compound animal will grow, and eat, and multiply, as if it had never been divided.

ANNA.—Well, Papa, this is certainly the most wonderful thing I ever heard: pray what sort of a creature is the Hydra, and where is it found?

PAPA.—They are frequently to be found in ditches and ponds, adhering to pieces of wood, stones, leaves, or weeds, especially to the common duck-weed. I have often observed them when the sun has been shining powerfully, in a pond which is at the bottom of a pasture we

shall cross on our way home. Their appearance when at rest, is that of little transparent lumps of jelly, about the size of a pea, and flattened upon one side. These little creatures consist, properly speaking, of merely a skin, or bag, with a large opening at one end, while the other end is firmly fixed to the substance to which they adhere. Around the large opening which may be termed the head, are a set of arms, or feelers, similar to those I mentioned in the Coral-Polype; when they are hungry, they spread these arms, or tentacula, as they are called, in a kind of circle to a considerable extent, enclosing within them, as in a net, every worm or insect that has the misfortune to come within the circumference. The moment any thing touches one of these arms, it is caught and swallowed.

MAMA.—The voracity of these creatures is astonishing. I believe every portion of a Polype is capable of destroying insects as soon as it is cut off.

PAPA.—Yes; and they will swallow them, even if they are two or three times as big as themselves. Most of the insects on which they feed bear the same proportion to their mouths that an apple, the size of a man's head, would bear to his mouth.

HENRY.—It is remarkable that their prey dies almost the moment that they catch it.

PAPA.—The Abbé Fontana, you know, supposes that they contain a very strong poison, which occasions instant death in insects the moment they are brought to the Polype's mouth.

ANNA.—Well, Papa, pray let us return by the pasture, and examine the pond you spoke of, to see if we can find any of these little monsters.

HENRY.—The quickness of feeling of these creatures is very remarkable, Father; they contract themselves in a moment when they are touched. It seems to me to prove that they have nerves, though we cannot discover them; for if they had not, I cannot conceive how they could be so extremely sensitive.

PAPA.—True : nerves are the instruments of feeling, and without them it is difficult to imagine how the sense can exist. It is probable, I think, that polypes have them ; but that they are so mixed up and confounded with the general substance of the body, that they are quite imperceptible to the anatomist.

MAMA.—I believe there is no animal altogether destitute of the sense of feeling.

PAPA.—No : every animal has that sense, how deficient soever it may be in all the others.

The contractile power of polypes is truly astonishing. When fully extended, they are often an inch or an inch and a half long ; but they can shrink so that they would not measure more than one-tenth part of an inch. The green polype, which was the first discovered by Mr. Trembley, sometimes appears, at the approach of danger, scarcely bigger than a grain of sand.

ANNA.—Can these polypes move at all, Papa ?

PAPA.—Yes, they can move slowly : their motion is performed by their power of dilating and contracting their bodies. When about to move, they bend down their heads and arms, lay hold, by means of them, of some substance to which they design to fasten themselves, then loosen the tail and draw it towards the head, and so on till they have travelled as far as they wish.

HENRY.—I should like to see some of the congregated polypes.

PAPA.—They are very curious compilations of animal existences. A number of polypes, Anna, each possessing distinct organs, are sometimes found growing on one parent stem, to the maintenance of which they all contribute. Every one appears to live for the community as much as for itself ; for if any fail in procuring sustenance, the rest support it.

HENRY.—There are several varieties of fresh-water polypes, are there not ?

PAPA.—I believe there are six.

The Actinia, Anna, or Sea-anemous, is another

zoophyte, that possesses the same power of re-production as the hydra.

HENRY.—It is not of the same order, is it, Father?

PAPA.—No; it belongs to the Acalephæ. Scarcely any thing more is requisite to produce as many sea-anemones as you please, than to cut a single one into as many pieces.

HENRY.—And if any of the tentacula were destroyed, others would spring in their place.

ANNA.—Why are they called anemones, Papa?

PAPA.—From the resemblance of their tentacula, which are disposed in regular circles, and tinged with a variety of beautiful colours, to the petals of the anemone. Do not you remember our finding some on the rocks a few weeks ago?

ANNA.—O yes! and I recollect your saying that they have been called “living barometers.”

PAPA.—Very probably I did; for some have been of opinion that when they close the mouth, it indicates bad weather, and when they open it fine weather. It has even been said that they are more to be depended on than the most accurately-constructed barometer: but sensible as they may be to changes in the atmosphere, I am very much disposed to doubt whether they may be relied on as a criterion of the approaching state of the weather.

ANNA.—I was astonished to see them eat: one of them swallowed two muscles in their shells, and the other a crab as large as a hen's egg.

PAPA.—The crab was nearly as large as the anemone. You recollect that a day or two after, they returned from the mouth the shells of their prey, perfectly cleared of the meat.

ANNA.—Yes; the muscle shells were quite whole, with the two shells joined together, but entirely empty.

PAPA.—The anemones, like the hydræ, are very voracious animals; but they can, nevertheless, bear long fasting. They may be preserved alive in a vessel of salt

water a whole year, or perhaps longer, without any visible food.

HENRY.—The *Acalephæ* are superior to the polypi in their structure, are they not?

PAPA.—Yes; the larger species are: for though they have no blood-vessels, they have channels for the transmission of fluids; and their bodies are of a fibrous or muscular texture. The sea-anemone avails itself of this in its movements, which it offers by contracting the muscles on one side and elongating them on the other.

MAMA.—I remember to have seen a very beautiful variety of *Actinia* at Hastings, called the sea-carnation. It adhered by the tail to the under-part of the projecting rocks opposite to the town, and when the tide was out, had very much the appearance of a long white fig.

PAPA.—There are several beautiful species of animal-flowers to be found, not only on the rocks of our own coasts, but on those also on the shores of the West India islands.

As we are to go back through the pasture to look for polypes in the pond, it is time to return. If we should find any, Anna, you will not expect me to make any experiments upon them; for I cannot justify the cruelty of cutting them to pieces as a certain Naturalist justified his operations upon the sea-anemones, by saying that he had only “multiplied their existence and renewed their youth.”

Z. Z.

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

THE VESTAL FIRE.

HEATHENS have fabled of a living flame,
Whose sacred spark, that first from Heaven came,
Albeit of mortal hand it came not there,
Must yet be trimmed and fed by mortal care;
And lest for lack of tending should expire
The hallowed flame of that supernal fire,

A virgin priesthood ever in their turns
 Stand there before the altar where it burns,
 To every claim and care of earth denied,
 And may not sleep, and may not turn aside;
 Freedom, and home, and kindred all forego,
 Nor aught on earth may love, nor aught may know,
 Lest that the eye unmindfully withdrawn,
 The wandering thoughts to other objects gone,
 The lamp untrimmed, that dimmed, neglected fire,
 Should waste itself to nothing and expire.

Stol'n from the secrets of eternal truth,
 That tale was surely not of heathen growth.
 Shrin'd in the bosom's darkness—dark or e'er
 The sacred ray of truth was lighted there,
 And dark again if ever it expire—
 There burns a pale beam of celestial fire:
 'Twas not of earth enkindled, and 'twere vain
 The power of man to light that lamp again.
 Of heathen fable might I wisdom learn,
 Methinks that lamp should not so dimly burn.
 But where are they, the watchers, who should bide
 For ever wakeful by the altar's side?
 Where is the Vestal's eye, the Vestal's care?
 Too oft, alas! that lamp lies smouldering there,
 Untended and untrimm'd—for they, e'en they
 Who should be guarding it, have gone their way,
 To other cares betaken. The curious eye
 Is gone in search of some fond imagery
 That it delights to look on; nor misgives
 Of what betides the treasur'd charge it leaves.
 The restless thoughts, the heart that should have stayed
 Close by the altar where its hope is layed,
 Distracted, shared, pre-occupied, has left
 Too much forgotten the celestial gift,
 Through scenes of earthly pleasure while it roves
 In eager search of something that it loves
 Better than that it turns from—or if not,
 Too much to love the other as it ought.
 Meantime the lamp burns dim—the flickering ray
 Seems ready to betake itself away,
 And leave the bosom to its native night,
 The darker for the once remembered light.
 O God! if I might ask one boon of thee,
 And that the only one—it still should be,

That thou wouldst purify the heart, the thought,
The watchful eye, that they forsake thee not;
Withdrawn from earth, its pleasure, its desire—
Even as they that watched the Vestal fire—
Silenced the strive of sublunary care,
Severed the ties that hold us captive there—
That nothing—O that nothing might betray
My watchful heart to turn itself from Thee.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

'Twas night—but the stars were not in heaven,
Nor the moon-beam in the sky;
Nor gleamed there so much as a taper's light,
From the lowly casement nigh—

'Twas still—but there was not heard a sound
Of the streamlet murmuring clear;
Nor echo of the loitering step,
That speaks the living near—

'Twas cold—aye, cold as the April suns,
That shine so falsely bright,
To gather unseen the mist by day,
That falls so cold at night.

But there came a sound through the damp, dark air,
A sound so loud, so clear,
It seemed like the musick of other worlds,
That sainted spirits hear.

Who is it loves on nights like this
To breathe so sweet a lay,
And waste on the desert air a song,
He never sings by day?

'Tis the bird of sorrow, the bird of love,
Who, the careless world forsaking,
Keeps his song for the midnight solitude,
Where none but the sad are waking.

He does not sing where the blest forget
How the cold night moments pass;
And pleasure minds not the diamond sands,
As they trickle through her glass—

He does not sing where the summer birds
Their painted wings are pluming;
And the flowers in their mid-day dress,
Misgive not of winter's coming.

But listen you, when the noise of mirth
And musick is afar;
And chilling dews are on the grass,
And darkness in the air—

And flowers, in sadder garments wrapt,
Their painted bosoms hide;
And day-birds cease their minstrelsy,
And none will sing beside—

O listen then, and a sound so sweet
Shall steal upon thine ear,
Thou wilt not deem it anything
That earth is used to hear—

But haply the voice of one who strays
From the place where spirits dwell,
To visit again the scenes it loved,
Ere it bade the world farewell.

So sad—as if it remembered yet
Some secret wrong it bare,
While numbered with the things of earth,
It had its dwelling here.

So fond, so pitiful—as if
It came again to find,
And carry to its better home,
Some loved one left behind.

Thou wilt say it is like—O it can be like
To one only thing below—
The visit celestial mercy makes,
To the lonely child of woe.

When the musick of the world has ceased,
And pity is afar—
And sorrow unseen on her pillow drops
The solitary tear—

'Tis thus that the listing spirit hears
The gentle voice of One,
Who whispers comfort to a heart,
That comfort else had none.

ETERNITY.

O COULD my soul but pierce the veil
 That hides eternity from time,
 Nor find her utmost efforts fail
 When reason strives to venture through—
 Could I that path of light explore
 By pure and happy spirits trod,
 And, blest with them, with them adore
 The open vision of my God !

—But mortal eye hath never seen
 The wonders of that vast profound,
 And human ear hath never been
 Permitted to receive the sound :
 Nor hath it entered human thought
 What there is 'seen, and heard, and known,
 Until by God the soul is taught
 A lesson learned through faith alone.

O first of lessons,—truth—whose worth
 Nor gold nor jewels can declare—
 Not all the treasures of the earth
 Can with one glance of faith compare ;
 To have futurity revealed
 To see its glories open thrown,
 To have my happy interest sealed
 In HIM who sits upon the throne.

If this be granted me below,
 If to my soul this grace be given,
 Nought else need I desire to know,
 Save how to bless the God of heaven.
 Let him his gracious presence give,
 And with *this hope* my soul sustain—
 To me it shall be Christ to live—
 To die—incalculable gain.

VERITA.

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## THE RESIGNATION.

LONG have I view'd, long have I thought,  
 And held with trembling hand this bitter draught :  
 'Twas now just to my lips applied,  
 Nature shrank in, and all my courage dy'd.  
 But now resolv'd and firm I'll be,  
 Since, Lord, 'tis mingled, and reached out by thee.

I'll trust my great Physician's skill,  
 I know what he prescribes can ne'er be ill;  
 To each disease he knows what's fit,  
 I own him wise and good, and do submit;  
 I'll now no longer grieve or pine,  
 Since 'tis thy pleasure, Lord, it shall be mine.  
 Thy medicine puts me to great smart,  
 Thou'st wounded me in my most tender part;  
 But 'tis with a design to cure,  
 I must and will thy sovereign touch endure,  
 All that I priz'd below is gone,  
 And yet I still will pray, *thy will be done.*  
 Since 'tis thy sentence I should part  
 With the most precious treasure of my heart,  
 I freely that and more resign  
 My heart itself, as its delights, is thine;  
 My little all I give to thee,  
 Thou gav'st a greater gift, thy Son, to me.  
 He left true bliss and joys above,  
 Himself he emptied of all good, but love:  
 For me he freely did forsake  
 More good, than from me he can ever take:  
 A mortal life for a divine  
 He took, and did at last e'en that resign.  
 Take all, Great God, I will not grieve,  
 But still will wish that I had still to give.  
 I hear thy voice, thou bid'st me quit  
 My paradise, I bless and do submit.  
 I will not murmur at thy word,  
 Nor bid thy angel to sheathe up his sword.

AN OLD AUTHOR.

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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

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*Illustrations of Lying.* By Amelia Opie, 2 Vols.,  
 12mo. Price 10s. 6d. Longman and Co.

THE name of Mrs. Opie has been long familiar to our ear—though now it becomes our task to speak of her as an author, we find it difficult to determine what idea we have hitherto attached to her as such. A distinguished novel-writer is, perhaps, the definition we should have

given of Amelia Opie ; and as such, however much distinguished, we should have considered it as of course, that our publication had nothing to do with the mention of her's. What was the character of her novels, we cannot call to mind, though we can remember the sometime pleasure of reading them ; but it was at a period when pleasure was not necessarily profit, and the tendency of a book was less likely to be enquired after than the amusement it might afford : in short, when we were too young to judge as we should do now. So much, however, we remember to have thought or heard—that her novels were morally correct, and free from erroneous tendencies—not of that sort that young ladies used to read in corners, because they had just delicacy enough to be ashamed to lay them on their tables. In later years our reading has been so little in that line, we confess ourselves rudely ignorant whether Mrs. Opie has written or not ; and with a view to our present task, should certainly not have thought of enquiring. A work, however, has come into our hands, which we hasten with no common eagerness to present to our readers, as one of which the merits will exceed our utmost commendation. It is a favourite subject with us, we confess—which may have added to the measure of satisfaction we have found in these volumes ; we believe, nevertheless, that apart from our partiality, its merits are intrinsic. There are certain tests to which a work may be brought, which if it will stand, we may at once pronounce on it that it is good. Somebody has said of another description of writing, “ *Quand une lecture vous élève l'esprit et qu'elle vous inspire des sentiments nobles et courageux, ne cherchez pas une autre règle pour juger de l'ouvrage ; il est bon, et fait de main de l'ouvrier.* ” So we should say of writings whose purport is the inculcation of religious or moral truth. If conviction comes upon your bosom as you read, and you find yourself saying to yourself, “ I have done this often ”—“ I will do this no more ”—you need no laboured criticism to prove the work is good in its tendency and good in its execution.

Such we should expect would be the effect of Mrs. Opie's work: on ourselves it was so decidedly, and we trust to be the better for it. There needs no argument to prove that lying is a sin—the basest, meanest, most degrading and most dangerous of all sins—for it places the best of mankind at the mercy of the worst, and there is no earthly defence against its mischiefs:—but there needs a great deal to prove that lying is lying—and this is the aim of Mrs. Opie's efforts, as also to prove that lying is never necessary. On this indeed the argument must mainly rest—because nothing that is necessary is sinful; therefore if a lie could be necessary, its obliquity were gone. But she does more than prove it unnecessary—she proves it in all cases inexpedient: and bringing back to its office that proscribed and interdicted word, too strong for ears polite—would there were equal horror of the thing it stands for!—she proves that people—all people—ladies whose lips are too delicate by any means to use the word—do lie, actively, passively, and practically, all the days of their life: and she so manages the position of this truth, that the conscientious reader owns it, is ashamed of it, and we hope, resolves to abstain from it in future. The difficulty of the task is not to be denied—and were a mere moral writer to expound this matter with equal strictness, as some indeed have done, it might sleep in their pages as an abstract truth, which no one would think of bringing into practice. But our author takes her position upon higher ground. She knows that a christian never says, “It is my duty, but I cannot”—his language is, “I cannot, but He can”—“Through him I can do all things.” And she knows beside that the mere moralist not only cannot, but will not conform himself to so strict a rule—he has not a motive sufficient to the effort; and therefore will never set about to try whether it be possible to “speak the truth always:” he sees no reason why he should—for so long as he stands excused by the opinion and practices of men, how his conduct is considered of in heaven he cares not. It is in the name of religion, therefore, that the author puts

in her plea for truth—to religious principle she addresses herself, and from religion only she expects that strength may be found for the Herculean labour of—does it not read strangely?—leaving off lying. If we were in a humour to criticise, perhaps we should say that some of the stories might have been more natural, some of the illustrations more to the point—but we have much greater pleasure in begging all our friends, younger and older, to read the book directly. For the principle of the work we refer to the words of its author.

“All the moralists from whom I have quoted, and those on whom I have commented in the preceding chapters, have treated the subject of truth as moralists only. They do not lay it down as an indisputable fact, that truth as a principle of action, is obligatory on us all, in enjoined obedience to the clear dictates of revealed religion. Therefore they have kept out of sight the strongest motive to abhor lying, and cleave unto truth, OBEDIENCE TO THE DIVINE WILL; yet, as necessary as were the shield and the buckler to the ancient warriors, is the breast-plate of faith to the cause of spontaneous truth. It has been asserted that morality might exist in all its power and purity, were there no such thing as religion, since it is conducive to the earthly interest and happiness of man. But are moral motives sufficient to protect us in times of particular temptations? There appears to me the same difference between morality, unprotected by religious motives, and morality derived from them, as between the palace of ice, famous in Russian story, and a castle built of enduring stone; perfect to the eye, and as if formed to last for ever, was the building of frost-work, ornamented and lighted up for the pleasure of the sovereign; but it melted away before the power of natural and artificial warmth, and was quickly resolved into the element from which it sprung. But the castle formed of stones, joined together by a strong and enduring cement, is proof against all assailment; and even though it may be occasionally shattered by enemies, it still towers in its grandeur, indestructible, though impaired. In like manner, unassailable and perfect, in appearance, may be the virtue of the mere moralist; but when assailed by the warmth of the passions on the one side, and by different enemies on the other, his virtue, like the palace of ice, is likely to melt away, and be as though it had not been. But the virtue of the truly religious man, even though it may on occasion be slightly shaken, is yet proof against any important injury; and remains, in spite of temptation and danger, in its original purity and power. The moral man *may* therefore utter spontaneous truth; but the *religious* man *must*: for he remembers the precepts which he has learned from the Scriptures; and knows that to speak lies is displeasing to the God OF TRUTH.”

# THE ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

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SEPTEMBER, 1825.

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## A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

*(Continued from page 14.)*

### ASSYRIA.

FROM THE DEATH OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR B. C. 562, TO THE FINAL  
DESTRUCTION OF THE EMPIRE, B. C. 538.

WE took leave of Assyrian history at the death of the renowned Nebuchadnezzar, B. C. 562, twenty-eight years after the Captivity, and the consequent accession of Evil-Merodach, probably the same as Belshazzar, his son or grandson. The story of Assyrian affairs was very quickly terminated after this event. Belshazzar—for so after some authors we shall call the successor of Nebuchadnezzar, though we do not pretend to be certain that there might not have been a reign between—if he was the same person as Evil-Merodach, had held the reins of government during his father's degradation to a state of brutish insanity. It is related, that at this period he laid the foundation of that contention with the Medes and Persians, which ended in the subversion of the Babylonish empire, by the following act of unprovoked aggression. While ruling for his father, the prince took it into his head to amuse himself with a hunting match on the borders of Media, where he understood there was plenty of game. He went attended by a small body of light-armed troops, horse and foot, apparently equipped only for the chase. Arriving at some



of his garrisoned places on the frontiers, he halted for the night, intending to commence his diversion in the morning. It happened on this night that some troops arrived to relieve those in garrison; the thought struck him that these, added to the men he had brought, would be sufficient for a hostile attack upon the Medes, by which he might win more glory than in the chase. In pursuance of this sudden fancy, he marched into the territory of his peaceful neighbour, and commenced hostilities and pillage. The Medes in haste assembled their forces; among them was the famous Cyrus, now sixteen years of age; Evil-Merodach and his troop were repulsed and driven back to their own borders. This story, if true, was the probable commencement of animosity between the Medes and the Babylonians, before at peace. But the whole Assyrian history is here so obscure and uncertain, it is impossible to trace the exact truth, even with the more certain aid of Scripture. Evil-Merodach and Belshazzar are both named there, but in a way that leaves it possible they may be the same person, though it does not decide them to be so. Again there is equal uncertainty respecting the manner of Babylon's fall. Some historians give two or three reigns between this prince, the successor of Nebuchadnezzar, and the king who held it when taken by Cyrus—others make the last king to have been Labynetus, a son of Evil-Merodach, and Nicotris, who, during the weak reign of her son, is represented to have upheld his sinking kingdom, completed the works of Nebuchadnezzar, and increased the fortifications of Babylon, in apprehension of the approaching assault of the Medes and Persians. It is impossible to unravel these difficulties, and reconcile all these contradictory accounts of events so distant. All that is certain seems to be that the Babylonians were engaged in open hostilities with the Medes and Persians, and either had been, or expected to be invaded by them, when some prince, termed in Scripture Bel-

shazzar, was on the throne—whether Evil-Merodach or one of his successors we need not decide. He was an indolent, voluptuous monarch, a wicked and dissolute character. It is told of him by the sacred historian, himself a present witness to the facts he relates, that Belshazzar had given a feast to the nobles of his court. Excited by wine and revelry, in derision of the seemingly vanquished God of Israel, no doubt at that moment the subject of their mirth, he commanded the consecrated vessels that had been rifled from the temple at Jerusalem, to be brought that they might drink from them; and while they thus triumphantly polluted what had been set apart to holy uses, they praised their own gods of wood and stone, and doubtless profaned the name of Him whose power they supposed to have been subdued by them, when his forsaken people came into their hands. The God of Abraham may be defied and insulted, and sometimes allows himself to be so for a season—but only so long as it pleases him—in this very moment of triumphant mirth, it pleased him, as it became him, to show that he was God. The form or shadow of a man's hand appeared to the King, for it is not told that others saw it, extended where the light from the candlesticks made it distinctly visible, as if writing something on the plaister of the wall. The writing, it appears, remained; but being in Hebrew, or some other characters unknown to the Chaldeans, they could not read it. In the terror and amazement that ensued, all the wise men as they were called, the magicians, and soothsayers, and a number of persons whose profession it was to interpret and explain all omens, and prognostics and visions, &c., concealed from the uninspired, and great numbers of whom were always kept in the service of these Eastern kings, were vainly summoned to explain the mystery, and ease the bosom of the guilty monarch. Daniel, the prophet of Israel, who under similar circumstances had been called in to Nebuchadnezzar was still alive and resident in Babylon; but

forgotten by Belshazzar and his courtiers. The queen only, supposed to be Nicotris, remembered what she before had witnessed; and when she heard what was passing at the feast, at which she was not present, repaired to the banqueting room, and advised the king to send for Daniel. We know what ensued—the servant of the living God knew not only the language, which was probably that of his fathers, but also the hidden meaning it was intended to convey; and having first reproached the prince with his profaneness, and with his defiance of a God whose power he had known and probably witnessed in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, he pronounced against him the sentence his impiety had provoked. That night his kingdom departed from his hands and he was slain: but it is by no means certain that it was that night the Medes and Persians took the kingdom and divided it—it has rather been supposed that Darius, though a Mede, was one of the lords of Belshazzar's court, who murdered him at the feast and seized upon his crown; and that several reigns intervened before Cyrus came and took the city of Babylon, and terminated the Assyrian monarchy. Either way the prophetic writing was equally fulfilled—Belshazzar died that night—and either then or a few years after, the city was taken in the following manner by the Medes and Persians, and the kingdom of Assyria finally absorbed in that of her more powerful neighbours. During the reign of her last king, whoever he may have been, the city had been some time besieged by the forces of Cyrus; but it was considered impregnable, and the Assyrians held their revels in careless security within the walls. These were of amazing strength; an immense multitude were within to defend them; and stores are said to have been provided for twenty years. After two years ineffectual siege, the Persians adopted the means of draining off the waters of the river running through the city into a lake which they had digged, leaving dry its bed—and during the night of some great

festival, when feasting and riot had put the Assyrians off their guard, and the gates were left neglected, they entered at midnight by the bed of the river, reached the palace doors, and slew the guard. The palace being opened to know the cause of the confusion without, the Persians rushed in, and slew the king, valiantly but vainly endeavouring to defend himself. B. C. 538.

Thus ended the history of Assyria—one of the first great kingdoms of the earth: in greatness about coeval with Egypt, but by no means equal to it, we should imagine, in any thing, unless it was in warlike achievements; and even in these, though widely successful, they never held settled dominion over the nations: what one prince won, his successor lost: the feats of Semiramis are not authenticated: Nebuchadnezzar was undoubtedly a great conqueror—but with him the monarchy attained its greatness, and with him lost it. We have already spoken of the probable degree of knowledge and civilization attained by the Assyrians, as far as it is possible to trace them; but though fiction has spun out their history, and adorned it with many marvels, we do in fact know very little about them: the Greek historians are the only record—they are not agreed upon many things, and probably had their information from doubtful sources. For more particulars of the fable, as well as truth, of Assyrian history, of her cities and works of art, we refer our readers to other writers—again mentioning Rollin as the best we know, within the probable limit of their reading.

MEDES AND PERSIANS, FROM B. C. 584 to B. C. 522.

We have stated in a former number the very little we know of these nations, up to the death of Cyaxares, B. C. 584—four years before the Jews went into captivity. They were at that time separate kingdoms. A king of Persia, Cambyses, had married a daughter of the king of Media, Astyages, and of these was born the renowned Cyrus. The history of the two nations

thenceforth becomes so closely united, we shall less confuse the events of each, by not again separating them.

Astyages, the son of Cyaxares, called in Scripture Ahasuerus, succeeded his father: he reigned thirty-five years, during which occurred the inroad of the Babylonians under Evil-Merodach, as we have related above. Cyrus then for the first time attended his grandfather to the battle, and greatly distinguished himself.

To him succeeded Cyaxares II., the uncle of Cyrus. In his reign Babylon was taken, and it is said in Scripture to have been taken by the Medes; as Cyrus, during his uncle's life time, held the command of the army and the management of affairs in subserviency to him, who was considered as supreme governor; though to the valour of Cyrus all the victory was attributable. Ancient historians have pleased themselves with adorning the character of Cyrus, and describing in him rather their own ideal of princely perfection, than what they knew this valiant prince to be. The ground-work of their tale and the principal events need not to be doubted, confirmed as they are by the sacred words of Scripture; but most modern critics, as well as more ancient ones, reject as fable the minute particulars of his education and character. Such as it is, the tale has been most beautifully told, and so often repeated, that we must suppose our readers familiarly acquainted with it; therefore shall speak of it but slightly, and so far as the truth of it is not disputed.

Cyrus appears to have been born B.C. 599, one year later than Cyaxares, the brother of his mother Mandane, and afterwards his associate in the kingdom. The first twelve years of his life were passed with his parents in Persia, where he was educated in the Persian manner, nursed to hardships and privations, and such exercise as might fit him for the toils and fatigues of war. When twelve years old he was taken by Mandane to the court of his grandfather, Astyages, in Media. During the time of

his residence there, the sweetness of his temper, the nobleness of his conduct, and constant endeavour to oblige those around him, gained him the affection of the Medes, and the attachment of the leading men at court; a popularity that contributed in no small degree to his future greatness. His first essay in arms we have already mentioned, as occurring at sixteen years of age. The next year he returned to his father in Persia, where he remained till he was forty years of age; when Cyaxares, who had succeeded to Astyages in Media, called him to his assistance against the Assyrians, Lydians, and various other people of Asia, combined in arms against him. Cyrus arrived with an army of 30,000 Persians, and was appointed commander of the united forces. Many years of active warfare ensued, from which unbounded glory reverted to Cyrus. The king of Armenia was first subdued—then Croesus the king of Lydia, and his ally the king of Babylon. In these wars, Cyrus reserved all the horses that were taken for himself, to form cavalry for the Persian army; the richest of the booty he set apart for Cyaxares; all the prisoners he allowed to return to their respective countries, prescribing no other condition than that of surrendering their arms, and engaging not to serve again against him or his allies. Cyrus next determined to enter the Assyrian territories, which he ravaged, took many cities, and showed himself twice before the walls of Babylon, but did not at that time besiege it. Returned into Media, he held consultation with his uncle as to their future measures, the conquest of Assyria being now the object of ambition. Meantime the Babylonians and Lydians too were preparing, and again coming forth with their troops. Cyrus met them with an army of 196,000 horse and foot—besides these he had 300 chariots armed with scythes, each chariot drawn by four horses abreast, covered with trappings that were proof against missive weapons: he had also a number of other chariots of a larger size, on

each of which was placed a tower eighteen or twenty feet high, and in every tower twenty archers: these chariots were drawn by sixteen oxen yoked abreast. Then there were a great number of camels, each one mounted by two Arabian archers, the one looking towards the head, the other toward the hinder part of the camel. This ponderous armament is said to have been met by one twice as numerous under Croesus. The engagement lasted till night, maintained by the bravery of some Egyptian troops in the pay of Croesus, after all the rest were vanquished. These at length yielded, and were settled by Cyrus in his own dominions. Croesus and his forces retreated to Sardis, the other allies returning to their homes. Cyrus immediately invested Sardis, and by the treachery of a slave, was enabled to take the citadel by surprise. Little resistance could then be made. The first care of Cyrus was to save the town, one of the finest in Asia, and he offered security to all who would deliver up their treasures: the inhabitants readily complied with this condition, Croesus setting them the example by giving up his immense treasures. It has been stated, that this prince, whose excessive wealth has passed into a proverb, was at first condemned to death: but while ascending the pile on which he was to be burned, he recollected what Solon the Athenian had said to him; when displaying before that philosopher the treasures of his kingdom, he had warned him that no man's portion of happiness in life could be estimated till he had died, by reason of the reverses to which he was exposed. In the vivacity of this recollection, Croesus repeated aloud the philosopher's name; thus exciting the curiosity and compassion of Cyrus, who spared his life, and left him the title and authority of king in Lydia, under no restriction but that of not making war. Croesus was afterwards made the companion of all his expeditions, either from the partiality or the policy of the Persian prince.

Babylon was now the only city that held out against the conqueror—the height and immense thickness of the walls, and the means of resistance within, made it seem almost impossible to take it. We have related above the manner in which Cyrus succeeded, after waiting two years in vain before the walls. Cyrus and Cyaxares concerted together the disposal of this their new dominion. Assyria was divided into one hundred and twenty provinces, and the government of them given to persons who had distinguished themselves in the war. About two years after this Cyaxares died, and also Cambyses, king of Persia; by which Cyrus came into possession of the kingdoms of Media and Persia, as well as that of Assyria, which he had conquered, B. C. 536. It was now that Daniel shewed to Cyrus the prophecy concerning himself that had been written by Isaiah under direction of the one true God, the God of the Hebrews, a hundred and twenty years before his birth. Cyrus could not resist a proof so positive that it was the God of Israel to whom he owed his greatness; and he so acknowledges it in the decree for releasing the Jews from captivity. We have related in the history of that people the circumstances of their leaving Persia.

After seven years of splendid tranquillity, every enemy subdued, and all the country his, from the river Indus to the Ægean Sea, from the Euxine and Caspian, to the Arabian Ocean, equally beloved by his own subjects and those he had subdued, Cyrus died in the seventieth year of his age. From his first taking the entire command of the armies of both kingdoms, he had reigned thirty years—from the reduction of Babylon, nine—from the time of becoming sole monarch on the death of his father and uncle, seven years. The manner of his death is not agreed upon by historians of antiquity. Some will have him to have been slain in battle with the Scythians—some by a wound received from an Indian—others with more probability affirm that he died in his bed: all agree that he was buried at Pasargada in Persia, where his



monument was to be seen in the time of Alexander. History has left no blot upon the character of Cyrus, nor recorded one action that admits of blame. Great and good, therefore, above all other conquerors, we must suppose him to have been—the especial and favoured instrument of Heaven we know he was—and however much historians may have pleased themselves with embellishing and perfecting his character to their own taste, we must hold in high estimation a prince against whom no one has found any thing evil to record. B. C. 529.

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### REFLECTIONS

#### ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

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*But we are sure that the judgment of God is according to truth.*—ROMANS ii. 2.

THERE is nothing so rare in this imperfect world as justice between man and man; and yet there is no feeling so painful, so oppressive, so galling to man, as the sense of injustice—personal injustice; and certainly none which so completely poisons the spring of life within us. It discourages our exercise of the talents committed to our charge—it clogs every exertion with the conviction of uselessness—deadens every aspiration after excellence and distinction with the sense of hopelessness—in short, it hangs a dead weight round our necks, chains down our best faculties; and not only that—it calls forth the bad as well as checks the good—envy, hatred, revenge, uncharitableness, prejudice, have here their source—our judgments of others are perverted and soured. *Virtuous indignation* is a dangerous, misleading sound, and is seldom without the baser alloy of one or the other of the above, and finally resolves itself into misanthropy and pride. We feel disposed to shut ourselves up from the world that knows not how to appreciate us; and, above all, to make

ourselves amends in our own self-estimation for the blindness of others. All this is natural, but dangerous—fatal to a Christian state of mind—yet, what is so common?—who is ever judged quite fairly?—who *can* be judged fairly?—who does not know a thousand trifles in extenuation of his own errors, reasons for his conduct, motives for his actions, unknown to all but himself—impossible for himself to explain, and for others to understand?—who does not feel a secret consciousness, that in his own immediate circle of friends, there is scarcely one, if one, who estimates him at his actual worth—one sees this part, another that—one too much, another too little—each judges from the side which happens from accidental circumstances to be turned to him? Who does not feel, that in any particular case there is a certain train of little events, little circumstances which no person can take into the account, which you yourself can hardly define, however you may feel their effect? No one can put himself exactly in your place—no one can feel your provocations as you feel them yourself—when you are most hurt, they think you extravagant, unreasonable—they all say more or less, with the fool in Ecclesiasticus, “What is the matter?”

This is the judgment of friends: what is your chance then with strangers—where you are at the mercy of every caprice, accident, and circumstance, which may cloud their sight, and yet they will think they see? With your enemies—where you have obstinacy, perversion, prejudice, wilful blindness, self-interest, all set in array against you? And the term enemies may include all who move in a different circle from yourself, for by all these, more or less, you are judged, not by your own light, but by some adventitious circumstance totally irrelevant in reality to your character.

Consider last of all our own judgment of others—how hasty, crude, ill founded—how often we have occasion to change it—how difficult we should find it with those we know best, to strike the balance of good and evil, to esti-

mate the inconsistencies, to fix the line of demarcation even in any one quality where the good ends and the evil begins—how impossible to feel assured in our calm, unbiassed moments that we know enough of their peculiar temperament, and of the situation in which they have been placed, to have been qualified to judge—the experience of every candid person leads him further and further from the prompt decisions and unqualified opinions which is the characteristic of youth and ignorance.

The judgments of the world in the aggregate are more than all capricious, influenced by accidental success, by the event, by the prevailing tone of the moment, by the popular cry. How the sense of justice revolts often at the sight of those standing high in public opinion, when we know that it wants but the lifting up of a certain veil to plunge them ten fathom deep. In short, we have only to consider the qualifications which are indispensable in forming a just judgment, to understand the difficulty of finding it. The person who is to judge according to truth, must be raised above our sphere of interests—so as not to feel their influence—he must know all, see all, understand all.

How we love and value those whose wisdom, disinterestedness, and candour, enable them to enter into our case, to give us the semblance, if not the reality of justice, how we cling to the appearance of impartiality—how a friend, if such a one there be, above all suspicion of prejudice or interest, out of the reach of error, who understands us before we have spoken, upon whom we can rely as infallible—how such a friend would be above all price. And if, in addition, this friend is in a state of life which adds weight to his opinion, which makes his sanction law, his judgment irrevocable—how important would seem all the slanders, and censures, and accusations of the whole world—how wholly indifferent we should feel, with this resource ready in our hour of need, to make the dark light, and the rough places plain.

Is there any one, who has not at one time or another felt this the grand desideratum of life? When you have learned but too well your own fallibility—when you have discovered the weak points of all the human minds within your reach—when you find no resting place for the sole of your foot in the conflicting ocean of human opinion—when confidence is broken up in every direction, then recollect, “But we are sure the judgment of God is according to truth”—then say if in this you do not, ought not to find every thing of which you stand in need; and there is surely no point in which human imperfection so clearly appears, and in which the want of some higher power makes itself so distinctly felt. Man is not sufficient to man—then think what a contrast is offered by the Divine nature. Here, if our hearts condemn us not, we have confidence there is perfect knowledge of the faculties with which we have been gifted, and of the powers entrusted to us—every working of the heart, every secret spring, every moving cause, every shade of distinction between good and evil is at once open before him. It is a knowledge at once general and particular; seeing *as* clearly as ourselves into our own feelings, thoughts, and desires; and seeing *more* clearly than ourselves, from whence these feelings, thoughts and desires spring. Here is perfect wisdom, knowing all these things, to judge of their effects, and to connect the chain of circumstances and events:—it would be easy to imagine how a perfect and minute knowledge of all the delicate shades which separate one character, and one case, from another might perplex rather than assist human judgment. Perfect wisdom alone can give to each its just proportion, and strike the true balance. And last of all there is this, that “*we are sure* the judgment of God, is according to *truth*.” There is a sense of truth in every mind, which, however hid under the accumulated rubbish of interests, errors, or vices, is still to be awakened by forcible appeal; and a person is

sometimes surprised as by a flash of lightning, into the recognition of it; and this we may conceive to be the effect of the judgment of God; that the *truth* of it will strike the awakened sense with a new light; that we shall at once have a new world of ideas opened to us: every one has experienced this in a degree on hearing the judgment of some superior mind on any subject where inferior powers have bewildered themselves and you; how its arguments carried conviction with them; how you were surprised only that such had never struck you before; how you seemed at once to see with new eyes; this alone is eloquence and genius; to touch the chord of truth in the heart; in the works of taste, of art, of description, it is still truth that strikes us, truth that we require: and however we attempt to deceive ourselves about ourselves, there is still a glimmering consciousness that will not be extinguished, which in spite of ourselves sometimes acknowledges truth, and gives us a pang when circumstances make it disagreeable to us. So, it is to be conceived, will it be when we receive our final sentence of good or evil; the sense of truth and justice will arm alike the blessing and the curse, giving to the one a sweeter charm, to the other a sharper sting.

Dante has described the happiness of heaven to consist in the *content*, drawn from this source; that even those in the lower circles of perfection and felicity, derive great part of their joy from the contemplation of the just proportion between their deserts and their reward.

“Frate, la nostra volonta quieta  
 Virtu di carità, che fa volerne  
 Sol quel ch'avemo, et d'altro non ci asseta  
 Se disiassimo esser piu superne,  
 Foran discordi gli nostri disiri  
 Dal voler di colui che qui ne cerne.”

PARADISO, CANTO iii. v. 70.

Brother, our will  
 Is in composure settled by the power  
 Of charity, who makes us will alone  
 What we possess, and nought beyond desire.  
 If we should wish to be exalted more,  
 Then must our wishes jar with the high will  
 Of Him who sets us here. CARY'S DANTE.

And well may we believe that what constitutes one of our greatest trials here, will form our chief delight in heaven, and most especially create within us that calm, self-sufficient, satisfying state of mind, which knows no want or desire; insipid to the restlessness of mortal frailty, but constituting the very essence of real happiness and divine perfection. A. Y.

*He who made me whole, the same said unto me, Take up thy bed, and walk.*—JOHN v. 11.

How beautiful is the simplicity of this reply! There was no need of argument or cavil—the recovered patient saw no difficulty—nothing to reason upon or dispute about—the case was to him a plain one—he had not occasion to consult the letter of the law, or the opinions of men, or his own reason—not one of all these things had come into his mind when he had taken the burthen on his shoulders, and not one of them occurred to him in excuse, when charged with doing wrong. He who had made him miraculously whole, the same had bidden him—it mattered little what he bade him—prompt and simple obedience was a thing of course; and had he argued for an hour on the propriety of his conduct, he had said no more than this. How beautiful, when it resembles this, is the obedience of the regenerated spirit, made whole, pardoned, and recovered, by the love and pity of his Redeemer. There is no more questioning about the fitness or reasonableness of the command—he cedes to the cold moralist his arguments, and to the philosopher his casuistry—of the result of their deliberations he neither asks nor cares. There is a change in his condition, as perceptible to him-

self as the impotent sufferer's to him, from the love of sin to the desire of holiness—from the worship of the world to the worship of God—from guilt and condemnation to pardon and peace—from absolute incapacity of amending or changing his condition, to the power of rising up and doing what he is commanded. And now it is enough for him, whatever be the question or the case, simply to say that he is bidden. He may know why or he may not know why—it may seem to him clear or it may seem mysterious—his judgment may be with the fiat or against. Men may write volumes to prove that what God has said is just, yet can add no confirmation to his word—they may write volumes to prove that it cannot be so, yet can take nothing from its certainty. With these things let others please themselves—with him they are no part of the question. The simple word of God whatever it regards, the simple will of God wherever it has been expressed, is his rule, his right, his law, his reason—his all-sufficient answer to whatever may be questioned of his conduct or his creed—"He who made me whole, the same said unto me."

*But ye said, Wherein shall we return, Will a man rob God?—MALACHI iii. 7, 8.*

OUR lips full often, and our hearts much oftener, make this reply, alike to God and to his messengers, when they bid us repent, and exhort us to return: we perceive not whereof we are to repent, nor wherein we are to return. Right in our own eyes, at peace in our conscience, and safe, for aught we see, in our accustomed paths, the exhortations of the righteous seem to us impertinent, the exhortations of God himself something not applicable to our case, and not intended for us—therefore we turn aside from hearing them, or let them pass by us as an empty sound, the concern of others it may be but not ours. And this mistake above every other, above all others united, perhaps, confirms men in the wrong, and leaves them to perdition. We will not believe that we are

wrong, we do not feel that we are miserable, we do not know that we are in danger. Insensible from habit and thoughtless from ignorance, men take it for granted all is right, and the anger that warns them and the love that invites them to return, pass alike unheeded. It is most difficult to know in what way such persons may be addressed, or what can be urged, since nothing seems to apply to them: they answer to every thing as Israel to his God, "Wherein shall we return? Wherein have we robbed thee?" Let such be warned at least by the reply that followed where that plea was urged "Ye are cursed with a curse." God is defrauded of his due—his due of love, and gratitude, and obedience: in hearts where he has a claim to be first, he is last and least regarded—where he has a right to rule, his will is not consulted—for his bounties he is not thanked, for his power he is not feared, for his mercy he is not remembered, for his commands he is not obeyed. If a fellow-creature were to appeal against us that we had defrauded him of his right, we should be ashamed at the suggestion, and feel our honour attainted and ourselves disgraced, till we could answer the demand or prove it an unjust one. But when God accuses us, as perpetually throughout his word he does, that we have defrauded him of his due as our Creator and Redeemer, and resisted his claim upon us as his creatures, we will not listen; we will not even examine into the account, how it stands between us: but think it enough in perverse and stupid indifference to answer, "Wherein shall we return? Wherein have we robbed thee?" It were wiser surely to listen awhile to the accusation, weighing our past lives against the just demands of God, and measuring our character and principles by his most holy law: that if we are indeed so much in debt, so much in error, we may in some way obtain remission of the debt and return from the error, or ever the fatal curse shall be pronounced. The self-justifying plea, however boldly urged, will never be accepted.



**LECTURES**  
**ON OUR**  
**SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.**

**LECTURE THE FOURTEENTH.**

*And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him. After this manner therefore pray ye:—MATT. vi. 5—9.*

THERE is in the first part of the text, an allusion to customs and corruptions among the Pharisaic Jews that cannot be complained of in our days. It is not our habit, as it was theirs, to be seen in an attitude of devotion, as if absorbed in prayer, in the public corners of the city for the sake of gaining the reputation of superior sanctity—such a reputation could certainly not so be won; ridicule, and suspicion of insanity, is all we could expect to gain by that sort of hypocrisy. Their prayers likewise in the synagogues, where all were allowed to teach and to pray aloud, and where the professors of an ostentatious piety made constant exhibition of it before the people, bore no resemblance to the manner of our public worship. But it is true of this, as of every other precept of the Gospel, that however the custom to which it

alludes may change or pass away, the spirit that was betrayed in that custom survives it, so as to make the divine precept as much needed as before—the outward expression may be altered, the motive that directed it remains the same; and no lesson of divine wisdom, no precept of the divine word, ends its admonition with those who heard it first; it stands engraven in the records of eternal truth, obligatory for ever on all who read it; and it will be necessary, and it will be true, as long as time endures, and man wears the sinful garment of mortality: that garment may change its colouring, but the material is the same—hypocrisy in devotion may have an altered form, but it is still hypocrisy—and wherever there is any true religion to take the pattern from, there will be the counterfeit that, from its resemblance passes current among men, but is not what it passes for. And to make application to ourselves of this remark, as there has not been at any period a more extensive profession of religion, we hope we may add, more of its reality, in this country, so there assuredly has not been a period when we were in so much need of this warning precept of the holy Preacher: the inducements to ostentation in religion never were greater than they are now, or the danger of deceiving ourselves as well as others more imminent.

The times have been, when from far other motives than those suggested here, the disciples of Christ were indeed compelled to offer up their prayers in secret—in the secrecy of some cold, dark cavern, at midnight, where death was the penalty of detection. And other times there have been, and those within the memory of some, when the man who would make many prayers must make them in the privacy of his chamber, or be content to forego his reputation among men, and be dealt with as a lunatic or a deceiver. Ridicule, and mockery, and contempt, were all the glory he could win of earth; and men would call him hypocrite if his Father did not. There was no temptation then to an ostentatious display

of religion : nature's suggestion was to hide the despised treasure in our bosoms, and make no exposure of a derided faith. To do otherwise was an effort of holy courage, and doubtless acceptable to Heaven as a sacrifice of interest and feeling for the Gospel's sake. Those days are passed. Religion walks now in silken shoen, and has her pathway in the sunshine of the world. Men write her life and register her death, and chronicle her sayings—the prayers that she makes in secret are hunted out of her scrutoir—her lonely meditations betake themselves in gilded coverings to the chambers of the wise and great—whether admixed with the residue of humanity in a regenerate bosom, or with the ardent simplicity of an honest heart, publicity is at this day the dominant character of religion. She may not walk the path of distinction but with a crowd for ever at her heels—nor in the darkest corner of the lowliest hovel can she hide herself from the notoriety that pursues her. Let a humble cottager be talked of in a neighbourhood for her piety, and she may hold a levy in her chamber to compete in worth, if not in numbers, with the greatest of her neighbours : and childhood and poverty win themselves renown upon their master's work. It is not our present task to speak of this, whether it is good or evil—but as every peculiar state of society has its peculiar dangers, it becomes us to give watchful warning, or rather I would say to take it, each one for ourselves, against the especial temptation to which circumstance and character expose us. The warning we need never more than to apply—for we may find it always ready in the written word of God. He foresaw every thing, he provided for every thing—as well for the season when our prayers might win us praise of men, and we should so be tempted to become hypocrites before God, and gain credit for the principle we have not, as when they might expose us to the loss of our best and dearest upon earth, and so we might be induced to become hypocrites before men, and deny the Master we are pledged to

serve. As in the one case the prophet Daniel, for our ensample, opened his windows and set wide his doors, and in sight of the idolators of Babylon, three times a day addressed the God of Israel—so in the other case, we are commanded to go into our closets, and shut the doors about us, and pray to our Father which is in secret. However there may be individual cases of difficulty and danger, and there are many, in the open professions of piety now, we are persuaded that the latter precept is that we need the most—we have more inducement to an ostentatious display of piety, than to a cowardly concealment of it. Let us dwell then, with deeply fixed attention, on these our Saviour's words, and carefully look into their meaning in application to ourselves.

The Pharisees professed a great respect for religion; even a more strict and conscientious compliance with its precepts than was evinced by other men—but it was for such religion, and for so much of religion only, as was in reputation among their people: could any law of Moses have been pointed out to them that among the Jews was held in disrepute, they had surely rejected and refused it, rather than forfeit the good opinion of their countrymen. Well therefore might the God of Israel pronounce them hypocrites, in that they professed to serve him, when in fact they did but serve their own opinions and their own reputation, and would have refused him any service that did not compete with these. And then, beside the limit put to their false service, they were hypocrites even in that they rendered—for the object of their prayers was that men should know they prayed. Doubtless the secret prayer, the lonely meditation, if any such there were, was abridged and hurried to afford more time for these public exhibitions of their piety—doubtless, the longer became their prayers in the corners of the streets, the shorter became they in their closets; and the more anxious they grew that their devotions should be ob-

served of men, the less careful were they that they should be acceptable in heaven. God will have no such service; he will accept of no such prayers. Imperfect services, indeed, and most polluted prayers, he does content him to receive, or he had never any at our hands—but he must have the object single and the purpose honest: he will never hear a prayer that is offered for any one's hearing but his own, or smile on an expression of devotion that is intended to win any smile but his. Whether the prayer be offered in the secrecy of our closets, or in the midst of an assembled crowd, it is the same to him, provided he see himself the only end and object of that prayer. It is not therefore that he rejects the public service of his people, but that he disdains the mixed or the dissembled motive. He will have no worship at our hands beneath the world's smile, that we would not as freely render him beneath its frowns. He does not forbid us to pray in public, or to acknowledge him before men—we have positive command to do so—but the motive of our public prayers must be the same as of our private ones—a simple desire to be heard of him we pray to.

“They have their reward”—the reward of hypocrisy, as just as it is fearful. It is no longer the fond requital of a grateful world to a humane and generous spirit—the richest of earthly wages, for the best of earthly services; it is no longer the affection of men rewarding the benevolence of men, as in the last division of the text. The words are the same, but the sentence is now most awful. They have their reward—but what could it have been, for it should seem they merited none—bitter even in the gathering should be the fruit of an hypocrisy that deserved nothing of God or of man? Their reward on earth has been to gain credit for a sanctity they had not, and be admired for a devotion they felt not—to know withal that they were not what they were esteemed—to pass through a little space for something they know they are not, and gather a momentary applause that they know

they deserve not—in stupid insensibility to forget, or in agony to remember, that some one beholds them who is not deceived. And at the last—O who would earn the shame of such a payment—to stand before the assembled world, unclothed, detected, exposed—the wonder of those who had admired, the shame of those who had loved them, the sorrow of the hosts of heaven, the proudest triumph of hell—beings who desired to seem what they never desired to be—who thought the counterfeit worth seeking while they despised the reality—put themselves to the pain and trouble of disguise, to win the brief approbation of their fellow men; but thought not the approbation of the all-seeing God worthy of their regard. Beings most miserable, who have passed sentence on themselves or ever they are judged in heaven—for they have shewn that they knew the character they ought to wear, and consented to it as good, since they assumed it for their credit's sake.

The assumption of a religious character at the present day, as outwardly distinguished from that of the world at large, is every where extensively increasing—its outward features are as marked and as observable as the prayers of the Pharisees. We have our prayer-meetings, our expositions, our religious parties, our schools, and our associations—an interest in which is considered by the friends and the enemies of godliness, as a manifestation of a religious disposition, and in which those who desire so to be considered, eagerly enlist themselves. We have no right that I perceive, except it be on the ground of some very glaring inconsistency, to withhold from any such the reward that heaven has assigned them. I cannot think, as some have done, that we are to draw back from any such, or say to them, Stand aside, for ye are hypocrites—unless it be in a case where intimate knowledge and relative situation give us a right to be their counsellors. By assuming the habits and practices of the children of God, they make an open profession of godliness, and avow a desire to be considered religious

among men, and to take their portion with the people of God. If we knew them false, which, unless we know their hearts, we cannot, we could not make them true. It rather seems that God has accorded them their miserable choice, and that man is required to yield to them their pitiful reward—the transient recompence of successful hypocrisy. But how fearful, how tremendous to every one of us individually, to every one whom the world in derision or in admiration accounts religious, is this judicial grant from the God who sees the secrets of our hearts, and cannot be deceived. How fearful to think that the kindness with which we are welcomed into the society of the pious, the pleasure that is expressed at seeing us become more serious, the attention that is given to our words, the approbation that waits upon our actions, the name of piety that is every where attached to our character, may be no more than the reward which Heaven in indignant justice has assigned to the hypocrite. It is to the young more particularly we would represent this possibility, because they are most in danger of being themselves deceived in the deception they are practising—taking the opinions and the encouragement of those about them, as a proof of their own sincerity; as no man returns their coin, and tells them it is counterfeit, they, too, may believe it to be gold, till late it is weighed and found wanting. Nothing can avert from us a danger so imminent but an honest close examination of our own hearts humbly and before God—of our principles, apart from the external circumstances that influence them—of our conduct, apart from the temporal results we expect from it. Young people find the hubbub of action more congenial than the sedative of reflection, the excitation of religious society, than the probation of the closet: what they find agreeable, they fancy to be good—as the patient, languid from fever, fancies the stimulating draught revives him. With honest eagerness, and really desiring their own good, they hasten to seek the notice, and busy themselves in the employments of the persons they desire

to imitate. Far be it from us to check them in any pious pursuit, begun from a pious motive : but we would persuade them to reserve so much time at least from all this active zeal, as will suffice them to go into their closets, and shut their doors about them, and think thus within themselves—" My Father, which seeth in secret, knows exactly what is my inducement to this open display of my religion—whether I go to that place because certain others go, or simply because I think it my duty—whether I said those words to recommend my religion or myself—whether I did that deed because man would know it, or because God would know it—whether I seem devout because those I love encourage and desire it, or because it is the honest feeling of my heart toward God and my Redeemer?" Alas! our hearts are so deceptive, so treacherous, that with our utmost scrutiny we shall never come exactly at the truth of our feelings; but the prayer in secret that ensues on such an examination, will be more acceptable in heaven, than any public exercise of devotion—it will bring down a light upon our bosom that will disclose what we could not else discover—that will purify what it does not disclose—that will sanctify the service which remains imperfect—and that prayer, the simple result of urgent necessity, the language of conscious imbecility, unheard by any but Him to whom it is addressed, left out entirely from the record men are keeping of our pious dispositions—that prayer will be registered in heaven where only it is heard: and little a debtor as indeed he is for what is no good to him, though much to us, God has declared he will reward it openly—openly to our own perceptions now, in the blessings that will answer to it—openly to the universe hereafter, by acknowledging us as his redeemed children, who have believed his word and obeyed it, and served him with a simple and an honest heart.

We would not, by these observations, discourage the outward manifestations of piety that the world expects of us—the tree must be known by its fruits—the seed that



brings forth a hundred fold, does surely not lie buried in the earth, and out of sight; but however manifest the fruit may be, the root that bears it must lie deeper buried than the eye of man can penetrate—it must be where it would remain, though man should despise its fruits and trample down its branches—it must be like the wild rose of the forest, that bears as many blossoms and as sweet, where no one comes to look at them, as when it hangs on the hedge-row of the garden.

Next to the place and motive of the prayer, our Saviour proceeds to censure the manner of it—and from the position of the sentence, this censure seems to apply to the secret as well as to the public prayer,—“They thought they should be heard,” which betrays at least a desire to be acceptable, or to have what they petition for. It cannot be simply the length of the prayer that is objected to, but the importance attached to its length by those who offer it. The heathen in their addresses to their gods, likely valued the prayer by the words it contained, and laid claim to a reward proportioned to their pains: and we hear of Christians, too, who claim merit for the number of times their pater-noster is repeated. The divine Preacher explains his own meaning when he bids us not be like them; not because a long prayer is offensive to God, but because it is unnecessary—“Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask.” If prayer in itself were meritorious in the sight of God, as the heathen thought, and as I fear some Christians think, then the longer the prayer, the greater the merit, and God, who is so willing to bestow his blessings, would not put a limit to our purchase of them. But our prayers can make no purchase—they have no merit—they can neither expiate our sins, nor entitle us to favour. On this ground, therefore, the length of the prayer avails not. If God needed to be informed of our wants, if he needed to be informed of our desires even, there would be reason why our prayers should be long—for many indeed, and frequent indeed are our necessities,

and most urgent indeed should be our desires when we address him : but this is not so—he overlooks nothing, he forgets nothing, he mistakes nothing. With all our much speaking we shall tell him wrong, for we know not perfectly our wants or our desires—but happily his own omniscience tells him better, and he grants by his wisdom rather than by our folly. Neither from this ground therefore can the utility of the prayer be proportioned to its length. Other reason it would be difficult to imagine, why a long prayer might be more acceptable to God than a short one ; and if any persons attach importance to the length of their devotions, it is to be feared they are under the influence of one of these two errors.

We may be assured, if the often repeated cry for mercy be but the impulse of an often felt sense of need—if a long protracted orison be the result of experienced benefit or enjoyment in its length—we may be assured our Father in heaven takes no offence at the prolonged intrusion—it will never be a charge against us that we sought him too often, or asked too much. But if we are so senseless as to suppose he is debtor to our prayers, if we think the mighty length of them is meritorious, or the superfluous words and splendid diction commendatory, we are greatly mistaken : the most availing prayer of man that Scripture has recorded, is but of six words—the prayer that God himself has dictated is scarcely more than of as many sentences ; and we doubt whether the prayer, that from the Christian's bosom makes its way with surest wings to heaven, be not that which, without any words at all, escapes from the sudden emotion of the heart, impulsively referring itself to him it loves.

We cannot suppose it possible that any one should so pervert this holy text as to excuse themselves upon its authority for the neglect of public or of private prayer. While they who ask amiss are excluded from the reward, they who ask not at all, may scarcely lay claim to it. Be it still on our minds, that our

Father seeth in secret—and he seeth assuredly whether the shortening of the private prayer, or the withdrawing from the public manifestations of religion, proceed from an honest desire to avoid the wrong, or be but the indulgence of our inclination under cover of his warning word.

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### THE LISTENER.—No. XXVII.

I WAS visiting lately a friend in the country, a rational, good sort of woman, the queen, by long established courtesy, of a populous village, where no body thought themselves of more consequence than herself. She had been a very happy woman all her life, and might have continued so to the end of it, had she not been disturbed by the conduct of her neighbours, and certain disorders that had broken out in the village. All Lady Betty Ball's sorrows grew out of her warm attachment to the Church of England, and very susceptible aversion to every thing that looked like a departure from its rules or a dissent from its opinions. Some of her neighbours, and even the curate of the parish himself, were beginning to disturb her peace by manifesting most dangerous symptoms of dissent. The former, in spite of her opposition, persisted in teaching grown people to read, and collecting children into Sunday-Schools—means directly tending to make sectarians of them. Some had even gone so far as to read the bible to the sick and dying poor, and draw their attention to the eternal world—a dangerous encroachment on the rights of the established ministry. Nay, such was the spirit of dissent amongst them, it was becoming a common thing to hear religion spoken of in society, and theological subjects discussed at table. But what could stay the infection, when the minister himself had caught it, and actually took part in a Bible society, refused to go to the Assembly-rooms, and administered the

sacramental emblems to three or four people at a time, without reading the appointed words to each one separately? Then the poor—the very poor had come in to the work of subversion: she had heard with her own ears a day-labourer singing Toplady's hymns as he sate at dinner under a hay-stack; and she had seen with her own eyes a washer-woman reading a tract, as she paused to rest her bundle on a mile-stone by the road-side. The ringing of the church bells on a Thursday evening totally suspended her appetite—on a Wednesday or Friday, provided it were at eleven o'clock, and there were no sermon, it was not observed to have the same effect. Lady Betty had great respect for the authorized version of the Scriptures in proper time and place: for instance—any part of it on the Sunday, or the Proper Lessons on any day—but if she chanced to see a bible in the kitchen window that looked as if it had moved since Sunday, or in her children's hands after their lesson had been said, the spectre of dissent rose immediately to her afflicted vision, and her concern for the Establishment took no rest till she had suppressed the innovation. To hum a psalm tune on a week-day, to like an extempore sermon, to refuse a game of cards, or to be shocked at the use of an accidental oath, were things she held especially, and about equally, dangerous to the Church—the friend who was convicted of either lost her esteem, and the servant who was suspected of either lost her confidence.

Partly from participation in her love of the Church, and partly from the tenderness I always have for the honest zeal that takes fright even at the bugbears of its own imagination, when they seem to endanger the thing it loves, I should have felt a great deal for Lady Betty's sorrows, had I not observed there were times and circumstances in which her respect for the Church, and its decisions, and its wisdom, was considerably abated. The established religion has appointed the celebration of the Sabbath, and enjoins on its members to attend those appointments strictly—it orders all secu-

lar affairs to be suspended—the sale of the necessities of life to be forborne—the unnecessary labour of man and beast dispensed with—the amusements of the idle, as well as the toils of the industrious, to be superseded by the public manifestations of religious reverence, and the private exercise of spiritual devotion. Lady Betty was of another mind: she could make a better use of this day than that to which the Church has assigned it. It was the best day of the seven for travelling, because there were fewer things on the road, and there was not much else to be done—except the occupations to which the Church devoted it, and they were of no consequence. She would go to the morning service, and so might her children, if there was nothing to prevent—that is, if there had not fallen a shower in the night to make it damp, or there was not a cloud in the heavens that might produce a shower bye and bye—or she had not slept too late to be ready within ten minutes after the bells had done ringing. 'Two services are ordered; but she held the second altogether superfluous—the carriage, and of course the horses, and of course the servants, were always required at three o'clock for her customary drive. She liked orthodox religion in inferior people, provided always it did not interfere with the orthodox irreligion, that is to say, the convenience of their superiors. She did not disapprove of her servants going to church—but it was seldom convenient to spare them. Articles were purchased from her tradespeople on Sunday—the law is otherwise, but it was convenient. Persons were employed to fetch things, and carry things, and do things on the Sabbath, in direct opposition to the law's command that they should be at church; but this too was convenient. The Church has issued a Catechism for the instruction and guidance of the young, and Lady Betty's children were most carefully taught it, and made to repeat it—but they were not taught, nor indeed allowed to follow or believe it. Their mother would have thought them very superstitious had

they feared the influence of an evil spirit, and very methodistical had they expected the influence of a good spirit—she would have been much vexed had they grown up with a contempt for the vanities of life to which she reared them, or a distaste for the pomps and splendours she taught them to aspire to. The articles of the Christian faith, as explained by the Church, she would not allow to be so much as named before them, lest it should put odd notions into their heads; and in respect to the keeping of all God's commandments—that might be very well, according to her own interpretation of them, but not according to that of the Church, given in the catechism: for they were by precept and example taught to consider their own advantage first, their neighbour's benefit second, and God's requirements last. They were to obey lawful authorities when it was dangerous or disreputable to do otherwise—but to circumvent the law, to evade it, or furtively to defraud the revenue, were daily practices. They might not tell a lie, so called: but they were taught to tell as many indirect ones by false representations, false excuses, false politeness, as might suit their purpose: and in respect to slander, evil-speaking, unkind, and malevolent feelings, if they were ever checked in these, it was only because children should not be encouraged in them: daily proof was before their eyes, that when they ceased to be children, there would be no harm in these things. The Church has appointed certain times for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and earnestly exhorts her members to be present there and duly to receive it. Here Lady Betty differed again—she can only attend once a year, or when she happens to have a leisure week—that is, a week free from common engagements, to prepare herself for the ceremony. In opinions it were endless to trace out the differences—the Church teaches her perpetually to repeat in public, that she is a ruined and corrupted creature, needing the interference of divine grace to reconcile her to God, or make her

meet for eternity—but she insists on it in private, that she is a good sort of person, and that her acquaintance are very good, and nobody is in need of conversion but papists or pagans, and nobody in need of repentance but drunkards and pickpockets. In short, I could not be long with Lady Betty, without perceiving that she dissents from the Established Church, in opinion, in practice, in every thing; and therefore is not Consistent in her fears for it.

“Mamma,” said little Julia to her mother, one of my intimate friends, “what is the reason you would not let us play at cards last night, when we wanted to amuse our little party—you let the boys play at marbles—I should like to understand the difference.”

“The difference,” replied my friend, “is almost too nice for you to perceive—yet there is a difference, and perhaps I can make you understand it. Marbles is the game of our childhood, and in no danger of becoming the passion of our later years—it is also a game of skill and not of chance: what we win, therefore, is in some sense earned, and consequently ours: which it is not honestly, when we come into possession by the chances of the game. I should however object to the playing at marbles, or any thing else for money, lest it should induce a love of gambling that would soon transfer itself to other ventures. Cards are generally played for money. They might be a most innocent amusement in childhood, were there no danger of their becoming the taste of the woman, and were there nothing to be won or lost by the game.”

“But what, Mamma,” said the little girl, “is the harm of winning or losing?”

“If you win, what you gain is not honestly yours—you neither earned it, nor deserved it, nor received it as a voluntary gift—it is not therefore a lawful possession: the law of man does not consider it so, since the gamester is not obliged to pay his debts—and the law of God, I believe, would still less consider it so. This appears a small matter while the sum is small—but

there is no limit to a moral maxim of this sort—a little and a little added, and the sum becomes a large one. The yet greater evil is the feeling excited while you play—the eagerness, the anxiety, the temper, the impatience, and the ultimate vexation—it is impossible to see a party of children play at cards for money, and not perceive these effects, even more obviously than among elder people, because they have less controul over their emotions to suppress or conceal them. All these unnatural stimulants to passion, these morbid stirrings of the spirits, are destructive to the simple, calm, and innocent delights of childhood, and creative of a desire for excitation, that the duties and ordinary enjoyments of after life are scarcely likely to supply. I had the same reason for not allowing you to put your money into the raffle—I considered that the feeling of pleasure which would attend on your winning, or of pain on your losing, would be equally injurious to the mind it acted on, as arising from no legitimate cause of pain or pleasure—beside that the desire of winning, and if there were no desire to win, there would be no pleasure in playing, must be gratified at the cost of your antagonist: a most dangerous taste to cultivate, is the desire of succeeding at another's cost, and that without any superior merit or exertion of your own."

Here the conversation closed: I thought the mother's remarks were very sensible and just, and indisputably applicable to the years of our childhood, whatever they might be later—but a surprise indeed awaited me. I had been invited by my friend to accompany her the following day to the school at which her elder daughters were educating, to be present at the distribution of prizes. As some of my readers have inferred from my former remarks on the subject, that I disapprove of prizes altogether, I may take this opportunity of assuring them I do not so—reward is the natural fruit of merit, and I would have it ever be its attendant—in a school or elsewhere, I would have each one rewarded



according to their merit—but it should be their abstract, not their comparative success—a prize for reaching some given point, not for outstripping without effort a less competent, but as willing competitor. This by the way—for what I went to see is by no means to the point.

When we had passed the stone wall and iron gate by which the corruptions of the world are supposed to be excluded from the mind not yet sufficiently matured to resist them, we were shown into the hall of this mansion of education, already crowded with the young candidates for honour or reward—as yet I knew not which. They wore their gayest dress, and the apartment was decked as for festivity; but it did not strike me that the countenances, as I examined them successively, wore exactly a festive aspect—there was an expression of painful anxiety in most, and in those that had an air of confident gaiety, it did not seem to sit altogether easy. There was not one among them I could have selected as the picture of conscious merit waiting its reward. I began to apprehend that by some strange mischance, not one among them thought she could make good her claim. The ceremony began, and the names of many were in succession called: as each young lady heard her own, a vivid expression of pleasure passed over her features, but they soon resumed the previous expression of anxiety; while those who did not hear their names, changed their air of doubt to one of sullen despondency. I begged to know the meaning of this proceeding, and was informed that those whose names were not called, had on previous examination been found undeserving to be admitted as competitors for reward. Nothing could be more just than that those who had merited no recompence should expect none, and receive none—though I did not perceive why they should have been kept to this time in ignorance of their exclusion, the harassment of uncertainty and suspense not being considered particularly good for the susceptible spirits of childhood.

The more deserving competitors were now numbered, and an equal number of ornamented cards were put into a most portentous bag of bright blue satin. Now again I was a little puzzled : there were fifteen ladies of this non-excluded class—they were of different ages and most likely of very different attainments—but to all seeming they must be of exactly equal merit, for the same bag received all the cards, and the cards that went into the bag were all alike. As my old trick of listening could avail me nothing, where the most profound and suspensive silence prevailed, I was obliged to betake myself to guessing how this could be : my best conjecture was, that to avoid all rivalry, every deserving pupil was to have a prize proportioned to her individual merit, and that though my eye could not perceive it, there must be written on each card the name of a lady and the prize adjudged to her. It is true I did not exactly see how these decrees of justice were to find their way out of the blue satin bag into the fingers of the rightful possessor, unless Merlin, or Katerfelter, or some other of the conjuring tribe, were hidden at the bottom of it, when each in succession thrust in her little hand. What was my surprise when, out of fifteen ladies who had been pronounced deserving of reward for their improvement in music, the occasion of this first lottery, one only gained the prize—not by merit, or talent, or industry superior to her competitors, but by the accident of putting her fingers on the right card—while all the rest, adjudged deserving of reward, were to suffer the disappointment of excited expectation, and see another enjoy the recompence to which their own claim had been admitted equal, and perhaps was known to be superior. I need not describe the repeated ceremony—one after another the lotteries went on, for each different branch of education, I turned to my friend when the ceremony concluded, and asked her how she could suffer the minds of her children to be thus acted on—their feelings thus senselessly ex-

cited—the very spirit and essence of gaming thus instilled?—She said it was the custom of the school; and she had never thought of any harm there could be in it. I reminded her of the conversation of the preceding evening with her little Julia, and remarked on the inconsistency of her keen perception of danger in the one case, with her blind insensibility to it in the other. For my own part, this system seemed to me such an outrage upon common sense, that on any evidence but fact, I could not have believed that any rational governess could invent, or any careful parent suffer such a practice. When all was over, I made especial enquiry into the results; and I found one girl, whom I knew to be by no means of the best, laden with prizes, exultingly setting off to her home to exhibit proofs of an advancement she had not made, and display her triumph over companions she had by no means equalled. I saw another, an industrious, clever girl, going off, with tearful eyes and saddened spirits, without a single testimony of good conduct or recompence of exertion, though she had been judged worthy of drawing for every prize, and of all the school had best deserved to do so.

We condemn the wisdom of our ancestors, who, when they could not decide the merits of a cause, referred it to the decision of heaven by some superstitious ordeal. Do the ladies who superintend these schools really believe that fortune will respect the merits of their pupils, and do they so intend to teach them? Or—more probable result, and yet more dangerous lesson for their after life—do they mean to teach them that success goes by hap, and not by merit; that it is *better to be lucky than wise*; that to win a prize is easier than to earn it? We doubt not that many of our readers who are not in these secrets, will think the practice so strange a one, that we need not to have spoken so much about it. I should have thought so too, did I not know that it is practised by some governesses,

and suffered by many parents, who, I believe, are under the influence of the best moral feeling and the purest religious principle, in the management of the children committed to their care, and would by no means suffer them to receive such impressions under any other form.

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## B I O G R A P H Y.

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### QUEEN MARY.

*(Concluded from page 91.)*

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“THE king had left the matters of the church wholly in the queen’s hands. He found he could not resist importunities, which were not only vexatious to him, but had drawn preferments from him, which he came soon to see were ill bestowed: so he devolved that care upon the queen, which she managed with strict and religious prudence: she declared openly against the preferring of those who put in for themselves; and took care to inform herself particularly of the merits of such of the clergy as were not so much known at court, nor using any method to get themselves recommended: so that we had reason to hope, that if this course had been continued, it would produce a great change in the church, and in the temper of the clergy.”

“Another effect of the queen’s pious care of the souls of her people was finished this year, after it had been much opposed, and long stopped. Mr. Blair, a very worthy man, came from Virginia, with proposals for erecting a college there, and means were suggested for amply endowing it. Those concerned in managing the plantations had made so much advantage of the funds from which the endowment was to be raised, that they strongly opposed the project, as a design that would divert our people from their mechanical employments,

and make them too knowing to be submissive. The queen was so pleased with the design, as apprehending the very good effects it might have, that no objection against it could move her: she hoped it might be a means of improving her own people, and of preparing some to propagate the gospel among the natives. The endowment was fixed, and the patent passed for the college, called from the founders, the William and Mary College.

In 1694, Mary's biographer thus writes:—"I am now coming to the fatal period of this book. The queen continued still to set a great example to the whole nation, which shined in all parts of it. She used all possible methods for reforming what was amiss; she took ladies off that idleness, which not only wasted their time but exposed them to many temptations; she engaged many both to read and to work; the female part of the court had been in former reigns subject to much censure, and there was great cause for it; but she freed her court so entirely from all suspicion, that there was not so much as a colour for discourses of that sort; she divided her time so regularly between her closet and business, her work and diversion, that every minute seemed to have its proper employment; she expressed a deep sense of religion with so true a regard for it; she had so much right principle and so just notions; and her deportment was so exact in every part of it, all being natural and unconstrained, and animated with due life and cheerfulness; she considered every thing that was laid before her so carefully, and gave such due encouragement to freedom of speech; she remembered every thing so exactly, observing at the same time the closest reservedness, yet with an open air of frankness; she was so candid in all she said, and cautious in every promise she made; and notwithstanding her own great capacity, she expressed such distrust of her own thoughts, and was so entirely resigned to the king's judgment, and so completely determined by it, that when I

laid all these things together, which I had large opportunities to observe, it gave a very pleasant prospect to balance the melancholy view that rose from the ill posture of our affairs in all other respects. It gave us a very particular joy when we saw that the person whose condition seemed to mark her out as the defender and perfecter of our Reformation, was such in all respects in her administration, as well as in her private deportment, that she seemed well fitted for accomplishing that work, for which we thought she was born; but we soon saw this hopeful view blasted, and our expectation disappointed in the loss of her."

Another contemporary writer has said, that the Earl of Nottingham, who was much in Mary's confidence, told him, he was very sure if she had outlived her husband, she would have done her utmost to restore her father, but under such restrictions, as should prevent his ever making any attempts upon the religion or liberties of his country. King William, before he went abroad, told the Duke of Leeds, he must be very cautious of saying any thing before the queen that looked like a disrespect for her father, which she never forgave any body; and Lord Halifax, in particular, had lost all manner of credit with her, for some unseasonable jests he had made on this subject. Much as we must love and admire Mary for the desire to restore her father, if such were her design, it was, perhaps, well for England's peace that she did not live to attempt it.

"The small-pox, a disease then almost incurable, raged that winter in London, some thousands dying of them, which gave great apprehension with regard to the queen; for she had never had them." To Mary herself, the apprehension of death could not be terrible, since we are previously told of her, that, "In all the pleasures of life, she maintained a true indifference for the continuance of them; and she seemed to think of parting with them in so easy a manner, that it plainly appeared how little they had got into her heart. She apprehended she

felt once or twice such indisposition, that she concluded nature was working towards some great sickness ; so she set herself to take full and broad views of death, that from thence she might judge how she might be able to encounter it. But she felt so quiet an indifference upon that prospect, leaning rather towards a desire for dissolution, that she said, ' Though she did not pray for death, yet she could neither wish nor pray against it. She left that before God, and referred herself entirely to the disposal of Providence. If she did not wish for death, she did not fear it.' As this was her temper when she viewed it at some distance, so she maintained the same calm when in the closest struggle with it."

"In conclusion, Mary was taken ill, but the next day it seemed to go off. I had the honour to be half an hour with her that day, and she complained of nothing. The day following she went abroad ; but her illness returned so heavily on her, that she could disguise it no longer : she shut herself up long in her closet that night, and burnt many papers and put the rest in order ; after that she used some slight remedies, thinking it was only a transient indisposition ; but it increased upon her ; and within two days after the small-pox appeared, and with very bad symptoms. The physician's part was universally condemned, and her death was imputed to the negligence or unskilfulness of Dr. Ratcliffe. He was called for ; and it appeared but too evident that his opinion was chiefly considered, and mostly depended on. Other physicians were afterwards called ; but not till it was too late. The king was struck with this beyond expression. He called me to his closet, and gave free vent to a most tender passion ; he burst into tears, and cried out that there was no hope for the queen ; and that from being the happiest, he was now going to be the miserablest creature upon earth. He said, during the whole course of their marriage, he had never known one single fault in her ; there was a worth in her that nobody knew beside himself ; ' though,' he

added, 'I might know as much of her as any other person did.' Never was such a face of universal sorrow seen in a court or a town as at this time; all people, men and women, young and old, could scarcely refrain from tears. On Christmas day, the small-pox sunk so entirely, and the queen felt so well upon it, that it was for a while concluded she had the measles, and that the danger was over. This hope was ill-grounded, and of short continuance; for before night, all was sadly changed. It appeared that the small pox were now so sunk, that there was no hope of raising them. The new archbishop attended her; he performed all devotions and had much private discourse with her: when the desperate condition she was in was beyond doubt, he told the king he could not do his duty faithfully unless he acquainted her with the danger she was in. The king approved of it, and said, whatever effect it might have, he would not have her deceived in so important a matter. And as the archbishop was preparing the queen with some address, not to surprise her too much with such tidings, she presently apprehended his drift, but showed no fear or disorder upon it. She said, she thanked God she had always carried this in her mind; that nothing was to be left till the last hour; she had nothing then to do, but to look up to God, and submit to his will; it went further indeed than submission; for she seemed to desire death rather than life: and she continued to the last minute of her life in that calm and resigned state. She had formerly wrote her mind in many particulars to the king: and she gave orders to look carefully for a small scrutoir that she made use of, and deliver it to the king; and having dispatched that, she avoided giving herself or him the tenderness which a final parting must have raised in them both. She was almost perpetually in prayer: the day before she died, she received the sacrament. When this was over, she composed herself solemnly to die; she slumbered sometimes, but said she was not refreshed by it; and said often



that nothing did her good but prayer ; she tried once or twice to have said something to the king, but was not able to go through with it. She ordered the archbishop to be reading to her such passages of Scripture as might fix her attention and raise her devotion. Several cordials were given ; but all was ineffectual ; she lay silent for some hours ; and some words that came from her, showed her thoughts began to break : in conclusion, she died on the 28th of December, about one o'clock in the morning, in the thirty-third year of her age, and the sixth of her reign. She was the most universally lamented princess, and deserved the best to be so, of any in our age or in our history. The king's affliction for her death was as great as it was just ; it was greater than those who knew him best thought his temper capable of : he went beyond all bounds in it. During her sickness, he was in agony that amazed us all, fainting often, and breaking out into most violent lamentations : when she died, his spirits sunk so low, that there was great reason to apprehend he was following her ; for some weeks after he was so little master of himself, that he was not capable of minding business or seeing company. He turned himself much to the meditation of religion and to secret prayer ; the archbishop was often and long with him ; he entered upon solemn and serious resolutions of becoming, in all things, an exact and exemplary Christian. And now I am come to the period of this book with a very melancholy prospect ; but God has ordered matters beyond all our expectations."

We have nothing more to add to this account of Mary's character ; because, while we have extracted every thing that wears the character and authenticity of historical record, we do not wish to make use of all the fulsome panegyric written in the way of eulogium after her death. It is true we have no letters or memoranda of her own, that can disclose to us the feelings of her heart, or the secret principles by which

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# GEOLOGY.

PLATE II.

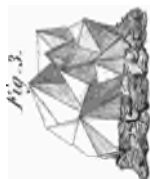
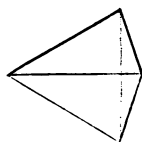
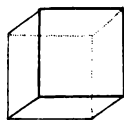


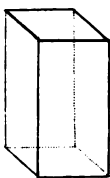
Fig. 2.



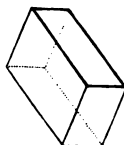
Tetrahedron.



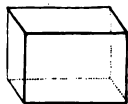
Cube.



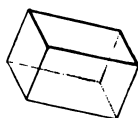
Rectangular Prism.



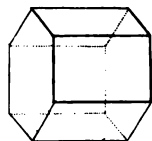
Rhomboid.



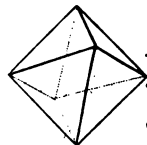
Right Rhomboidal Prism.



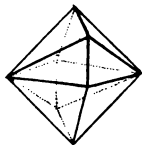
Oblique Rhomboidal Prism.



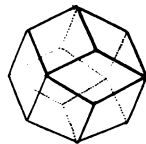
Hexagon & Hexahedral Prism.



Octahedron.



Dodecahedron with Triangular faces.



Dodecahedron with Rhomboidal faces.

she was actuated. It is an instance in which we can only judge of the tree by its fruits, as they were visible to mortal eye; but being such as all historians admit they were, and as we have described them, and considering her education in a corrupt court, and her situation as a queen, every thing in her is so unlike what is usually to be observed, that we can scarcely believe it ascribable to any thing but a living principle of Christianity, the genuine influence of religion upon the heart.

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## CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

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### CONVERSATION III.

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Surface of the earth—Nucleus—Minerals—Crystalization—Fossils.

**MATILDA.**—Mamma, may we stop your progress to ask a few questions?

**MRS. L.**—Whenever you please you are at liberty to do so, even though it should turn us out of our course. I have told you I wish rather to be clear than systematic—my object is to prepare you for understanding any treatise on Geology that may come into your hands, rather than to compose a treatise for you. Probably what you wish to have explained would occur in its proper place: but it is better you should not wait for it, if ignorance in the mean time prevents your fully understanding what I am endeavouring to explain. What is it you desire to ask?

**MATILDA.**—You spoke of the surface of the globe—but it appears to me that the subject of our study forms the whole body of the globe, and not its surface only.

**MRS. L.**—That is more than we know. The depth of the deepest mine that has been explored is very inconsiderable in comparison with the earth's diameter. This you know, is about 7930 miles, consequently from

the external surface of the globe to its centre must be about 3965 miles. I am not informed what is the greatest depth to which the researches of the miner or the Geologist have penetrated—a few hundred yards, however, below the level parts, must be the utmost—and with respect to the mountains that rise above them, even to the extent of miles—the very highest of these are no more in comparison with the mass from which they protrude, than the dust that lies upon your artificial globe is to that globe itself. We may well say therefore that the object of our present study is the surface of the globe, though extending as far beneath it as man can penetrate.

ANNE.—What then is supposed to be below this surface?

MRS. L.—None can make report of a region none has traversed. All that can be told you on this subject must be received as conjecture merely. No man was present when the Creator laid the foundation of his world. In that beautiful chapter of Job, in which the Eternal so finely challenges the ignorance and impotence of man to enter into judgment with him, these unsearchable mysteries of creation are very finely alluded to. They have ever since remained as an exercise of our powers, and an object of allowed pursuit: by hard study and diligent research much has been discovered; but the greater part is mystery still, and perhaps will remain so, till in eternity the extension of knowledge, and the discovery of all that is now concealed, may make a part of our celestial happiness.

ANNE.—Still, Mamma, we are not forbidden to enquire and to conjecture.

MRS. L.—Far from it—and many conjectures have been formed respecting the Nucleus, as it is called, of the earth. The solid Granite Rock is the lowest substance that has been reached by man—and it seems, as far as we can trace, to be the substance of the earth, that which gives to it its form and shape; but as it is to so

small a depth comparatively that we can penetrate, we can by no means say that the body of the earth is of any solid material—though some have asserted that it must be so, to account for its bulk.

ANNE.—I do not understand this.

MRS. L.—Bulk, in the language of Natural Philosophy, is not size, but quantity—the quantity of matter contained in any body.

MATILDA.—But how can the quantity of matter in the earth be ascertained?

MRS. L.—Only by its perceived influence on other bodies, estimated according to the laws of gravitation. It does not appear to me that this is sufficiently certain: and some have supposed the interior of the earth to be water, others that it is fire, or something at least in an igneous state.

ANNE.—Is either of these conjectures probable?

MRS. L.—Neither is impossible—and both one system and the other have been made to explain many phenomena difficult to explain without them. I can but repeat to you what has been conjectured, without giving an opinion. It is evident that much of what now is solid on the surface of the earth, has been sometime in a state of fluidity, held in solution, dissolved, or, as we call it in common language when applied to metals, melted. Water and fire are the great solvent principles with which we are acquainted, and to the agency of one or the other, much of the present appearance of the globe must be attributed—probably to both; of this we shall have occasion to speak again, in mentioning the changes that have taken place on the earth since its first formation. Every thing indicates that the waters have sometime covered the whole surface of the globe—at the flood we know they did so temporarily; and the Mosaic account of the Creation leads us to think they did so till the third day of the Creation, when it is said, “Let the waters be gathered together in one place and let the dry land appear.” The poet of Israel celebrates

this retreating of the waters: "The waters stood above the mountains. At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunders they hasted away; they went over the mountains, they went down by the valleys unto the place which thou didst assign them. Thou didst set a bound which they should not pass over." We know that at the flood these bounds were broken—He who had inclosed the waters in their place again set them free—besides the rains that fell forty days upon the earth, we are told that the fountains of the great deep were broken up. But at the same time that these records lead us to think there may be a concentration of waters beneath the surface of the earth, they do not prove it so—the place to which the Creator confined them might be no other than the beds of the ocean, deepened at the time to receive them.

MAT.—And what can have led Geologists to suppose there may be fire there?

MRS. L.—I will give you an extract on the subject from the *Geology of Messrs. Conybeare and Phillips*—but you must observe that it occurs there merely as a conjecture of things possible, not as an assertion of fact. Speaking of those disruptions of the surface, which we shall notice hereafter, it is said—"The only agent with which we are acquainted, whose operation bears any analogy to the effects specified, is the volcanic energy, which still occasionally forms new islands and elevates new mountains. Although these effects are indeed now partial and limited, yet there is certain proof that volcanic agency has formerly been much more active; the extinct volcanoes of the Rhine, Hungary, and Auvergne, as well as those which occupy so large a portion of Italy, where one only now remains in activity, concur in proving that we now experience only the expiring efforts, as it were, of those gigantic powers which had once ravaged the face of nature. The question will undoubtedly present itself, what is the source of volcanic action; and sufficient proof exists that this source is deeply

seated beneath the lowest rocks with which our examination of the earth's surface makes us acquainted ; for in Auvergne the Lavas have evidently been erupted from beneath the primitive rocks. The important recent discoveries with regard to the increased temperature noticed in descending deep mines, &c., by Messrs. Fourier and Fox, will, if confirmed by further examination, prove that some great source of heat exists beneath the earth's crust. On this supposition (that of the crust of the earth resting on a heated Nucleus) we should at once perceive why the effects of the volcanic force may have been much more violent in earlier periods, while the mass of deposits which now covers the supposed volcanic Nucleus was only gradually forming over it, than at present ; and we shall also find a reason for the higher temperature which many of the remains both of animal and vegetable kingdoms, found in the strata of countries now too cold for their existence, appear to indicate as having formerly prevailed." Thus you see, does the enquiring mind of man amuse itself in conjecturing what in all probability it will never know. Let us leave to its uncertainty this hidden Nucleus, and return to what you will now perhaps allow me to call the surface of the earth.

ANNE.—Most willingly—but you must not go on too fast, for I feel in danger of getting puzzled at every step—Nucleus—that is the Latin for kernel or heart, I suppose—but then you said something about CRYSTALS, MINERALS, and FOSSILS—is it too soon to have these terms explained ?

MRS. L.—The best time to explain, is when you are getting puzzled, as you call it. MINERALS, as separate from rocks, "are distinguished by their never forming large masses. They are either constituent parts of rocks, or occur irregularly dispersed through them." The description of these substances belongs more properly to the mineralogist, but I intend to notice and describe them when they occur in our present subject.



**MINERALS** frequently assume regular forms, which are called their respective **CRYSTALS**. By what process nature produces these beautiful conformations, we cannot tell—we can take her work to pieces and find of what the brilliant diamond is composed, but we cannot put it together again, or so concrete the substance as to form the like. There is a great variety of mineral substances that will crystalize before our eyes—for this purpose you need but to dissolve a little salt in water, and pour it on a plate—as the water evaporates, you may observe with the naked eye, and yet better with a glass, the particles of the salt assembling themselves into the form of crystals. In a similar manner you have amused yourself with making ornaments, by dissolving alum in water, and as the water cooled, allowing it to fix itself in crystals upon a basket placed in the liquid to receive it. So the substance called Copperas is made—the oxyde of which it is composed forms itself upon what seems a bed of useless earth, whence it is washed by the rain into a cistern prepared to receive it. Large sticks or branches are placed in the liquid, on which the Copperas forms itself in the most beautiful green crystals, and is the article so useful in many of our manufactures. How far the process of crystalization in nature resembles that which passes before our eyes, we are left to conjecture. But we know that under circumstances unknown to us, a mineral will pass into a form as regular as our finest instruments could cut it, different in different minerals, but in the same mineral always the same—except that some minerals have more than one crystal appropriated to them—thus lead, a substance to which in our common knowledge of it, we do not attach the idea of form, becomes in its crystalized state a cube—*Plate 2. Fig. 1.* The Garnet, which we rank among the precious stones, is several common earths crystalized together, and is found in the form of a rhomboidal dodecahedron. *Fig 2.* Common Quartz, a substance that presents itself to us

in such variety of forms, is often crystalized in six-sided pyramids, closely aggregated—*Fig. 3.*—I think you must now understand what is meant by crystalization.

**MAT.**—I believe I do: and I am glad you have explained it; for my idea of **CRYSTAL** before, was of a clear transparent substance something like glass.

**MRS. L.**—You mean the Rock Crystal, a beautiful species of Quartz, commonly so called—you must detach from your mind this exclusive meaning of the word. Any mineral substance may become a crystal, and in doing so does not necessarily change its substance, though it may change its form and colouring. This crystal of Lead, *Fig. 1.*, has still you see the appearance of Lead. Crystals are of many shapes, the distinguishing names of which will frequently occur; therefore I have given you, in *Plate 2.*, a drawing of their simple forms, copied from Mr. Mawe's Descriptive Catalogue.

With respect to the third subject of your enquiry—“**FOSSILS** are extraneous bodies enclosed in rocks, possessing the organic structure of animals and vegetables, or the impressions of them, or the substances that have replaced them.” Sometimes the actual bones, &c. of an animal or the shell of a fish, is found imbedded in the mineral substance—sometimes the impression only remains as if carved upon the stone—at other times the mineral has itself assumed the shape of the decayed animal or vegetable, and we say it is petrified; but in fact the mineral has but formed itself, as in a mould, where the organic substance has decayed.

## DESCRIPTION OF BRITISH TREES.

### No. III.

#### THE OAK—*Quercus*.

THE unparalleled beauty of the Oak Tree, and its little resemblance to any other tree, make it too well known to need an exact description. The rich olive of

the leaves, the picturesque roughness of its stem, with the peculiar manner and arrangement of the irregular boughs, distinguish it to the eye at a distance too great to remark the form of the leaf or flower. The flower indeed is obscure, hanging in spikes from the back of the branches, and in bloom before the leaf has its full size. With the acorn, its fruit, we are all familiar, and therefore we have not sketched it in the plate, it not being on the branch at the same time as the flower. The cutting of the oblong leaf is so irregular, that you can rarely find two leaves alike. The *Quercus* is of very many species, but only two, nearly resembling each other, are common to England. Evelyn says, "We note, concerning the Oak, that it neither prospers in very hot nor excessive cold countries; therefore there is little good of it to be found in Africa, or indeed, in the lower or more southern parts of Italy, (but the Venetians have excellent timber,) nor in Denmark or Norway, comparable to ours, it chiefly affecting a temperate climate; and where it grows naturally in abundance, it is a promising mark of it." The Oak is much more abundant in the southern, than in any other part of England—in some of the counties it is very rare, while in Sussex the hedges are every where varied with its olive tint, so distinct in the spring from the other greens.

"To enumerate now the incomparable uses of Oak were needless; but so precious was the esteem of it, that of old there was an express law amongst the twelve tables concerning the very gathering of the acorns, though they should be found fallen in another man's ground. The land and sea do sufficiently speak for the improvement of this excellent material; houses and ships, cities and navies, are built with it, and there is a kind of it so tough, and extremely compact, that our sharpest tools will hardly enter it, and scarcely the very fire itself, in which it consumes but slowly, as seeming to partake of a ferruginous and metalline shining nature, proper for sundry robust uses. It is, doubtless, of all timber the most universally known, the most universally useful and strong; for though some trees be harder, as Box, Cornus, and Ebony, and divers Indian woods, yet we find them more fragile, and not so well qualified to support great incumbencies and weights; nor is there any timber more lasting, which way so ever used. That which is twined and a little wreathed, is best to support burdens, for posts, &c. It is found that the rough grained body of a stubbed Oak is the fittest timber for a cyder mill, and such like



British Oak.  
*Quercus Robur.*  
*Ocotelea Tetragynia.*

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engines, as best endaring the unquietness of a ponderous rolling stone. It is good for shingles, pales, lathes, &c., and for wainscoting the ancient Intestina Opera, works within doors—some pannels are curiously veined, and of much esteem in former times, till the finer grained Norway and Spanish timber came amongst us, which is likewise of a whiter colour. There is in New England a certain Red Oak, which being felled, they season in some moist and muddy place. This branches into very curious works. The smaller spray make billets, &c; the bark is of price with the tanner and dyer, to whom the very saw-dust is of use, as are the ashes and lee for bucking linen, and to cure the ropishness of wine. The Ground Oak, when young, is used for poles, cudgels, and walking staffs, much come into mode of late, but to the waste of many a hopeful plant, which might have proved good timber. Here I am again to notice the peculiar excellency of the roots of most trees, for fair, beautiful, chamleted, and lasting timber, applicable to many purposes; such as formerly made hafts for daggers, hangers, knives, &c.; nor may we omit to mention tables for painters, which heretofore were used by the most famous artists, especially the curious pieces of Raphael, Durer, and Holbein, and before that of canvass, and much more lasting.”—EVELYN.

We have elsewhere mentioned the curious excrescence of the Oak, called Gall-nuts—the useful kind are not the produce of our *Quercus*. Pliny affirms, that the Galls break out altogether in one night, about the beginning of June, and arrive to their full growth in one day. We have given in the Plate a representation of the Oak-apple, or Gall of the English Oak. The acorn, the food as we are told of our forefathers, has now lost much of its repute, and we believe is only administered to pigs.

“Cato advises the husbandman to reserve two hundred and forty bushels of acorns for his oxen, mingled with a like quantity of beans and lupines, and to drench them well. But, in truth, they are more proper for swine, and being so made small, will fatten pigeons, peacocks, turkeys, pheasants, and poultry; nay, it is reported that some fishes feed on them, especially the Tunny, in such places of the coast where trees hang over arms of the sea. Acorns, before the use of wheat-corn was found out, were heretofore the food of men, nay, of Jupiter himself—even in the time of the Romans, the custom was in Spain to make a second service of acorns and mast, as the French now do of marrons and chesnuts, which they likewise used to roast under the embers; and men had indeed hearts of Oak—I mean not so hard, but health and strength, and lived naturally, and with things easily parable and plain.”—EVELYN.

Blest age o' th' world, just nymph, when man did well  
Under thy shade, whence his provisions fell:  
Salads the meal, wildings were the desert.—GOULSH.

The medicinal and even magical properties ascribed to different parts of the Oak, we shall not repeat—the

former being out of fashion, and the latter also—for we should not now believe a Danish Physician, who has written, that a few handfuls of Oak buttons, mingled with oats, and given to horses that are black, will, in a few days eating, alter their colour to a fine dapple grey. We may do as we please about believing Evelyn, when he speaks of that famous Oak of the New Forest in Hampshire, “which puts forth its buds about Christmas, but withers again before night; and which was ordered, by our late king Charles II., to be enclosed with a pale.”

Pliny says, Mast-bearing trees were principally those which the Romans held in chiefest repute; and where he speaks of their Chaplets and Civic Crowns, he says, they might be composed of the branches of any Oak, provided it were a bearing tree, and had acorns upon it. We suppose, however, that the Oak of antiquity was generally the Evergreen Oak, which we call *Ilex*.

“From one species, the *Quercus Coccifera*, was gathered the famous Kermes, with which the ancients used to dye their garments of that beautiful colour called *Coccineus*, or *Cocceus*, being different from the *Purpura* of the Phœnicians, obtained from the testaceous fish, called *Murex*. In course of time the *Murex* became neglected, and the Kermes we are now speaking of, was introduced. This supported its reputation till the discovery of America, when it gave place to the *Cochineal*, an insect found in the Mexican woods upon a plant named *Cactus Cochinitifer*. Both ancients and moderns seem to have had confused notions respecting the origin and nature of the Kermes: some considering it as a fruit, without a just knowledge of the tree which produced it; others taking it for an excrescence formed by the puncture of a fly, the same as the common gall on the Oak. It has been finally discovered that the Kermes is the body of an insect, after having undergone several transformations. In the first stage, about the beginning of March, an animalcule, no larger than a grain of millet, is perceived sticking to the branches of the tree, where it fixes itself, and soon becomes immoveable; at this period it grows the most, and swells with the sustenance it draws in; this state of rest seems to have deceived the curious observer, it then resembling an excrescence of the bark; during this period of its growth, it appears to be covered with a down, extending over its whole body like a net, and adhering to the bark; its figure is convex, not unlike a very small sloe; in such parts as are not quite hid, many bright specks are perceived of a golden colour, as well as stripes running across the body from one place to another. At the second stage, in April, its growth is completed, when it becomes round, resembling a pea in shape. Its third state is in May, when the husk appears full of small eggs, less than the seeds of a poppy.

They are progressively deposited in the nest of down that covers its body, which it withdraws as they are laid, and shortly after dies. When observed by a microscope in July or August, that which appeared as dust, are so many eggs, as white as snow, out of which issues a gold coloured animalcule, of the shape of a cock-roach, with two horns, six feet, and a forked tail. In Languedoc and Provence the poor people are employed to gather the Kermes, the women letting their nails grow for that purpose, in order to pick them off with greater facility. In a good season they multiply exceedingly, having each from 1800 to 2000 eggs. Some women will gather two or three pounds in a day. Those who buy the Kermes to send to foreign parts, spread it on linen, sprinkling it with vinegar to kill the worms, which produce a red dust; this they separate from the husks—it is the finest part; the husks being only of half the value of the dust. It is most in demand on the African coast. The people of Tunis use it for dyeing the scarlet caps so much used in the Levant. They export every year 150,000 dozen of these caps. The Kermes of Spain is considered the best.”—HUNTER.

Another species of Oak is the *Quercus Suber*, which produces on its bark the Cork, stripped from the tree without injuring it, every eight or ten years.

“It is remarkable that the Oak was held sacred by the Greeks, the Romans, the Gauls and the Britons. Among the Romans, it was dedicated to Jupiter. By the Britons it was held in great veneration; and some of the most solemn ceremonies of the Druids were held under it.”—HUNTER.

The gathering of the Mistletoe, that grows upon the Oak, made a part of the religious worship of the Druids.

“When the end of the year approached, they marched with great solemnity to gather it, inviting all the world to assist at the ceremony in these words—‘The new year is at hand: gather the Mistletoe.’ The sacrifice being ready, the priest ascended the Oak, and with a golden hook cut off the Mistletoe, which was received in a white garment spread out for that purpose. This being ended, two white bulls, that had never been yoked, were brought forth, and offered up to the deity, with prayers that he would prosper those to whom he had given so precious a boon. Of the Mistletoe, thus gathered, they made a potion, which they administered as an antidote to poison, and for other disorders.”—HUNTER.

We may be again amused with the superstition of Evelyn, when he relates,

“The disasters which happened to two men who, not long since, felled a goodly tree, called the Vicar’s Oak, standing at Norwood, not far from Croydon, partly belonging to the Archbishop, and was limit to four parishes, which met in a point. On this Oak grew an extraordinary branch of Mistletoe, which in the time of the sacrilegious usurpers, they were wont to cut and sell to an apothecary of London;



and though warned of the misfortunes observed to befall those who injured this plant, proceeded not only to cut it quite off, without leaving a sprig remaining, but to demolish the Oak also. The first soon after lost his eye, and the other broke his leg."—EVELYN.

## SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

### CONVERSATION III.

CLASS—Zoophytes. ORDERS—Acalephæ, (*continued*) Entozoa,  
and Echino-dermata.

PAPA.—There is another genus of animals, Anna, belonging to the order Acalephæ, as interesting and curious as the Actiniæ, whose history has amused you so much: I refer to the Medusæ. The Medusa, in appearance, very much resembles a hemispherical mass of jelly, and has a pedicle, or foot-stalk, something like that of a mushroom, at the bottom of which is the mouth; so that it draws up its nutriment nearly as plants do.

ANNA.—How is it known that it is not a plant, Papa?

PAPA.—It has two peculiarities, my dear, which essentially distinguish it from plants. The one is the possession of a stomach, in which its food is digested: this is always found in animals, but never in plants; the other is its power of contraction.

HENRY.—Is contractility, Father, a distinguishing characteristic of animals? There are two or three plants which possess the same property in a surprising degree.

PAPA.—There are; but they do not possess it in a degree at all equal to the Medusæ and several other Zoophytes. The Sensitive plant, it is true, shrinks when it is touched; but it cannot contract and dilate itself at will as the Hydra and Medusa can; the Medusa, especially, makes use of this power to move itself upon the surface of the water, and to rise and sink at pleasure: I think, therefore, we may mention contractility among

the characteristics which distinguish an animal from a vegetable.

HENRY.—The plants which possess the power of contraction certainly possess it in a degree far inferior to Zoophytes. I have observed the Medusæ, of which you are speaking, in constant activity on the surface of the water, by alternately contracting and developing themselves.

PAPA.—And I dare say you have seen some of them sink in the water with great apparent ease, by powerfully contracting themselves, so as to lessen their dimensions in every direction. A remarkable peculiarity of the Medusæ is the consistency of their bodies: they seem to be composed principally of air and water. The largest Medusa, if dried, is reduced to a very few grains; and, if exposed to the action of heat, it will melt away just like jelly. Indeed, as I said before, its substance more resembles jelly than any thing else.

ANNA.—I dare say the Jelly-fish, as John called it, which we found at Ramsgate, was one of these creatures; my aunt told me not to handle it, for it would probably sting me.

PAPA.—I have no doubt that it was, and your aunt's caution was a very wise one; for many of them have a benumbing and stinging quality, and handling them has been known to produce inflammation and even fever.

HENRY.—Their power of stinging is a very singular one.

PAPA.—You know that they have been called Sea Nettles in consequence of it. It is probably occasioned by some secretion from the skin; and it is without doubt intended to serve instead of other instruments and weapons to defend them from the attacks of their enemies, and also to enable them to catch their prey; for, would you believe it, Anna, these creatures usually feed on fish! fishes several inches long have been found within them. The Medusæ have another property as remarkable as that of stinging; they have the power of pro-

ducing light. It is now ascertained that the luminous appearance which the sea sometimes presents in a dark night, and which has been ascribed to electricity, to phosphoretic particles in the water, and to the decomposition of animal substances, is caused by these creatures. A very small species of them, called the *Medusa Scintilla*, which is not bigger than a pin's head, has been discovered, by Professor Macartney, to be the sole cause of that luminous appearance, which has been observed, to the astonishment of sailors, in different parts of the ocean. The number of these little animals is so immense, that it has been computed that if eighty thousand persons had been employed ever since the Creation in counting them, and each had counted eighty thousand a week, they could not, at the present time, have told the number in one cubic mile of water.

ANNA.—What astonishing multitudes of them there must be!

PAPA.—The most luminous of these animals is the *Medusa Pellucens*, discovered by Sir Joseph Banks, in his passage from Madeira to Rio Janeiro; it had the appearance of metal violently heated, and emitted a white light.

HENRY.—One thing I admire in the *Medusæ*, and that is, their retiring modesty. I have understood that they never offer their light in the presence of any other; nor until that of the sun and moon have been for some hours withdrawn.

PAPA.—They might furnish a hint to some ostentatious persons, who are continually endeavouring to render themselves conspicuous and to gain admiration by outshining others. You have now some acquaintance, Anna, with two orders of Zoophytes, the *Polypi* and the *Acalephæ*. There are two others: the *Entozoa*, or parasytic Zoophytes, those animals that exist in the bodies of others and often produce disease and death: one species of them, the *Fluke*, causes the rot in sheep of which so many sometimes die in marshy places: and

the Echino-dermata, in which are the Asteria, or Star-fish, and the Echinus, or Sea-urchin.

ANNA.—O the Star-fish! I have one of them among my curiosities; my aunt procured it for me at Ramsgate.

PAPA.—Did you ever find out its mouth or count its legs?

ANNA.—No, Papa.

PAPA.—Its mouth, as I have told you is common in all the radiated tribes, is in the centre of the rays in the under part of the body. It is armed with bony teeth that are of use in seizing and breaking the shells on which the animal feeds.

ANNA.—But where are its legs, Papa? I never found out that it had any.

PAPA.—Probably you never saw them: for it has the power of extending and withdrawing them, something in the way that the snail extends and withdraws his horns. The body of the Star-fish, you know, is commonly divided into five rays or branches; and the feet are arranged in several files throughout the whole length of the branches from the mouth. Reaumur, I think, counted fifteen hundred and twenty legs in one Star-fish.

HENRY.—And yet how very slowly they move. I have often observed them creeping in the water with a scarcely perceptible motion.

PAPA.—These legs have other uses besides that of aiding their motion. They appear to be of service in assisting them to take their prey, and also in enabling them to adhere to rocks and other substances, by which they withstand the force of the waves.

HENRY.—Does not the Star-fish possess, in a considerable degree, the power of reproduction.

PAPA.—Yes; if by any violence a ray is broken off, which, as most of them are very brittle, not unfrequently happens, a new one will, in a short time, appear. This creature is, I believe, the lowest animal in which any nerves are *discoverable*.

ANNA.—What are Sea Urchins, Papa?

PAPA.—The Echini, or Sea Urchins, my dear, are known by two or three other names : they are also called Sea-hedgehogs and Sea-eggs.

ANNA.—Sea-eggs! O now I know what you mean; I have two or three of them.

PAPA.—Then I need not describe them.

ANNA.—No, Papa. Those I have are round, somewhat like a flattened ball: they are of a pale reddish brown; and the shell is marked into ten divisions, not unlike those of an orange.

HENRY.—And the outside of the shell is covered, is it not, with a great number of sharp moveable spines?

ANNA.—That of one of them is.

HENRY.—I suppose the others have lost theirs; they often fall off after the animal is dead; though the little pearly protuberances on which they are fixed, still remain. These spines are the instruments by which the animal conveys itself at pleasure from one place to another; and when any thing alarms it, it arrays them and waits an attack, as an army of pikemen would with their weapons.

PAPA.—The Sea-egg has a very curious mouth. It is situated in the under part of the body, and has been compared, I believe, by Aristotle, to a lantern, with six divisions. Through the central one the food enters; and the other five contain as many strong, sharpened teeth for masticating it.

HENRY.—These animals are remarkably tenacious of life. I have read that it is no uncommon thing, on opening one of them, to observe the several parts of the broken shell move off in different directions.

PAPA.—The ancients, according to Oppian, gave credence to a circumstance much more wonderful than this;

“Sea-urchins, who their native armour boast,  
All stuck with spines, prefer the sandy coast.  
Should you with knives their prickly bodies wound,  
Till the crude morsels pant upon the ground;

You may e'en then, when motion seems no more,  
 Departing sense and fleeting life restore.  
 If in the sea the mangled parts you cast,  
 The conscious pieces to their fellows haste :  
 Again they aptly join, their whole compose,  
 Move as before, nor life nor vigour lose."

HENRY.—These creatures are eaten, I believe, in some parts of the Continent.

PAPA.—Yes : at Marseilles, and some other towns, Sea-urchins are exposed for sale in the markets as oysters are with us. They are eaten boiled like an egg. They form also an article of food among the lower class of people on the sea-coasts of many parts of this country. The Romans ate them dressed with vinegar, mead, parsley, and mint. Now, Anna, can you enumerate the orders which compose the class of Zoophytes?

ANNA.—Yes, Papa, Echino-dermata, Entozoa, Acalephæ, and Polypi.

PAPA.—And Infusoria, or the Animalcules of Infusion. We have taken no notice of them, but they are placed by Cuvier in the class of Zoophytes. You will remember that all Zoophytes are inhabitants of water or some liquid ; that their simple organs of motion and sensation have a circular arrangement round a common centre ; that their respiratory organs are generally upon the surface of the body ; and that the lowest of them exhibit nothing but a kind of homogeneous pulp, possessed of motion and sensibility.

Z. Z.

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## HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

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### A BORROWED THOUGHT.

SISTER of Faith and Charity,  
 Where there are only three ;  
 Fit habitant of heaven, yet content,  
 On pity's errand bent,  
 To ply upon the earth, and steer  
 The bark of every helpless passenger :

Whether in lofty and well laden keel,  
 With gilded prow and purple sail,  
 Fame in the breeze and honour in the gale ;  
 Or on the raft of poverty, unknown  
 He stem the tide, unfreighted and alone ;  
 There is a Power—celestial, yet begot  
 Of earth—in heaven they need her not.  
 Our joy's companion and our sorrow's friend,  
 Her errand is to tend  
 Our earthly voyage, and amid the storm  
 Whene'er it come,  
 To show the beacon of our distant home.  
 Sometimes within her gentle hand she'll bring  
 The youngest blossoms of the unblown Spring ;  
 So beautiful in promise as they grow,  
 Desire scarce consents that they should blow.  
 And sometimes, sparkling clear  
 Her hand will bear  
 In amber cup a draught that scarce may seem  
 Other than those that ancient fablers dream ;  
 Of which the first small sip  
 That wets the lip,  
 Wins the enchanted spirit to forego  
 The sense of present or remembered woe ;  
 And see, instead of things that are, or were,  
 Or may be, foul or fair,  
 Nought save the rainbow colours of the drop,  
 That hangs upon the margin of that cup :  
 Wrapt in a veil opaque that seems to hide  
 The secrets of futurity—denied  
 To read the things that lie  
 In fate's obscurity ;  
 She bears withal behind that veil an eye  
 So piercing, so intent on what may be,  
 That more and brighter things than truth has told,  
 Or love may pledge, or faith itself behold,  
 Of shape indefinite she seems to see—  
 More fair for their obscurity :  
 And seeing them, she smiles ; and with those smiles  
 Man's fearful, dark uncertainty beguiles ;  
 And bids him on the half-told secret, wait  
 The nameless promise of his coming fate.  
 Yon brilliant lamps of heaven, that love to pour  
 Their brightest stream at their meridian hour,  
 As towards the dull horizon they decline,  
 More dimly shine ;

Deaden'd and dull, the waning light decreases;  
 Grown weary of their task before it ceases.  
 But truer far than they, the Power divine,  
 Coldly and darkly as our days decline,  
 Trims to a chaster and a purer gleam  
 The lustre of her lamp's expiring beam;  
 Brighter and brighter as the shadows fall;  
 The latest beam the brightest of them all.  
 While Charity and Faith their Sister claim,  
 Will grateful mortals question of her name?



*Peace I leave with you—my peace I give unto you.—JOHN xiv. 27.*

JESUS, and if that peace indeed  
 Were thy departing gift,  
 The latest boon thy pity gave  
 To those it loved and left.

Ah ! tell me where, upon a way  
 So rude, so hard bestead,  
 Safe from the world's base robbery,  
 Thou'st left that treasure hid.

In tented field, or battled tower,  
 Methinks it better were  
 To look for it, than in the heart  
 Of one that sojourns here.

For oh ! how little boots it there  
 The treasur'd heap to lay,  
 Where grief may come, and sin may come,  
 And steal it all away—

And the world—that world that gives it not,  
 Yet all too well doth know,  
 To ravish the ill-guarded gift  
 It has not to bestow.

Then where—Ah ! tell me where is laid  
 That last, that large bequest;  
 Tell me, that I may look for it  
 And lay myself to rest.

'Tis there—'tis even there where now  
 My spirit fain would be ;  
 My life, my hope, my peace, my all,  
 Is hidden, Lord, in thee.



Deep laid, and safe, and sheltered close ;  
 Secure, though unpossess :  
 Thyself the guardian treasury  
 Of mercy's best behest.

While tempest tost, and seeking rest,  
 And haply finding none ;  
 I'll seek my treasured peace in thee,  
 And call it all my own.



### I AM WITH THEE.

ALONE ! ah, no—I can with holy fear,  
 With joy reflect my God is present here—  
 Here in his glory, though now veiled to sense—  
 Here in the mystery of his providence—  
 Here, O my soul, in wisdom to direct—  
 Here, with his mighty power to protect—  
 Here in the riches of his grace to bless,  
 And to surround thee with his faithfulness—  
 Here in the depth of his unfathomed love,  
 And truth, the pillar of his throne above—  
 Here in his majesty, while Mercy's wings  
 Temper the splendour of the King of kings.  
 Jesus is here—and thou mayest freely claim  
 All that is wrapped in that most hallowed name ;  
 JEMOVAN ! SAVIOUR ! and delighted trace  
 Thy Father's kindness in thy Saviour's face.  
 It is in *Him* God's truth and mercy meet ;  
 His righteousness, in which thou art complete ;  
 He is the sun that beams upon thy head—  
 He is the shield, above, around thee spread ;  
 The Spirit of his holiness is thine ;  
 And in thy heart his rays of glory shine.  
 God with thy heart must ever present be,  
 If thou in Christ art dwelling, Christ in thee.  
 O solemn, sacred, sweet assurance this !  
 O blessed earnest of eternal bliss !  
 Alone I never am, for God is here ;  
 My praise, my confidence, my joy, my fear.  
 Alone I cannot be, for thou, O Lord,  
 My glorious portion and my high reward,  
 Art ever with me ; and by day, by night  
 Alone, or in society, thy light,  
 Thy love, I see, I feel within my breast,  
 And if my God is with me, I am blest.

IOTA.

THE ACANTHUS.

PROUD regal plant! thy leaves were wont to twine  
 The crown, and wreathed majesty of kings ;  
 And in Corinthian capitals to shine  
 Thy deep jagged foliage, in symmetric rings ;  
 Yet royal as thou art, in much that earth  
 Amid her short-lived grandeur bids thee grace,  
 In palace, arch of triumph, hall of mirth,  
 Thou once hast had a far diviner place,  
 Though in derision and in mockery set :  
 It was when He, the taunted Nazarene,  
 Amid rude bands of cruel men was seen  
 Crown'd with thy chaplet—when his cheek was wet  
 Still with the tears he wept on Olivet,  
 God in his soul, though man of lowly mien !

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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

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*Abridgments of Goldsmith's Histories of England, Greece, and Rome, with Questions for examination at the end of each section.*—By Robert Simpson. Price 3s. 6d. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

*History of Scotland, on the same plan, by the same Author.* 13th Edition. Price 3s. 6d.

WE do not for reading recommend abridgments of history to young people above the age of infancy : and by no means abridgments of Goldsmith's Histories, themselves only too short to be efficient. But for learning, abridgments are very useful ; and the above mentioned publications the best we have seen. History is always in some way learned as a lesson in the school-room : and volumes such as these, in which the pupil must find the answer and consequently consider the question, are far better than those in which the history is cut up into question and answer, where the latter is learned without

any attention to the former, and sometimes without even knowing what it is, or whom it regards. This plan is a little exercise of the mind—the other is not.

*Missionary Geography; or, the Progress of Religion traced round the World.* By an Irish Clergyman, Author of "The Simple Memorials." Price 1s. 6d. Nisbet, 1825.

WE have been requested to notice this book; and though nursery books are not within the compass of our design, we have no objection to do so; those who have the care of children being sometimes glad to be informed of little works in which religion and information are harmlessly mixed up, in the form of amusement for the nursery. As such we can recommend this little book.

*A Catechism on the Works of Creation; intended to assist Parents or Tutors in conveying a General Knowledge of the Objects of Nature.* By P. Smith, Author of "A Practical Guide to Composition," &c. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh. Price 6d.

AMONG the almost endless number of Catechisms upon every subject that are now published, some of which are too scientific in the terms to be understood by children, and some too puerile to be of any use to them, and many both the one and the other, we have not met with one on general subjects more simple and comprehensive than this; and can recommend it as a useful little task book for those who are of an age to be enquiring a little about every thing.

THE  
**ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.**

OCTOBER, 1825.

**A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.**

*(Continued from page 122.)*

**HISTORY OF PERSIA FROM THE DEATH OF CYRUS, B. C. 529, TO  
THE DEATH OF DARIUS, B. C. 485.**

CYRUS was succeeded by his son, Cambyses, the prince we have mentioned as the final destroyer of Egyptian liberty and splendour, in the time of the unfortunate Psammeticus. It was his first expedition, in the fourth year of his reign. In besieging Pelusium, a strong city on the frontiers, Cambyses is said to have had recourse to the stratagem of placing before his army a number of cats, dogs, and sheep, and other animals held sacred among the Egyptians. The soldiers of the garrison not daring to throw a dart, or shoot an arrow, lest they should destroy some of these sacred animals, the city was taken without opposition. The circumstances of Egypt's subjection we have told in the history of that country. Herodotus mentions a curious observation made on the field of the battle of Memphis, of which he was an eyewitness, the bones remaining in his time where they had fallen, the Egyptians and Persians apart. The skulls of the Egyptians were so hard, they could scarcely be broken by the blow of a large stone; those of the Persians so soft and weak, the lightest pebble would break

them. This he attributes to the Egyptian custom of shaving the heads of their children early, and exposing them to the sun, which also secured them from baldness—whereas the heads of the Persians were never exposed to the atmosphere, being at all times covered with caps and turbans.

Cambyzes seems to have inherited little of his father but the desire of conquest—his expeditions were unwise and mostly unfortunate; his government senseless and tyrannical. In the sixth year of his reign, he resolved on an expedition against Ethiopia. Under pretence of an embassy, he sent spies into that country; and it was on that occasion the Ethiopian king, perceiving his intentions, sent him in return for his presents his own bow, bidding his ambassadors tell him, the king of Ethiopia advised the king of Persia to make war on the Ethiopians when the Persians should be able to bend so strong a bow. Cambyzes set forth on this expedition—before he had marched a fifth part of the way, his provision were consumed, and his army obliged to eat their beasts of burden; and eventually, when they reached the sandy deserts, to feed upon each other—every tenth man being doomed by lot to serve as food for his companions. The king returned to Thebes, where he rifled the city and temples of their wealth, Egypt being entirely in his power. On arriving at Memphis, he found the citizens celebrating the re-appearance of their god Apis. Thinking their mirth was occasioned by his ill success, he angrily demanded the meaning of it. The magistrates gave him an account of their custom of rejoicing at the appearance among them of their god; but not believing it, he ordered them to be put to death, and sent for the priests. These repeated the same story. Cambyzes, still doubting, commanded that their god should be brought before him, observing that since he was so familiar as to show himself to them, he would be acquainted with him. This chief god of Egypt, Osiris or Apis, was worshipped in the shape of a bull, kept in the temple for the purpose. The bull was

to be marked in a very particular manner; and when he died, the whole country was searched to find another with similar marks to succeed him: consequently, when none could be found, they were for a time without; and the re-appearance of the god under the required form, was an occasion of great rejoicing. Cambyses, expecting to see a deity, was very angry when the calf was brought before him, and with his dagger gave it a wound of which it shortly died. The Egyptians say that the Persian prince was immediately deprived of his senses, and became mad: his history gives ample reason to believe that he was so before. He had already from jealousy murdered his brother—he then formed a desire to marry his sister Meroë, and summoned all the judges of the nation, whose office it was to interpret the laws, to know whether there was any law that would allow a brother to marry his sister. The judges, unwilling to sanction such a lawless act, yet afraid to contradict him, gave answer that there was no law allowing of such marriages; but there was a law that gave the king of Persia liberty to do whatever he pleased. On this Cambyses married his sister Meroë, and gave the example of a practice that became very common in Persia and other eastern nations. He eventually caused her death by a blow given in a moment of irritation. The lords of his court were daily sacrificed to his insane fury. He one day asked his favourite, Prexaspès, what the Persians thought of him. Prexaspès told him they much applauded his actions in general, but thought him too much addicted to wine. The king replied that he would soon prove to them how little wine could affect his powers, and began to drink to more excess than ever. Then ordering the son of Prexaspès to place himself at the end of the room, with his left hand on his head, he said to his father, “If I shoot this arrow through the heart of thy son, the Persians you will allow have slandered me; if I miss, I will allow they speak the truth.” He drew his bow, passed the arrow through the young man’s heart, and insultingly

asked the father, if he ever saw a man shoot with a steadier hand. The unfortunate parent had the coward baseness to reply, that a god could not have shot more dexterously. Seneca well remarks on this story—*Sceleratius telum illud laudatum est quam missum.*

Croesus, to whose counsels Cyrus, at his death, had recommended his son, ventured to remonstrate on this misgovernment, but was immediately ordered to death for his freedom. Those who received the orders, suspended the execution, in hope the prince would change his mind, and ask again for Croesus. This in fact he did the next day, and was transported with joy to find him yet alive—but commanded the death of those who had saved him, for disobedience to his orders. During the absence of Cambyses, an insurrection was raised in Persia, by one Patizithes, a chief of the Magi, feigning to be Smerdis, another son of Cyrus, whom his brother had put to death. Cambyses marched to suppress the rebellion, but in mounting his horse, the sword slipped from the scabbard, and wounded him in the thigh. The prince asked the name of the place, and being told it was Ecbatan, immediately believed he should die there. An oracle in Egypt had told him he should die at Ecbatan: supposing it to mean the famous city of that name in Media, he had carefully avoided that place—but hearing the place he was now passing through was called by the same name, he assembled his lords, exhorted them to place on the throne one of the family of Cyrus, and not the usurper who had assumed the name of his brother, and died a few days after, having reigned seven years and five months, B.C. 522. In this reign the Samaritans had applied to have the building of the temple at Jerusalem prevented. Cambyses did not like openly to reverse his father's decree, but laid the Jews under so much difficulty as to prevent their going on with the work.

Smerdis the Mage, called by some historians Mardys, and in Scripture Artaxerxes, the person who before the

death of Cambyses had assumed the character of his murdered brother and attempted to usurp the throne, held the sovereignty for a short time after that prince's death. Further to secure himself, he married, after the Persian manner, all the wives and sisters of his predecessor: but the imposition was eventually discovered, and seven Persian nobles conspired his death. Crime in those days was as easily punished as it was committed. Prexaspes, the former minister of Cambyses, having murdered with his own hands the son of Cyrus by command of Cambyses, best knew the secret of the present imposture; and being commanded by Smerdis to ascend a certain tower, and before the Persians by special command assembled for the purpose, to declare the pretended descent of the Mage from Cyrus. Prexaspes pretended to obey; but after extolling Cyrus and his family, declared the facts that had placed the Mage on the throne, confessed his part in the murder of the true Smerdis, exhorted the Persians to recover the sovereignty from the usurper, and then cast himself headlong from the tower he had ascended, and died upon the spot. The seven conspirators meantime, aware of what was passing, proceeded to the palace, and forced themselves an entrance to where Smerdis and his brother were in consultation on the conduct of Prexaspes—they murdered both, and bore their bleeding heads into the city, where the Persians, enraged at the detected imposture, fell on the whole body of the Magi, and slaughtered all they could seize upon, till darkness ended the massacre. The day on which this event occurred, was ever after kept with great solemnity, by the name of Magophonia, or the Slaughter of the Magi: and for many years after none of that sect could venture abroad on this day. During the brief reign of Smerdis, which was but eight months, the rebuilding of Jerusalem was interrupted, by the representation of the Samaritans to the king that the Jews had ever been troublesome and rebellious subjects, and should not be allowed to regain



their power. On these remonstrances, Smerdis caused the records of the kingdom to be examined; and finding with what difficulty Nebuchadnezzar had subdued these people, issued an edict to forbid their progress.

As there was now no claimant to the throne, the conspirators had some difficulty in settling the government. Otanes, the chief of them, was for a republic; but seeing them determined to have a king, he refused to be elected, telling them that he was determined not to govern as a king, nor be governed by one, and therefore declined a dignity he abhorred, on condition that neither he nor his posterity should be subject to the royal power. The conspirators granted his demand, and he retired; himself and his posterity ever remaining free, and yielding no more subjection to their kings than suited their own convenience. The other six renewed their consultations, and securing first some immunities to themselves, particularly that whoever was king should not take a wife except from their families, they at last referred the election to the gods—the usual mode of settling all difficulties. In this instance it was done by the appearing of the conspirators on horseback at the rising of the sun, the chief deity of Persia, when he whose horse should first neigh, was declared the elected sovereign. The election, as it is said by stratagem, fell on Darius. The other lords were raised to the highest dignities; and the Persian princes from this time forward, had always seven principal counsellors, by whose advice affairs were administered: we find them often mentioned in Scripture. B. C. 522.

Darius was the son of Hystaspes, a noble Persian of royal blood. According to the custom Cambyses had so effectually introduced, he married the two daughters of Cyrus, Atossa and Artystona: the former had been married to her brother Cambyses, the latter had not before been married and was the most beloved of all his wives—to these he added Parmys, the daughter of the true Smerdis, and Phedyma, the daughter of Otanes:

these connections being supposed to strengthen his title. Among the privileges granted the seven conspirators, was that of entering the royal presence at any hour without leave, excepting he was in company with his wives. Shortly after the accession of Darius, Intaphernes, attempting to use this privilege, was stopped by the door-keeper and a messenger, under pretence that the king was with his queen. Intaphernes, not believing them, drew his scymeter, and having mutilated them of their ears and noses, fastened their heads with a bridle, and left them. Darius caused him to be seized with his children and relations, the usual participators in those days of the punishment of their head. While all her family were in confinement, the wife of Intaphernes so far moved the monarch with her loud bewailing at his gates, that he offered her the life of any one whom she should select of her family: after some deliberation, she made choice of her brother; explaining her conduct by saying that she might have another husband and other children, but her parents being dead, she could never have another brother.

In the second year of Darius, the Jews resumed the building of their temple, Darius having rejected the solicitation of the Samaritans further to interrupt it. There was, during this time, an attempt made by Babylon to recover her freedom; but it was defeated, and the city again taken—the walls were then reduced from two hundred cubits, their former height, to fifty cubits.

The victories of Darius were very extensive. His first expedition was against the Scythians. We have already had frequent occasion to mention these people, the new and formidable enemies of the Eastern nations. The population of the world was rapidly spreading itself, and power and influence were as rapidly passing over from their first abodes in Asia, to the growing consequence of Europe. Greece and Rome were great and settled kingdoms—but from beyond these, large numbers of people were showing themselves—our first knowledge

of them is as invaders and depredators of the more cultivated regions, with whose history they thus become connected, before they have any history of their own. The ambition or resentment of the Eastern monarchs soon prompted them to pursue the wild invaders to their own homes, and attempt to possess themselves of their territories. Under pretence of avenging an invasion the Scythians had made a century before, Darius undertook an expedition, with vast preparations, into the country they inhabited between the Danube and the Tanais. We before mentioned them as dwelling on the borders of the Caspian Sea. We must now understand them to have extended themselves westward and northward over Europe. Darius passed on a bridge of boats the narrow waters of the Bosphorus, and took possession of Thrace, the first European territory he reached: he thence advanced towards the Danube, where he had appointed his fleet to join him. This he crossed also on his bridge of boats, and entered Scythia. The Scythians determined not to venture an engagement, but to draw the Eastern invaders further into a country with which they were unacquainted, and where they were most likely to perish ere they could overtake the foe. Pursuing this resolution, they withdrew from the frontiers, laying waste the country, and poisoning the wells and springs as they retreated. Darius followed from country to country with tedious and fatiguing marches; till he became sensible that he was in danger of perishing with all his forces, and determined to give up the rash enterprise: accordingly he lighted a number of fires about the camp, left the old men and the sick behind him, and departed in the night time. The watchful Scythians perceived his purpose, and better acquainted with the roads, arrived on the banks of the Danube before him. The conquered Ionians had been left to guard the bridge. The Scythians endeavoured to persuade them to release themselves from the Persian victor, by breaking down the bridge to intercept his return: they had the better plea for this, as Darius had given them

leave to destroy the bridge if he did not return within a certain time, which had now expired. The private interest of one of the Ionian generals alone prevented this measure—compliance was, however, pretended, and the Scythians were persuaded to retire to encounter Darius, who meantime arrived by another road, repassed the river, and returned into Thrace: leaving a part of his troops to maintain his conquests there, he recrossed the Bosphorus and returned to Sardis. The Scythians, in revenge for this invasion, passed the Danube, and laid waste all that part of Thrace that had submitted to the Persians, returning home unopposed and laden with booty.

Thus defeated in the north, Darius turned his attention eastward, and prepared a fleet on the Indus for making discoveries, and extending his dominions in that direction. He entered India with a numerous army, and reduced that large extent of country, making it the twentieth province of the Persian empire. History has left us in extreme ignorance respecting that extraordinary country—extraordinary in the many proofs of its antiquity and early cultivation of the arts of civilized society, and the mystery that overhangs its affairs. Ancient history tells us repeatedly of the conquest of India, and the enormous tribute paid to the victors, as in this instance Darius is said to have received a yearly tribute of £1,095,000; but of the country, its government and people, they have recorded little. There can be little doubt it was thickly peopled and far advanced in civilization at a very early period; but it has no history. This is not surprising; none of the more ancient kingdoms have left any history of their own; they had little means of preserving one: it is only as they stand connected with God's chosen people and their sacred books, in the first place, and come within reach of the Greek historians afterwards, that we have any real knowledge of their affairs. India was far removed from both, and we hear little of it but the name and the treasures it produced.

Darius found his conquests more difficult to preserve than to acquire. The Ionians were now in revolt against him; and passed over into Asia as far as Sardis, which they burned. It was on this occasion that the animosity began between the Greeks and Persians, which ended in the destruction of the latter. The Athenians had aided the Ionians in this war: Darius hearing of the burning of Sardis and that the Athenians were a party in it, determined from that time to make war on Greece: and lest he should forget his resolution, ordered his officers to repeat to him every day at dinner three times; "Remember the Athenians." In the burning of Sardis, the temple of Cybele was accidentally consumed, which served the Persians as a pretext for destroying the temples of Greece. Darius quickly pursued his purpose, and led an army of 100,000 at the lowest computation, some have said 600,000 men, into Attica to annihilate, as he might well suppose, the power of Athens, a single city with a very inconsiderable territory, whose utmost exertions could not raise more than 10,000 men. But Darius had here to encounter a very different enemy to those he had conquered with so much ease: it was now, perhaps, that was first proved the immense superiority of moral over physical force; for such we must consider the successes of the Greeks of this period in unequal battles. We defer to the history of Greece the account of the battle of Marathon: the Persians returned defeated to their country, leaving on the field the marble they had brought thither to erect the trophy of expected victory; of which the Athenian Phidias wrought a statue in honour of the goddess Nemesis, the punisher of unjust actions.

The defeat of Marathon was to Darius a new incentive to revenge, and he prepared to renew in person the invasion of Greece. Three years were spent in active preparation; but a revolt in Egypt obliged him to divide his forces, while a dispute at home for some time delayed his march. According to an ancient custom

of Persia, the king was obliged, before he set out on an expedition, to settle the succession to the crown, that in case of his death no confusion might ensue. Darius had three sons by his first wife, born before his accession to the throne, and four by Atossa, the daughter of Cyrus, whom he married at his accession. The first born of both these families claimed the crown—the one because he was the eldest son, and therefore by the law of all nations to be preferred—the other because he was the grandson of Cyrus, the founder of the empire; and also because he was the eldest son of the king, the other having been born while Darius was but a private man. This latter plea was supported by the example of the Lacedæmonians, who excluded from the succession the children born before their father was raised to the throne, if he had any born afterwards. These reasons seemed good to Darius, and Xerxes the eldest son of Atossa, the daughter of Cyrus, was appointed to succeed him.

All was now ready for the Greek expedition, when Darius died in the 76th year of his reign. This prince is much commended by antiquity for his wisdom, clemency, and justice. He is named in holy writ as a friend of God's people and a promoter of his worship in Jerusalem. A long reign and great prosperity were the reward of his wisdom: for though he failed in his expeditions against the Scythians and the Greeks, enemies hitherto unproved by the armies of Asia, he was every where else successful; having restored and settled the empire of Cyrus, so greatly shaken by the misrule of Cambyses, and added to it some rich and extensive conquests, namely India, Thrace, Macedonia, and the Ionian Islands. B. C. 485.

**REFLECTIONS**  
**ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.**

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*All these things are against me.*—GEN. xlii. 36.

IT did indeed appear so—Joseph was gone, and Simeon was gone, and Benjamin was to be taken also—the bereaved parent thought he had indeed a right to call himself unfortunate. All these things are against me, is the cry of humanity from one end of creation to the other. If we might take them on their words, the blind goddess of heathenism, or the blinder chance of modern scepticism, could scarcely rule the world so ill as the Christian believes it to be governed by Him, who all discerns and all directs, and, as we profess to think, puts nothing from his hands to be directed by another. The unrighteous, who refuse to put their trust in him, being no sharers in the pledge that he has given, have no reason to expect that all things will work their good—all things, even their good things, are against them, so long as God is not for them. But of them, who send forth this cry from hearts where God is worshipped as supreme, from lips that have acknowledged him our sole dependence, must it not be said that they charge their Maker with most strange misrule. Nothing is as it should be—that which happens now, had better have happened at some other time—that which comes to us in one form, would have been better for us had it come in any other—under other circumstances we could have been content—without certain aggravations we could have borne it—at any other time we would not have complained—but every thing happens wrong, and all things are against us. Shame to the lips that say so, professing meantime to know that it is God who governs. Shame on the language that is in use among us, charging our Maker with perpetual error,

and while acknowledging on the whole, that he wills us only good, and that all things happen as he wills, of every individual occurrence declares that it could not have happened worse, and is altogether the worst for us that it could be. Then either God is false, or he is powerless, or he mistakes. Let us consider Jacob and be reproved. While all things seemed so adverse, what good, what joy was God preparing for him: if any circumstance of all that seemed against him had been other than it was, the chain had been unlinked, and the happy issue prevented. When, in the peaceful termination of his earthly course, Jacob looked back upon the steps that led to it, how must he have reproached himself for his mistrust, and felt ashamed for his complaint. The Christian may not find a resting place from sorrow, till he reaches the Paradise of souls departed—but if from thence he be enabled to look back upon the path that he has come, he will see nothing in the retrospect so disgraceful, so absurd, as his own impeachment of divine wisdom in the events that befell him by the way.

*They told you there should be mockers in the last time.*

JUDE — 18.

NOTHING is so misplaced, so irrational as ridicule, idle mockery of religion. Reason may have its arguments, reflection may have its doubts, seriousness may have its feelings—but levity can have nothing to do with a subject, that whether we find in it right or wrong, or truth or falsehood, must be a serious one. If there be hypocrisy, it is a serious vice—if there be delusion, it is a serious error—if there be an eternity at all, its happiness or misery must be a most serious alternative—whether there be an eternity or not, must be a most serious, a most awful consideration. He that can jest upon such a subject shows a want of rational perception, that one should scarcely believe, in beings capable of feeling and reflection, if it were not so very common. Religion, our relationship with the Deity, and



our eternal destiny, may appear to us a subject above our reach, and therefore not to be meddled with; or it may appear a matter so plain and easy, that we need not take any trouble about it. We may think ourselves so good that we need no mending; or we may think God so good, he will bear with us as we are—we may think life too short to have its pleasures interrupted by anticipations of what may succeed it; or too long to make it necessary to begin to anticipate already. In short, there are a thousand errors and absurdities that, though they are such, may be seriously entertained; but to make a jest and a sport of subjects so intensely serious, so immensely important, is the perverseness of a mind insane; and on any other subject of equal importance, if there could be any such, it would be considered so. But frequency has familiarised us with what would else surprise; persons who in no other wise would like to appear unfeeling, unreflecting, irrational, are not ashamed, in speaking of religion and its important details, to indulge in a lightness and carelessness of speech, that in the eyes of the thoughtful and the feeling would disgrace them, were it used in speaking of the concerns of their families, their country, or any of the graver interests of life.

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IN vain he lifteth up the eye of his heart to behold his God, who is not first rightly advised to behold himself. First, thou must see the visible things of thyself before thou canst be prepared to know the invisible things of God; for, if thou canst not apprehend the things within thee, thou canst not comprehend the things above thee: the best looking-glass wherein to see thy God, is perfectly to see thyself.

HUGO.

*Faites tous vos efforts afin qu'il vous trouve sans tâche et sans reproche dans la paix.*—II. PIERRE iii. 14.

LE vice a une relation intime avec les penchans de l'homme. La vertu au contraire y est directement

opposée. Dès que vous cesserez de travailler à retenir ce qui est opposé à vos penchans, dès lors ce qui est naturel reprendra son cours. Vous portez au dedans de vous, si j'ose ainsi dire, un ouvrier d'iniquité, qui ne cesse de travailler au funeste ouvrage de votre corruption. Cet ouvrier c'est le vieil homme. Tous les jours il fait de nouveaux progrès, tous les jours il vous confirme dans le vice, tous les jours il fortifie l'attachement que vous avez pour les biens sensibles, tous les jours il serre les noeuds qui vous attachent à la terre : si vous n'opposerez travail à travail, reflexion à reflexion, motif à motif, progrès à progrès, vous en serez surmontés. Et c'est dans ses reflexions que nous trouvons de quoi répondre à une objection que vous ne cessiez de ramener, lorsque l'on condamne ces dissipations éternelles, ces jeux excessifs, ces spectacles réitérés, qui consomment une si grande partie de votre vie. Vous ne cessez d'alleguer que la Religion n'est pas établie pour mettre l'homme à la gêne, mais pour le conduire à la raison ; que l'Evangile n'est pas contraire à mille plaisirs qui nous sont offerts dans la société, et qu'après tous les choses que nous condamnons sont des choses indifférentes. Je le veux que cette Religion ne condamne pas les plaisirs. Je veux même, que ceux dont nous vous entretenons soient indifférents par leur nature ; qu'il n'y ait ni faux rapports, ni médisance, ni calomnie dans vos conversations ; ni fraude, ni blasphème, ni intérêt sordide dans vos jeux ; ni maxime relâchée, ni profanation, ni impureté dans vos spectacles ; je vous accorde tout cela. Il est pourtant toujours certain qu'à mesure que l'homme nouveau suspend son ouvrage, le vieil homme avance le sien. Il est pourtant toujours certain, que lorsqu'un discours de Religion, par exemple, a fait quelque impression sur vos cœurs, lorsqu'il a ému le tiède, lorsqu'il a effrayé l'impénitent, ces objets divers, au milieu desquels vous allez vous répandre, effacent ces impressions ; et que s'ils n'ajoutent de nouveaux crimes

à vos crimes, ils vous ramènent du moins au premier état de corruption, dont vous sembliez prêts à sortir.

SAURIN.

## LECTURES

ON OUR

## SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

### LECTURE THE FIFTEENTH.

*Moreover, when ye fast, be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast: verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But thou when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face: that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.*—**MATT. vi. 16—18.**

HAVING already in our Lectures on the Lord's Prayer gone through the preceding verses, and fully spoken on the subject of prayer in general, we now pass over that portion of the sermon, and proceed to consider the succeeding verses.

The subject of fasting is one of which we now hear but little, and the practice of it, as far as we are informed, is very much relinquished even among the most pious of our church and country. The length to which superstition sometime carried this practice, the proud claims of merit and superior sanctity that were grounded upon it, and then the absurd evasions of an admitted duty, by substituting one sort of food for another, and making a repast quite as luxurious though of a different kind, very naturally brought the practice into ridicule and disrepute, and perhaps was the occasion of its disuse in protestant churches. Still it cannot be denied that fasting is an

express command of Scripture, frequently repeated; that it was the practice of the early Christian church; and that it is an admitted duty if not a positive requisition of our own. All that can be questioned, therefore, of this duty, is what sort of fasting is enjoined of God, and, under existing circumstances, most acceptable to him. God had enjoined on the Israelites their fasts and their feasts, and yet he declares that they are an abomination to him, and bids them rather do justice to the oppressed and let the prisoner go free—a fast more acceptable to him than their heartless observances. So also in the Gospel dispensation, he declares, that the rending he requires is of the heart and not the garment—the mortification is of the sinful propensities of our nature, not of our natural appetites. The explanation thus given by our Lord himself of his own positive command, is doubtless that of which Christians avail themselves, to dispense with a practice in which they find no spiritual advantage—taking the precept rather in the intention than in the letter. Fasting was never meant of Heaven to be either an expiatory penance or a meritorious service; though the corruptions of a false religion have made of it both. The former it could not be—for death, temporal and eternal is the penalty of every sin, and no commutation for offences was ever proposed, excepting the blood of the Redeemer, Jesus Christ—without it no expiation can be accepted—with it none is needed. The latter it could not be—for of what merit in the sight of God can be the needless suffering of his creatures. Suffering is abhorrent to his nature, it is grievous to his goodness—the offspring of the sin he hates. He created all things to enjoy—when they began to suffer, it was the perversion, not the purpose of his work. He decrees it as a punishment, he inflicts it as a cure—but it is not acceptable, it is not pleasing to him. The mortification, therefore, of those animal propensities himself has given, and has given therewith such ample means to gratify, cannot be a thing meritorious in itself—without some

good purpose to motive it, is rather the contravening of his own bountiful designs.

When men believed that by days of fasting they could expiate years of sin, or merit favour of him who could bestow ages of enjoyment, it is no wonder they so strictly, and often to absurd excess, obeyed this Scriptural precept. But the fast being really intended, as we believe, for our own spiritual good—to withdraw our minds from the sensual delights that engross them, to put a temporary check upon our earthliness, and bring us nearer heaven—to prove our willingness to postpone the lesser to the greater good—to elevate and free the spirit, by subduing the inclinations of the flesh that cumber it—to bow down, in short, our natural inclinations to the will of God—we may well pause and consider in what manner this purpose of the fast can best be answered. These words of our Lord convey certainly no command to fast—but they imply that it was an acknowledged duty, and was to be continued by his disciples, since he addresses them on the manner of performing it. While, therefore, common sense and the very use and purpose of the command, deprecate the abstinence that by enfeebling the body unfits it alike for duty or devotion, or the farcical evasion that ascribes to certain days their certain meats, neither less luxurious nor differing in effects, we should be much too presumptuous were we to ridicule or despise that abstinence from food on certain occasions, which some Christians have thought it their duty to observe, finding, doubtless, their devotions assisted and their spirits purified thereby. We may be assured there can be in Scripture no superfluous precept, no obsolete command. In some sense the fast of spiritual devotion is certainly required of us—some sacrifice of our natural desires to our spiritual improvement—some restraint upon our animal propensities when they interfere with our religious duties—some deferring of the enjoyments of time and sense, for the better enjoyment of communion with God, and the

purser foretaste of celestial bliss. It is easy to perceive that what in this sense would be advantageous to the devotion of one, would be prejudicial to that of another—and that there may be sacrifices of inclination far more essential than that of a meal we scarcely desire—preparations for devotion far more effectual than an abstinence that might render us altogether unfit for it. Without, therefore, censuring the practices of any, we leave all to determine for themselves what is the measure or the kind of fast required of them, and turn our attention to the immediate words of the divine Preacher, which without any reference to the duty or design of fasting, have regard only to the manner and the motive of it: and whatever fasting in our interpretation means—whatever be the privations we endure, the sacrifices we make, the self-denial we practise, the propensities we subdue, the desires we restrain for conscience and religion's sake, this precept of our Lord will equally apply—it is one of wide and universal application—let all be to God alone—a secret between ourselves and him to whom the sacrifice is offered.

The austerities of Popish superstition, false in general in their motive, and mistaken always in their object, have passed away, in a great measure, we believe, even from the religion in which they most prevailed. The resolution with which men deprived themselves of temporal advantages for the sake of gaining advantages they preferred, became beggars that they might govern kings, and sacrificed all personal convenience and sensual indulgence for the sake of that spiritual influence they valued so much above them, has scarcely now whereon to feed itself: the self-abasing path to self-aggrandizement is almost closed, and men will not be hypocrites for nothing. In the growing light of truth, felt even where yet resisted, has faded too those half beautiful, half sad results of genuine humility and contrition—beautiful, in magnanimous endurance and the honest sacrifice of every selfish feeling to imagined duty—sad,

in the wasted suffering of the devotee, and the dishonour done to a bountiful and loving God, by such unfitting service. With these have also passed the affectations of puritanical precision—the easier price at which a reputation of sanctity was to be sometime purchased. The hair cut to a prescribed length, the countenance drawn out to an expression of unfelt sadness, the speech schooled to the phraseology of a party, are as much obsolete as the scourge of the papist or the starvation of the anchorite—they are no longer the guise of hypocrisy or the dress of genuine piety. As a warning against the exhibition of self-denial as a means of earthly distinction, the words of our Lord can scarcely apply to us at this period: as a form of hypocrisy such display has no existence amongst us—as mistaken zeal but very little. Our danger seems rather to be on the other side. The light of Gospel truth has shined so brightly upon us, the mercy of the Gospel has poured on us so abundantly, we see the means of salvation so clearly with that light, and enjoy the freedom of it so fully by that mercy, that self-indulgence has become a more likely bias in the Christian character, than needless austerity—and the characters with which real piety no longer stamps itself, will certainly not be assumed as the counterfeit of hypocrisy. Yet in this text, especially in the second clause of it, we think we read an admonition full of most powerful meaning to the genuine Christian, and to him only.

“Thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast.” The spiritual Christian, with respect to the world around him, observes in some sense a perpetual fast. For conscience sake he abstains from many things in which others indulge themselves, because he esteems them sinful in the eyes of God, or beneath the dignity of an immortal spirit, or prejudicial to the devotional frame of mind he desires to cultivate. Of things innocent and harmless, he partakes more moderately than others, because he has less time

to spare to them from higher and better objects. He does not, indeed, forego the animal enjoyments that are fitted to his lower nature, and intended, as their divine bestowment proves, to be reasonably indulged—he has no need—for his Father has given him all things richly to enjoy: but there are aliments the natural mind desires as eagerly as the appetite its meats, which the Christian habitually endeavours to deny himself. The indulgence his resentment hungers for—the gratification his pride demands—the restless cravings of his never-sated selfishness—the pleasant things on which, in defection from God's spiritual commands, his earthliness has fed itself, till absorbed, and clouded, and debased, and become gross by its base nutriment, he has almost lost the perception of his spiritual nature and the immortality for which he was designed—these are things unworthy and unlovely in themselves, and yet by sin made grateful, and by habit made necessary, till it needs more effort to forego them, and more watchfulness to restrain them, than ever to the voluptuary to abridge his food or delay his craving appetites. Such fast the Christian habitually keeps, or essays at least to do so; but in keeping it—in that holy abstinence from sin in which so many around him indulge themselves, may it not be that he sometimes overlooks this precept of our Lord—forgets to “anoint his head and wash his face that he appear not to men to fast?”

It is to the best of the earth that this appropriation of the text can alone be made—the careless and cold-hearted in religion need it not. To those whose minds are newly awakened to spiritual feelings, who have entered upon what seems to them, and is, a new existence—who have but now discovered that there are higher enjoyments than the toys of folly, and deeper interests than the fleeting cares of time, it is worthy of most particular attention. Under the first impulse of an awakened mind, there is the strongest inducement to neglect the external forms and proprieties of life. Ashamed of the too much



importance before attached to them—prone ever to extremes, we are for trampling under foot the idols we have so long bowed down to and worshipped. Preoccupied, elevated, engrossed by higher pleasures, we may, even unintentionally, forget these small externals, and neglect them without perceiving it. When times of deeper though less vivacious feeling take place of these first ebullitions of new-born piety, other causes begin to operate to the same effect. Bowed down, humiliated, discouraged often under the sore burden of unvanquished sin, weary of its own weakness, sick of its own falseness, the storms of temptation bursting over head, the waves unstable, and yielding beneath the feet—startled, trembling, hesitating at every step—doubting, like Peter, whether to go forward at our Master's bidding, or to stop and perish—there is enough, indeed, to make the countenance sad, too faithful interpreter of the bosom's secrets. Peter, when he walked the waters, and began to sink—David, when he lay all night upon the ground in mourning for the child his sin had forfeited—the children of the captivity, when they braved the seven-times heated furnace, could have had small mind to enquire what men might think of them, or give regard to the trifling effects of manner or appearance. In some small measure, trials such as these are the portion of every believing spirit. The unbelieving cannot perceive the conflict—he would not understand it if he did—and with too rash conclusion, deems that the cloud upon the Christian's brow, the sadness upon his countenance, the neglect of some small observances, are either the rigid penance imposed by the hard master he is known to serve, or an affectation of sanctified austerity, little recommendatory of the religion he professes. The world must abide the consequences of its unjust judgment, and the eagerness with which it charges on the Lord the servant's infirmities—most fearful evidence of its disposition towards him. But surely since things are so, it becomes eminently the duty of every Christian, whatever effort it

may sometimes cost him, to maintain an habitual cheerfulness of manner, and attention to the customs of society and the proprieties of life, in things innocent and harmless, though not perhaps important. It would be shame to an earthly Lord, that his train should appear in sad liveries, with meagre countenances, and downcast looks, and a heavier tread, where all besides are gay, and well fed, and well caparisoned. Should the servants of Christ, the giver of every thing on earth, be the only persons who do not seem to fare well there? Should the children of the household be distinguished in it by the sadness of their expression, the unseemly negligence of their persons, the untamed rudeness of their manners? Surely their Lord shall have shame by them, if the slaves of time and sense be found ever more light hearted, more agreeable, more cultivated, more refined, more engaging in their manners, and happy in their minds, than they who, by an especial profession of religion, range themselves under his banners.

We know the much that may be said, and the more that is felt about giving attention to those exterior trifles, those ornamentals of existence, that have reference and connexion with this life only—and we know how selfishness comes in, in a new and happier disguise, to cast her deceptive weight into the scale. For we must remember that self has now changed sides. A mind that is really engrossed with high and spiritual joys, must make a painful descent ere it can enter into the occupations and interests of ordinary life. The taste that has learned to find gratification in religious reading and devotional exercises, or the active duties of benevolence, does but please itself by indulging contempt for mental improvement and neglect of personal propriety; even as the penitent who should be really fasting in sackcloth and ashes, his abstinence yet unfinished, his spirit yet abased, must be at some trouble to arise and anoint his hair, and wash his face, and go forth in such cheerful

guise, that no man might discover how he had been employed. Self would say nay to it.

We are aware—and who is not that is mindful of what is passing in their own bosoms?—how much greater our danger on the other side. We all have sometime loved the world too much, given too much regard to its opinions, been influenced too much by its habits: again and again we have run ourselves into this danger, and like children scarred and suffering from the burn, we tremble to approach the fires into which we have so often fallen. And there is reason; and if needs be we must proclaim to ourselves a fast from our most natural and most innocent pursuits, when we find them tending to corrupt our principles and obscure our faith. But the world need not be made a party to the fast—a harsh, austere manner, a downcast and careful look, an offensive negligence of appearance, need not be the accompaniments of our self-imposed abstinence. Whatever we give up, let it seem we do it cheerfully—whatever we suffer, let it appear we bear it willingly—whatever we do, let us be observed to do it gladly. Is there not a cause? Is any thing we can part from worth a sigh compared to the eternal weight of glory, for the sake of which we part from it? Is any pain or sorrow that may be laid on us received by us as other than a wholesome medicine, administered of mercy for our cure? Is any thing we are called upon to do, other than a task that angels in heaven would delight in, since it is the will of him they serve? The only real ill a Christian knows, is the burthen of his own conscious sin—and even in this there is such a countervailing sense of our Redeemer's amazing love, such perception of the benefits of his grace, such increasing value for the gift of life in him, in exact proportion as we feel the desert of death in ourselves, that here even, heavy as in secret lies the loathed burden, warm as in secret fall the tears of penitence, there may be, without hypocrisy, a smile upon the brow of piety—emblem

of the seal invisible that God has set on the children of his love.

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## THE LISTENER.—No. XXVIII.

MR. LISTENER,

HAVING observed with much concern the ill success of your researches after CONSISTENCY, and felt a growing impatience that the portrait was not produced, it came to my mind that I might assist you in the search, happening to be intimate with a family who are continually speaking of it, and that after the manner of a familiar acquaintance. The word being perpetually on their lips, I could not doubt but they were well acquainted with the thing, and perhaps could afford the very information you had sought so far in vain. Anxious now as ever to assist you, I proposed myself a short residence among them, not liking to expose my ignorance by directly asking for the information I wanted. Nothing could be more promising than the first aspect of things. With the first breath I drew in their abode, I seemed to inhale a love of this unknown—and so contagious is example, that before many days had elapsed, I found it impossible to express myself on any subject without using the word. It is a delightful word—it will do for any thing—with the help of a small negation it will stand for sin, or folly, or falsehood, or treachery, or caprice, or infidelity, or any thing within the whole compass of moral defectibility. Whenever a fool committed folly, we said he was not consistent—when the false-hearted did one thing and professed another, we said they were not consistent—when the selfish betrayed their friends to serve themselves, we said they were not consistent—in short, whenever a sinner, under any form, committed sin, we said he was not consistent. I was delighted—for in all the languages I had learned, I

never found a word so universally applicable. But most of all was it valuable to designate those nameless discrepancies in our friends which all are quick to perceive, but no one can readily describe. We were no slanderers, and would not for worlds have said those who did not please were false, or ignorant, or disagreeable, or any thing that perhaps they might not be—but we could always say they were Inconsistent, without danger of contradiction: and we did say so of every one who had the misfortune to come within our observation. In one respect, at least, we obeyed the spirit of the Christian precept—for we treated our enemies in this matter to the full as well as our friends. Among the abundant examples and countless uses of this term, I know not where to select for your information—any instance I may give you, can be but one of thousands.

We were just rid of some evening visitors with whom we had spent several hours in the rapid interchange of most polite discourse. They had said every thing that language can express, in praise of all that was in the house, or about the house, or within ken of any of the windows—and the ladies, my companions, had given back to the full the measure they had meted. If they said our drawings or fancy works were beautiful, we said they were nothing in comparison with theirs: if they praised our musick, we were surprised that they, who were used to so much better, should be so very kind as to listen to it. We said their children were the largest, and their dogs the smallest, and their jewels the brightest, and their words the wisest, in the known world—for aught I knew, it might be so, for they were strangers to me. As soon as they were gone, Miss Sarah said with a sigh—“What dreadful flatterers those people are—and they swallow it as willingly as they bestow it. There is no way of pleasing them, but by the grossest compliments. They are very false: I know exactly what they mean when they admire any thing—

they only want you to say that something of theirs is better. I make a point of saying so directly, because I know they will be disappointed if I do not."

"Are they very superior people?" I asked.—"O by no means; they understand nothing, they praise every thing and every body alike, they think flattery must please others because it pleases them, and so they bestow it as liberally as they desire it."

"There is at least good nature in the intention."

"If they were more consistent in their good nature: but they will not continue to praise us in our absence, I doubt."

If they do, thought I, we shall have better than requital at their hands: but we were quite agreed that it was inconsistent to flatter people in their presence and speak ill of them the moment they were gone.

"I wish," said Matilda one morning with reference to a lady who had just made her first visit at the house, "I wish Miss N.'s conduct was more consistent. If I knew nothing of her I should be greatly taken with her manner and conversation this morning: I should really think her very sensible and serious——"

"And how do you know she is not?" I asked, interrupting her.

"One can only judge the tree by its fruits, and her conduct is so very inconsistent."

"In what way do you mean?"

"I really do not exactly know; I have very little acquaintance with her; I have avoided it because I think such people dangerous: but I have heard many things of her not at all consistent with a religious character. It is very easy to talk and profess, but when one knows she does not mean what she says, there is danger in having the form of godliness without the power."

I admitted the justness of this remark, but still desired to know wherein Miss N. stood more exposed than others to this danger; for I had been much pleased with her conversation in the short visit she made us. Urged again, Matilda said Miss N. wore feathers, which she

thought not consistent with the sobriety of dress that becomes a Christian—then she had heard she went into gay company; she did not know if it was true, but she supposed it was; she often saw her speaking to people of that sort—the Scriptures had required us not to be conformed to the fashions of the world. I thought the Scriptures had also commanded us not to speak evil one of another, nor to judge one another, but I did not make the remark.

“I have heard,” continued Matilda—“I do not remember where I heard it—but I know I heard it from somebody—that she is not particularly strict in the observance of the Sabbath—it is impossible a person can be a child of God and break his positive commandments.”

I thought it was one of the positive commandments that we should not bear false witness against our neighbours. But I made no remark, at this time not quite agreeing with my friend—for, if Matilda did not know what she said to be false, she did not know it to be true; and if it was true, she had only assumed what she began with asserting, that Miss N. professed what she did not mean. How did Matilda know what Miss N. professed? In our recent conversation, confessedly the first she ever had with her, I am certain she had not professed not to wear feathers, or not to go into company; and supposing Matilda did not profess to speak no evil, and bear no false-witness, I considered that however wrong I might consider them, both or either, I could not well apply to them my favourite word—a great disappointment to me.

Seated at tea in the balcony of our house, we were conversing one evening on a melancholy occurrence in a family of the neighbourhood, in which a young person had been reduced to a state of deep and morbid melancholy, by the effects of long-protracted anxiety, ending in severe and remediless affliction. It came to be considered in the course of conversation, how far such a result was consistent with religious submission to the will of Heaven. It was very sapiently proved, that by a mind entirely de-

tached from the things of earth, the loss of earthly things could not consistently be felt—that a mind entirely trusting in the wisdom and power of God, could not consistently suffer from anxiety—that a mind totally acquiescent in the will of God, could not consistently feel regret at the dispensations of Providence—and, above all, that where no loss, or anxiety, or regret could be felt, the mind could not consistently be deranged by them. These were truths beyond all controversy, and we were thence successfully going on to deduce the inconsistency of this helpless sufferer in particular, and of every body else in general, ourselves excepted, when the rolling of distant thunder in the horizon announced a coming storm, called off our attention, and turned the conversation. The storm arose. The young ladies became desperately frightened—they did not know for what, but lest some harm should happen to themselves, or somebody or something that belonged to them. When I endeavoured to sooth them by assurance that no ill would happen, they grew angry. How could I be sure of that? Lightning often kills people—wind often blows houses down—people sometimes lose their eyes or their hearing in a thunder storm—in short, they thought it quite wicked not to be frightened when there was danger, and distressed when there might be suffering, to others if not to ourselves. The storm subsided—but not so the fears. They had now indeed a definite object; very considerable damage was supposed to have been done on a distant part of the coast, where they had property, and they might possibly be very material losers by the accident. Gloom, fretfulness, and anxiety pervaded the house through all that night and the succeeding day. With the hopefulness generally experienced by the uninterested spectator of others' anxieties, I represented to them every probability or possibility, reasonable or unreasonable, that their property might not have been injured—but they persisted in expecting the worst, in rejecting all palliations of the possible mischief. They would not eat—they would not



sleep—they would not divert their minds by employment, or relieve themselves by conversation: and when they thought they perceived in me an opinion that they showed more uneasiness than was warranted by a yet uncertain ill, and more impatience under an imagined loss, than might have been reasonable even under a known one, they observed that to be less anxious than they were, would be unnatural, insensible, impossible—in short, inconsistent with common sense. It did not happen to us at that time to renew the conversation of the balcony—of minds detached from earth—of trust that could not be shaken—of acquiescence that could not be moved—of that self-possession, in short, that could not be disturbed in a devoted and well-regulated mind.

Among our intimate acquaintance there was one young person whose liveliness of manner and buoyancy of spirits made her the life of her family and the zest of every company she happened to mix with. She went gaily and cheerfully about every task that circumstance or choice imposed—she spoke of every thing with playful vivacity, and did every thing with an air of confident expectation: meet her when you would or where you would, there was always brightness in her eye and a smile on her brow, and activity and enjoyment in her whole demeanour. We allowed that this was agreeable, we confessed great pleasure in her society—but we could not approve her character—it was not consistent for a Christian to be always so light-hearted. The pilgrim, the penitent, the culprit, the suppliant dependent on Almighty pity, the combatant struggling through unequal warfare, the prodigal as yet almost a stranger in his home, the meek, the mournful, and the broken-hearted, emblems by which the Deity has described his people, are characters, we said, that consist not with so much gaiety and lightness of spirits, such sanguine, cheerful, fearless animation.

There was another on whose brow the shade of pensiveness for ever sat supreme—she seemed to be always

feeling, one might have said always suffering—if there ever came a smile on her features, it was gone, ere you could be sure you saw it there—if there ever escaped from her a word of jest, the sigh came so quickly after, you felt forbidden to remark it: the liquid eye and changeful colour spoke intensity of feeling—but even in her feeling there was a stillness imperturbable—in her very pleasures, if she knew any, there was a tone of melancholy. Her affectionate softness we felt was lovely, her gentle sadness interesting: we could even have loved her, had we not seen her so very inconsistent. A Christian who professes, as we supposed she did, to have found a real and substantial bliss in grateful anticipation of eternal joy, ought never to be melancholy—habitual sadness, an air of habitual suffering, was not consistent with the security, and peace, and joy, offered in the Gospel to the believer, and professedly accepted by him.

There was a third person whose busy, bustling, babbling nature, happily set in motion by a disposition to good, was for ever talking and for ever doing—from sun-rise to sun-set she was to be seen in motion—assisting every body, exhorting every body, teaching every body—sometimes laden with books to give away, sometimes with work to be done, or clothes to be bestowed—her tables were strewn with tracts and baby-linen—her basket was filled with preserves and cough-mixtures—nobody could live without her assistance, nobody could die without her administration—it almost seemed that nobody could go to heaven without her guidance. The days were too short for what she had to do—the hours were not long enough for what she had to say—her busy head was always devising something—her bustling step was always pursuing something—her rapid finger was always making something—her tongue outstripped them all; and of all, good was the object, and benevolence the motive. Her name was written in every record of humanity, and sounded on every tongue,

and engraven doubtless in many a grateful heart—but we did not like her, because she was not, as we said, altogether consistent—while engaged so much abroad, domestick piety was overlooked—while hurried up and down in perpetual activity of benevolence, private devotion must be neglected; there could be no time for reading or reflection; the religion of the closet was of more avail than all this bustle, and more consistent with the genuine spirit of the Gospel.

A fourth friend we had of an opposite character. She was never to be found taking part in the institutions of benevolence, or joining in public exertions for the propagation of truth. She was not known as the instructor of the ignorant or the comforter of the afflicted; she was not known to belong to institutions or societies; she was very seldom heard to speak upon religion, and was very seldom seen in religious society. In private only might her piety be detected—in the peace and holiness that reigned in her family—the devotion that seemed to have its favourite dwelling in her closet—the silent study of the truth—the firm abiding by its precepts—the regulation of her temper by its laws—the tone, in short, of her whole feelings, habits, and desires, perceived though untold, betrayed rather than exhibited. It was necessary to know her intimately to perceive all this—we knew it, but it did not please us. If she was pious in heart and devoted in private, why did she not come forward? Why did she not join with others of like feelings, and do as they do? It was not consistent that one who really loved the truth should be supinely indifferent about its propagation—one who really feels must talk and act, must be anxious to impart what she knows and disclose what she enjoys—a barren and unproductive faith, so difficult to discover and so fruitless, could not be consistent Christianity.

There was a fifth, whom birth and circumstances had accustomed to all the elegancies and luxuries of life. A refined mind, a cultivated taste, and delicate habits, all con-

spired to make these things valuable and needful to her; and it was evident they were valued and enjoyed. She was nice in her dress, expensive in her establishment, stylish in the arrangements of her household. Her we condemned at once: so much indulgence and display and care for things exterior, was not consistent with humility, self-denial, and renunciation of the world.

A sixth, who in a station of equal elevation and with equal means, was neglectful of appearances, homely in her habits, indifferent to the distinctions of society, whether from inclination or from conscientious self-abasement, received from us no kinder judgment. It was not consistent in people of rank to look like housemaids, to live like peasants, to contravene the arrangements of providence, by levelling the distinctions of rank and circumstance.

These, and such as these, are but instances of our ample success, in finding all our neighbours guilty of inconsistency. In the full enjoyment of these discoveries, there came athwart me, Mr. Listener, the recollection of your paper, well-nigh forgotten, and of my wish to help you. After all our talk about Consistency, and the want of Consistency, and the beauty of Consistency, where was the idea the word had stood for? Within me and around me I began to search for it. In my own mind I could find nothing like an idea upon the subject—I had applied the word so indiscriminately, to such a heterogeneous multitude of things, from the careless dropping of an unweighed word, to the crime of grossest malignity, it was impossible for any definition of the term, or any one idea to comprehend the whole. Around me—alas! in reiterating the charge of inconsistency on others, had we not amply proved it in ourselves?

## CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

## CONVERSATION IV.

## Rocks—their Characters and Classification.

MATILDA.—I am impatient to proceed with our study, and to be informed what is the first known covering of the unknown Nucleus we were speaking of in our last conversation; for I see you are beginning at the centre and proceeding upwards. Is that the usual course?

MRS. L.—Generally, but not always. In the excellent Geological treatise of Messrs. Conybeare and Phillips, with which you will hereafter be acquainted, the contrary method is pursued, and the various substances of which the earth is composed are traced from the surface downward. I preferred the other course as calculated to convey a clearer idea of the whole—the more internal substances seem to be the more simple, and, strictly speaking, the first, since they are the foundation and support of all the rest, and, as we believe, the earliest formation.

ANNE.—You now, Mama, speak of *Rocks*, as distinct I suppose from Minerals and Earths—but I should like to clear my ideas upon the subject by having the term exactly defined.

MRS. L.—That is not easy. The compilers of systems, as Macculloch observes, have been divided respecting the substances to which the title of Rocks should be applied. I have told you that Minerals are distinguished from Rocks by not forming large masses, but being dispersed among others: keeping this difference in mind, together with the popular meaning of the term Rock, which is very well understood, I do not think you can be much misled in the use of the word. “The characters by which Rocks are distinguished from each other, are their

Structure, Texture, Fracture, Hardness, Frangibility, Lustre, Transparency, Action of Acids, Specific Gravity, and Colour"—characters that I shall briefly explain to you now, to prevent interruption hereafter. Structure is either External or Internal. The External Structure of a Rock is the form of the mass in which it is found, whether in large irregular masses, as the Rocks of Granite we shall presently describe, or in Strata, Nodules, Veins, &c. explained to you in a former conversation. The Internal Structure of a Rock is described in terms I must endeavour in some way to explain, though I am aware of difficulty in defining them. A Rock is said to be of a Laminar, Lamellar, Foliated, or Schistose Structure, when it is disposed to divide, either by force or the action of the weather, into plates—or when it has the appearance of being made up of parallel plates without actually splitting. These plates may be either straight or curved, or in various ways contorted—they may be of the thickness of yards or as thin as paper—the terms will still apply. Slate will readily occur to you as an example of this structure. Granite is so also—but on so large a scale, that you could only observe it by examining the Rocks as they stand. There is some small difference in the three last terms, but to attempt to distinguish them now would only embarrass you. The term Laminar is made to include them all.

The Prismatic Structure is when the Rock assumes the form of Prisms or Columns, composed of lines and angles, that give it almost an appearance of architectural uniformity, or as if art had come in with her tools to shape the productions of nature. The famous Basaltic Rocks of the Giant's Causeway, of which you have doubtless seen drawings, are an example of this on the large scale. The forms and shapes are endlessly variable, but you may, I think, form a general idea of the structure. The action of air or other circumstances will frequently wear away the edges and angles of rocks of this form, so as to make them assume the appearance of a Spheroidal Struc-

ture—a term you may understand as including all that are not either Laminar or Prismatic.

The Structure is said to be Veined, when veins of the same substance, or slightly differing from it in hardness, colour, &c. run through the mass: Cavernous, or Cancellated, when full of holes or channels: Amygdaloidal, when these cavities are filled with mineral substances foreign to the Rock: Aggregate, when different kinds of Rocks previously broken into fragments of various sizes, are reunited into one solid mass.

The Texture of Rocks is nearly the same thing as their Structure, and yet one word may be applied where the other cannot. I can tell the Texture of Granite by holding a small piece of it in my hand, I cannot perceive its Structure without seeing the rock itself: but most of the above terms, as well as those that follow, will apply both to the structure and texture.

A substance is called Granular or Crystalline, when grains of the same or different minerals are so closely aggregated as to destroy each other's form; so that though you clearly perceive the confused mixture of separate pieces, you cannot determine the shape of any.

Porphyritic, is when distinct though minute crystals, of one or more substances, are imbedded in another compact or granular substance: Fibrous when the appearance is stringy, or the crystals so long as to have the form of threads; the term indeed explains itself; the fibres may be parallel, or curved, or crossing and interlacing each other, or they may radiate as from a common centre. The term Scaly also explains itself; but we shall perceive that if the scales become very minute it will have a Granular Texture, if large a Laminal: Compact implies the absence of all the above forms; a substance in which there is no appearance of separate parts.

Another distinguishing character of Rocks is the Fracture, that is, the appearance of the surface when newly broken. Some substances will break even, others un-

even—that is, with elevations and depressions on the surface—others will break Conchoidal—that is, with one surface concave, the other convex—a succession of Conchoidal figures will produce an undulated surface—sometimes they will break Splintery, sometimes Hackly—which we should describe as the points or edges of splinters or fibres broken across. You will perceive, that in many cases the Fracture will be the same thing as the Texture.

The remaining character of Rocks are Hardness—a term entirely comparative, and therefore the degrees are not describable; it may be best judged of by the resistance offered to the point of a knife. Frangibility, the degree of resistance offered to a blow—some stone will break with a slight stroke—others will scarcely break by any force. The frangibility of a Rock will often depend on the quantity of water it contains—when taken from the interior of a mass, it will sometimes be extremely brittle, but become tough by a few days' exposure. Lustre is also comparative, and may be best estimated by the substance it most resembles in lustre: thus it may be called Plumbeous, Silky, Resinous, Vitreous, Flinty, or Waxy, according as its lustre resembles that of Lead, Glass, &c. Transparency is a word you well understand. Rock is never transparent; but a thin splinter of it may transmit light at the edges, and is then called Translucent. The Action of Acid upon substances is often a good method of distinguishing them; but this we cannot enter upon at present. Specific Gravity is another character, but not generally of use. Colour is not much to be depended on, being very variable, and the tints too indeterminate to be conveyed in words. Very frequently Mineral substances receive their colour from the various modifications of Iron intermixed with them. Still, though we cannot always well describe the Colour of Rocks, it is not to be disregarded, and our plates may assist you. Do you think you now understand the characters, or at least



their terms, by which Rocks are distinguished one from another?

ANNE.—I think so—here is a piece of Porphyry (*Fig. 1. Plate 3.*) let me try and describe it. The Texture I should say is Granular, but that beside the confused intermixture of different substances that form the base, there are distinct specks of white, as of crystals separate from the rest—this you call the Porphyritic Structure, and it is different from this piece of Granite, which is indistinctly grained throughout. The Fracture appears to me uneven, as I can by no means break it into a very smooth surface. It is very hard, for my knife makes no impression on it. As to the Frangibility, I broke the Granite with more ease than the Porphyry—but that, as you observed, might be accidental—it cost me some trouble to break either, therefore, I suppose, they are not remarkably Frangible. It is not in the least degree Transparent, so perhaps I may call it Opaque, though you did not use the word. As to the Specific Gravity, I have nothing by which to determine it, and you said it was not of much consequence—the Colour is reddish with white specks. As to the Structure, it is impossible for me to discover it by this small piece, so far removed from its native bed. Of the Action of Acids you have told me nothing—so that after all, if I did not know this to be a piece of Porphyry, I have but few tests by which to discover it.

MRS. L.—I expected you would come to that conclusion; but now you have seen what you know to be a piece of Porphyry, and have examined and described it thus, do you not think you would know it again if you saw it; and if it should happen to be green instead of red, should you not still be able at least to conjecture what it is?

ANNE.—I think I might.

MRS. L.—That is all you must at present expect. The examination of specimens, with attention to their distinctive characters, will by degrees make you familiar

with them. When two substances occur that nearly resemble each other, you must try to find the easiest test by which to know them apart: as in this instance you have observed one marked distinction between Granite and Porphyry, else not unlike each other in appearance. This is not the place for describing either; we shall recur to them; I merely wished now to ascertain if you understand our terms sufficiently to appreciate their meaning in future descriptions. You took no notice of the Lustre.

ANNE.—Because it is not all alike—some part shines, some does not,

MRS. L.—Exactly so—because Porphyry is composed of several substances, some of which are brilliant, others are not—therefore it would be difficult to give a word that might convey the degree of lustre on the whole: perhaps we might call it of a Flinty Lustre, if it were necessary to give it a name. But you see how little accurate these comparative words can be—you must expect your knowledge from experience and observation, rather than from words. In studying the composition of the earth's surface, some division or classification of subjects is necessary; but on this Geologists are not agreed. It is not of great importance which mode of division we adopt; but I should wish to prevent your being at a loss, should you take up a work that adopts a different mode, therefore must take some notice of these differences. The more usual division has been into three series of Rocks: the Primitive or Primary, the Transition, and the Secondary. This division arose from the supposition that the first Formation or Series were coeval with the creation of the world; that the second had resulted from the Deluge, or some great catastrophe occurring since the creation; while the third owed their formation to the partial revolutions and gradual changes taking place on the surface. If this were so, it would be the most natural division, and therefore the best; but that is by no means certain. If, therefore, I adopt it now, it is because it seems to me the easiest to understand. Other Geologists make but two divisions of

the three—including the Transition Class in the Primary; and as there is really no very definite line to be drawn between them, there is no reason against this arrangement: while others again call Secondary what we call Transition, and our Secondary they call the Floetz, or Flat Formation.

MATILDA.—Will not this difference cause us some confusion?

MRS. L.—I shall endeavour to prevent it as we proceed. As general remarks on these three series, each of which we are about to describe minutely, you may bear in mind that the Primary, supposed the most ancient, are generally found in huge masses or blocks, not regularly stratified, and in a vertical or upright position. They are mostly hard and durable, alike in their texture throughout, and composed of two or three ingredients blended together: the texture is generally crystalline, and they constitute the loftiest mountains. The Transition series, supposed to be next in antiquity, are less lofty than the former; they often present a slaty texture; seem to have been deposited in Strata or Layers, and these are seldom either vertical or horizontal, but inclined to the horizon, as I described to you in *Plate 1. Fig. 3.* The Secondary Rocks are nearly or altogether horizontal in their position—seem to be of more recent formation—are softer in texture and consequently more liable to change and decay. “These different series are tolerably regularly arranged in regard to each other. The Primary Rocks form the bases upon which the others rest; the Transition are immediately recumbent upon these; and these are succeeded by the varieties of Secondary Rocks; from the wreck and decay of which is formed the Alluvium, or what we commonly call the soil: besides this Alluvial matter, there is the Volcanic, the immediate product of Volcanos, and the Trap, or Overlying Rocks. Of all these we shall speak hereafter; and together they compose the whole of what we have called the earth’s surface: that is, of its known substance—the shell that surrounds the unknown



# GEOLOGY.

PLATE III.

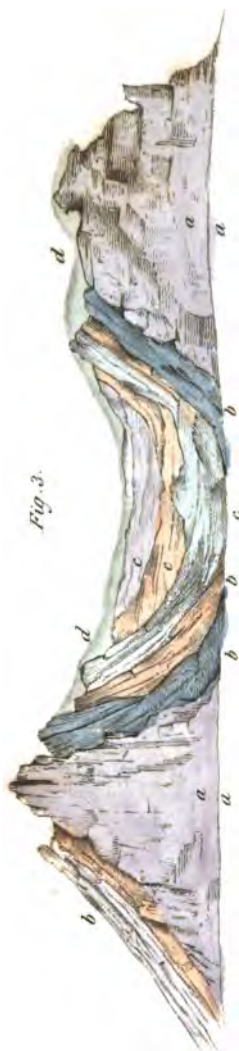


Fig. 3.

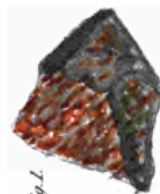


Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

Pubd by Lister & Fletcher at Salisbury Place.

1842

**Nucleus.** Can you, from *Fig. 3.*, point out to me the different series?

**ANNE.**—I will try—*a a*, I observe, stand in a vertical position, rear their heads above the rest, are of a massive form without any describable shape—I cannot see their base, but from the firmness and largeness of their structure and position, I can imagine them to be the foundation and support of all the rest: these therefore I suppose may be the Primary or Primitive Rocks. From their oblique position on the sides of these, and from the succession of beds or Strata of different colours, I conclude *b b b b* to be the Transition Class—while *c c c* from the more horizontal position, doubtless describe the Secondary. I observe you have drawn over them a surface (*d d*) of something that I suppose to be Alluvium or soil, clothed in the verdure that hides these secrets from our view.

**MRS. L.**—Yes, because this is the more common case—but you may observe that it is not necessarily so—there are spots where these Formations lie exposed, In our next conversation I shall describe to you the characters, supposed origin, uses, &c., of the first or Primitive Formation.

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## SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

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### CLASS III. ARTICULATA.

SUB-CLASS 1. Annelides or Worms.

2. Crustacea.

3. Arachnida.

4. Insecta.

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### CONVERSATION IV.

#### INSECTS.

**HENRY.**—I was much amused the other day, by reading an account of an attempt made to set aside

Lady Glanville's will on the ground of lunacy, of which the only evidence was her fondness for collecting insects. I thought with myself, what would be said of my father, with his well-stored cabinet, if such an inclination is to be attributed to such a cause.

PAPA.—I hope the science of Entomology is now better appreciated than it was in Lady Glanville's time ; and that the light which has been thrown on it, not only by her friend Ray, but by Linnæus and several other naturalists, both in our own and in foreign countries, has so displayed its charms and recommendations, that those who pursue it are no longer in danger of being accounted fools and lunatics. Fond as I am of natural history in all its branches, I must acknowledge that this branch of it has obtained the greatest share of my attention. Botany and Mineralogy have each their pleasures and advantages ; but nothing inanimate can, in my opinion, excite an interest at all equal to that produced by beings endowed with vitality ; which “are not only alive themselves, but confer animation upon the leaves, fruits, and flowers that they inhabit, which every walk offers to view ; and on which new observations may be made without end.”

MAMA.—Entomology appears to me to open a much larger field for research and discovery than any other division of natural history. A new plant or animal is seldom to be met with, even by those who have opportunities for the most extensive enquiries ; discoveries in mineralogy are still less frequently to be hoped for ; but the study of insects presents an inexhaustible fund of novelty. Every stone, every tree, every pool is continually affording fresh objects of curious investigation ; and however often our researches may be made, we shall never find that we have exhausted the store of insect productions ; still hundreds will remain, concerning which we have ascertained little besides the bare fact of their existence, and hundreds more which have altogether eluded our most diligent enquiries.

**PAPA.**—And novelty is by no means the only, or the principal attraction which the study of insects affords. To say nothing of the admirable economy and instinctive skill which numbers of them exhibit, the great variety and beauty of their forms and colours are in themselves a sufficient source of pleasing amusement. As an eminent entomologist observes, “these little creatures appear to have been nature’s favourite productions; in which, to manifest her power and skill, she has combined and concentrated almost all that is either beautiful and graceful, interesting or alluring, or curious and singular in every other class and order of her children. To these, her valued miniatures, she has given the most delicate touch and highest finish of her pencil. Numbers she has armed with glittering mail, which reflects a lustre like that of burnished metals; in others she lights up the dazzling radiance of polished gems. Some she has decked with what looks like liquid drops or plates of gold and silver; or with scales or pile which mimic the colours and emit the ray of the same precious metals.” “Nor has she been lavish only in the apparel and ornament of these privileged tribes; in other respects she has been equally unsparing of her favours: to some she has given fins like those of a fish, or a beak resembling that of birds; to others horns nearly the counterparts of those of various quadrupeds. The bull, the stag, and even the vainly-sought-for unicorn, have in this respect, many representatives among insects. One is armed with tusks not unlike those of an elephant; another is bristled with spines as the porcupine and hedgehog with quills; a third is an armadillo in miniature; the disproportionate hind legs of the kangaroo give a most grotesque appearance to a fourth; and the threatening head of the snake is found in a fifth.”

**ANNA.**—I did not know, papa, that insects were so curious and beautiful, or that the study of them was so interesting. I hope you will make me more acquainted with them.



PAPA.—In introducing you to an acquaintance with insects, my love, I should introduce you to an acquaintance with the first geometricians, the first architects, the first miners, the first weavers, the first paper-makers, the first employers of diving bells and air pumps, indeed with the first practisers of various arts which man ignorantly supposes to be exclusively his own.

ANNA.—You excite my curiosity, papa, more and more; I hope you intend to gratify it.

PAPA.—I shall most willingly gratify it, my love, as far as it is in my power; and I can without hesitation assure you, that in entering on the study of insects you will find a richer mine both of amusement and instruction open to you, than any other department of natural history can furnish.

ANNA.—Do you think, papa, that insects are more interesting than the Zoophytes we have lately conversed on?

PAPA.—The interest, my dear, is of a different nature. Zoophytes are merely animated masses of matter, claiming attention chiefly by the simplicity of their structure and their various points of resemblance to the vegetable kingdom. They are utterly destitute of intelligence, and are endowed only with the very lowest degree of instinct; but insects exhibit, in connexion with the most exquisite beauty of form and colour, not merely instinct in its highest perfection, but signs by no means equivocal of the possession of as great a share of intellect as is enjoyed by many animals of the superior classes.

MAMA.—Insects may be considered as the most useful, and at the same time, the most destructive part of the animal creation.

PAPA.—Indeed they may. They hold a kind of universal empire over the earth and its inhabitants: and while, on the one hand, they not unfrequently lay waste large portions of it, bringing famine and pestilence in their train, on the other they do much, by eating that

which, if left to decay, would fill the air with impurity, to render it habitable; and become well deserving of the appellation they have obtained of "*the great scavengers of nature.*"

HENRY.—The metamorphoses of insects are to me the most wonderful occurrences in nature.

PAPA.—They are truly astonishing. That the creature which, a few months ago, was a worm-like caterpillar, slowly crawling on the plant whence it derived its nourishment, should be now furnished with embroidered wings

"Through fields of air prepared to sail,"

is such an astonishing event, that, were it not for its continual recurrence, and the minuteness of the objects on which it takes place, it would be viewed by all with the most eager curiosity and amazement. I have little doubt, that the first idea of the marvellous metamorphoses which the poets recount, originated in an observation of the wonderful changes effected in the insect world; at any rate they furnished the ancients with an argument for their belief in the possibility of such miracles.

HENRY.—I have met with the remark, that the stories related of the Phoenix had probably the same origin.

PAPA.—It is by no means unlikely. The account of the death and revivification of the Phoenix, in many of its particulars, greatly resembles what occurs in the metamorphoses of insects. It appears to me, too, that there is ground for the supposition, that the doctrine of the *Métempsychosis*, or transmigration of souls from one body to another, took its rise from the same source. In the Institutes of Menu, which the Hindoos hold in high veneration, it is declared, that "a priest who has drunk wine, shall migrate into a moth or fly, feeding on ordure. He who steals the gold of a priest, shall pass a thousand times into the bodies of spiders. If a man shall steal honey, he shall be born a great stinging gnat; if oil, an

oil-drinking beetle; if salt, a cicada; if a household utensil, an ichneumon fly."

ANNA.—But you have not yet described these metamorphoses to me, Papa.

PAPA.—Nor have I time now, my love, to enter fully into the subject. I can only briefly tell you, that all insects pass through four states—the egg; the larva, or grub; the pupa, or chrysalis; and the imago, or perfect insect. At some future opportunity I will describe these changes to you more at large.

Z. Z.

## DESCRIPTION OF BRITISH TREES.

### No. IV.

#### SCOTCH FIR.

THE Scotch Fir, *Pinus Sylvestris*, is our only native species of Fir or Pine, and is of the Class Monadelphia Polyandria of English Botany, the Monocelia Monadelphia of Linneus.

"This is called the Scotch Fir, because it grows naturally on the Highlands of Scotland, where the seeds, falling from the cones, come up and propagate themselves without any care. But it is not in Scotland only that these trees thrive naturally; for they grow spontaneously in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. And though from the above instances it would seem that they delighted principally in these northern parts; yet when the plants are properly raised and planted out, no climate can come amiss to them, for they will thrive and grow to be good timber trees in almost any part of the temperate globe. The timber of the tree is what we call Deal, which is sometimes red, sometimes yellow, but chiefly white."—HUNTER.

A Fir or Pine is easily known from other trees by its narrow, bristle-like leaf, the seed in the form of a cone, and generally a considerable degree of formality in its growth, though often, as in the Cedar, extremely picturesque. In our plantations we have a great variety of the *Pinus*, under the names of Fir, Cedar, Pine, and Larch: they are mostly ever-greens, though the Larch is not so.



Scotch Fir.  
*Pinus Sylvestris.*  
*Monodelphia Polyandria.*

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"For the many and almost universal uses of these trees, both sea and land will plead. They make our best masts, sheathing, scaffold-poles, &c., heretofore the whole vessel. 'It is pretty,' saith Pliny, 'to consider that those trees, which are so much sought after for shipping, should most delight in the highest mountains, as if they fled from the sea on purpose, and were afraid to descend into the waters. With Fir we make all intestine works, as wainscot, floors, pales, barks, laths, boxes, and cases for musical instruments in general—nay, the ribs and sides of that enormous stratagem, the so famous Trojan Horse, were made of this material, if the Poet mistakes not—

'The ribs with deal they fit:'

there being no material more obedient and ready to bend for such works. In Holland, they receive their best masts out of Norway, and even as far as Muscovy, which are best esteemed, as consisting of long fibres without knots, but deal boards from the first; and though Fir rots quickly in salt water, it does not so soon perish in fresh; nor do they yet refuse it in merchant ships, especially the upper parts of them, because of its lightness. The true pine was very highly commended by the ancients for naval architecture, as not so easily decaying; and we read that Trajan caused vessels to be built both of the true and spurious kind, well piloted and overlaid with lead, which, perhaps, might hint our modern sheathing with metal at present. Fir is exceedingly smooth to polish on, and therefore does well under gilding work, and takes black equally with the Pear-tree. Both Fir and Pine succeed well in carving, as for capitals, festoons, nay, statues, especially being gilded, because of the easiness of the grain to work, and take the tool every way. And he that shall examine it nearly, will find that famous image of the Virgin at Loretto, reported to be carved by the hands of St. Luke, to be made of Fir, as the grain easily discovers it. It is excellent for beams and other timber work in houses, being both light and exceeding strong, and therefore of very good use for bars and bolts of doors, as well as for doors themselves, and for beams of coaches—a board of an inch and a half thick will carry the body of a coach with great ease, by reason of a natural spring which it has, not easily violated. You shall find that of old they used it for carts and other carriages, also for piles to superstruct on in boggy grounds. Most of Venice and Amsterdam is built upon them, with so excessive charge, that the foundation of their houses, as some report, cost as much as what is erected on them, there being driven in no fewer than 13,659 great masts of this timber under the new Stadt-house of Amsterdam. In a word, not only here and there a house, but whole towns and great cities are and have been built of Fir only; not that alone in the north, as Moscow, where the streets are paved with it, (the bodies of the trees lying prostrate, one by one, in the manner of a raft,) but the renowned city of Constantinople, and nearer home, Thoulouse, in France, was, within little more than a hundred years, most of Fir, which is now wholly marble and brick, after eight hundred houses had been burnt, as often happens at Constantinople—a place where no accident, even of this devouring nature, will at all move them to rebuild with more lasting materials. To conclude with the uses of Fir: we have most of our potashes of this wood, together with our torch or funebral

staves; nay, and of old, spears of it, if we may credit Virgil's Amazonian Combat :

‘She prest  
A long Fir spear through his exposed breast.’—ÆNEID.

Also of the Pine are made boxes and barrels for dry goods; and it is cloven into shingles for the covering of houses in some places. In sum, they are plantations which exceedingly improve the air by their odoriferous and balsamic emissions, and for ornament create a perpetual spring where they are plentifully propagated. It is moreover to be understood that the Fir, and most coniferous trees, yield concretes, lachrymæ, turpentine, rosins, hard, naval or stone, and liquid pitch, and tar used for remedies against arthritic and pulmonic affections. These the Chirurgion uses in plaister, and they are applied to mechanic and other innumerable purposes.”—EVELYN.

“Tar is made out of that sort of Pine tree, from which naturally turpentine extilleth; and which at its first flowing out is liquid and clear; but being hardened by the air, either on the tree or wherever it falls, is not unlike the Burgundy pitch; and we call them Pitch Pines, out of which this gummy substance exudes. Of tar, by boiling it to a sufficient height, pitch is made; and in some places where rosin is plentiful, a fit proportion of that may be dissolved in the tar whilst it is boiling, and this mixture is soonest converted into pitch. From the deep-wounded bark of the Larch, exudes the purest of our shop turpentine.”—EVELYN.

“This substance (turpentine) flows at first without incision; when it has done dropping, the poor people who wait on the Fir-woods, make incisions, at about two or three feet from the ground, into the trunks of the trees, and into these they fix narrow troughs, about twenty inches long. The end of these troughs is hollowed, like a ladle; and in the middle is a small hole bored, for the turpentine to run into a receiver, which is placed below it. As the balsam runs from the trees, it passes along the sloping gutter or trough to the ladle, and from thence runs through the hole to the receiver. The people who gather it, visit the trees morning and evening from the end of May to September, to collect the turpentine out of the receiver. When it flows out of the tree, the turpentine is clear, and of a yellowish white; but as it grows older, it thickens, and becomes of a citron colour. It is procured in great abundance in the neighbourhood of Lyons, and in the valley of St. Martin’s, near Lucerne, in Switzerland.”—HUNTER.

“The finest Fir-trees appear in the most mountainous parts of Scotland, in glens or on sides of hills, generally lying in a northerly aspect, and the soil of a hard gravelly consistence, being the natural produce of these places. The winged seeds are scattered in quantities by the wind, from the cones of the adjacent trees, which expand in April and May with the heat of the sun; these seedlings when young rise extremely close together, which makes them grow straight, and free from branches of any size, to the height of fifty or sixty feet before they acquire the diameter of a foot.”—HUNTER.

“The inhabitants of the north of Europe make bread from the Scotch Fir in the following manner. They choose a tree whose trunk is even, for these contain the least rosin, and strip off the bark in spring, when it separates most readily. This they first dry gently in

the shade; then in a greater heat; and reduce it to powder. With this powder they mix a small quantity of corn meal, and with water knead it into bread. This they eat, not only in years of scarcity, but at other times, from an apprehension that disuse might render it disagreeable to them."—WITHERING.

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## LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

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### LETTER THE ELEVENTH.

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YOU do well, dear M., to remind me there are other books than those that issue from the press, from which good or evil may be learned. In some sense they are of more powerful influence than the others: those are closed and harmless till we open them—these lie ever open before our eyes, and whether we will or not, we must peruse them—though with how much care to imbibe the good and leave the evil, may yet depend upon ourselves. Few persons can, and none, I believe, ought to avoid such intercourse with others as circumstance gives natural occasion to, independently of that which they may deliberately seek. Yet from intercourse with each other, whether casual or of choice, it cannot be denied that much injury to our minds may arise. That “evil communication corrupts good manners,” is a divine precept often enough repeated; and where all is evil, the danger of corruption is every where. By intercourse with each other our worst passions are called forth, our worst prejudices confirmed, our worst principles imbibed. In these ever open books we read the flattery that exalts, the selfishness that debases, and the false maxims that mislead us. We learn in them, not seldom, the evil that is not written there, by making a wrong use of what we read: and sometimes even that which is good in another’s character, has an ill effect on ours—as I have observed in early life, two



young persons, neither in themselves unamiable, doing infinite injury to each other, by too much assimilation in propensities that required a counterbalance.

The sense of this evil tendency has driven thousands into solitude: better taught of their danger than of their duty, they have fled when they should have fought, and sheltered themselves in the cloister from a struggle they ought to have maintained. And with us, I believe, an unsocial and repulsive temper is not seldom the offspring of a similar perception; while the fault has been our own, in abstracting only bitterness from a root that bears alike the honey and the gall. An unsocial temper is the last thing I should advise you to cultivate on your entering into life: such a disposition is most likely to be an unhappy, and certain to be a proud one. The independency of others and sufficiency to itself which such a spirit assumes, if it be affected, is usually attended with irritability and secret discontent; because while it affects indifference to others, it is secretly mortified that the world takes it at its word, and leaves it to its loneliness—if it be real, its accompaniments are self-preference, high-mindedness, and contempt. You had better begin the world with too good an opinion of mankind than otherwise: it will make your disposition simple, open, and confiding; and the experience that sets you right, though it be sometimes painful, will bring with it neither shame nor self-reproach. At the same time there is an immense deal of good to be learned, and evil to be avoided, by discrimination of character and the exercise of judgment and good sense, not in the choice of your associates only, but in the manner of your intercourse with those whom it does not rest with you to seek or to avoid. On this I have many things to say to you—as it regards those who are above you and below you, as well as those whom you meet on equal terms. But as a wide and general rule, I would advise you, that though in the mass you know men to be evil, in an individual you have no right to suspect evil till you see

it, consequently no right to despise or repel any body till you know for what. Nothing is to me more offensive than the distance and incivility with which many young people always meet strangers—explained by themselves to be because they do not know if they shall like them. It might be as well to know some reason why they should not like them, before they refuse them the attention courtesy requires, and simple benevolence would suggest. You have learned as an axiom in your childhood, written from the top to the bottom of your copy books, that men are deceitful—and you thence conclude it safest to begin with trusting nobody till you know them. If by trusting you mean confiding any material interest to their keeping, that you would scarcely be induced to do to a stranger—but if you mean that unsuspecting trust which expects good will and feels it, till it has reason to do otherwise, I can by no means agree with you. You would be like the knight-errants of old, who wandered about full-armed in time of peace, and couched their lance at every harmless traveller they met. Supposing there is in the nature of man such portion of selfishness as induces us to exercise deception on each other when we can serve our own purposes by doing so; yet, if you consider how few persons can get any thing by deceiving you, and how few will take the trouble of deceiving you for nothing, I think you may venture, at least till you are of more consequence in the world, to indulge that unsuspecting openness, so beautiful and natural in youth, that takes for good what seems good, and kindly receives whatever seems kindly meant. You may deceive *yourself*, it is true—and it may be doubted whether the greater part of the deception we complain of having suffered at the hand of others, be not of our own working. If I present to you a silver coin and you choose to think it gold, the fault is yours, not mine, nor does it follow that my silver was alloy. If you think that every one who evinces pleasure in your society, would of-course devote their whole lives to you

—that every one who commends you, takes you for a perfect being in whom they can never after find a fault—  
 —that all who in the common intercourse of society show a disposition to please and serve you in small matters, will on any great occasion sacrifice their own desires to yours, you will be deceived, most probably—but you have not a right to charge them with the deception—they might be honest, nor wish to pass their coin for more than it was worth—but you chose to take it at an ideal value, and so deceived yourself. Would you thence conclude that congenial society, or honest commendation, or trifling services, are things of no value? Receive it as established truth, that man is a self-indulgent, self-preferring creature, from whom great sacrifices are not to be expected—they will occur sometimes, the beautiful eccentricities of his accustomed course, to be admired, but not counted on: thus you will not subject yourself to unreasonable disappointments. But encourage meantime the belief, I am persuaded not a false one, that the beings surrounding you, and living in such varied connexion with yourself, all peculiar ties apart, do in general mean you well, would rather do you good than harm, and have more pleasure in pleasing than in painning you. The disproof of this that you may have to suffer in the malice, and mischief, and injustice of a few, will be an easy purchase of the confidence, kindness, and urbanity with which you will live amongst them.

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## HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

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*“When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord shall take thee up.”*

YEs, and they may forsake—the friends of youth  
 Who long have proved their fondness and their truth;  
 The *mother*—who has watched thine infant sleep,  
 Smiled when thou smiledst, and wept to see thee weep—

She, who in grief for thee forbore to grieve,  
 And e'en had courted death, that thou might live:  
 The *father*—who had long, with tender pride,  
 Nourished the plant that blossomed at his side;  
 Witnessed the “putting forth thy leaves”—and then  
 Taught thee to cling around the parent stem;  
 Who hailed thy infant smiles, and o'er thy cares  
 Scattered the dew-drops of a parent's tears;  
 The *friend*—on whom thy soul had oft reposed,  
 When the dark shades of sorrow round thee closed,  
 Who shared thy joys, and e'en to bring relief,  
 Would take the bitterness of all thy grief;  
 Yes; *these* may all forsake—a wanderer now,  
 Roaming with “*outcast*” stamped upon thy brow,  
 Thy path in bitterness of soul tread o'er—  
 Thy last hope wrecked on disappointment's shore;  
 Then “shall *He* take thee up”—and 'mid thy woe,  
 The “mantle of his love around thee throw;”  
 Guide all thy steps through life's bewildering road,  
 Teach thee to cry, “My Father and my God”—  
 Support thee 'mid the sorrows of the way—  
 His word thy solace, and his arm thy stay;  
 Tell thee thy sins are pardoned—that the tree  
 Which stood on Calvary's mount, was reared for thee—  
 That there the purchase of thy life was paid,  
 That there atonement for thy guilt was made;  
 And when the “conflict of the way” shall cease,  
 His hand shall dry thy tears, and thou shalt rest in peace.

H. N.

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O THAT my God, the God of peace, would speak  
 Peace to my spirit, as with wondering gaze,  
 And often with a faith perplexed and weak,  
 I look upon this world's intricate maze.

It is not here that I can comprehend  
 The way of God, too little understood,  
 Where evils so mysteriously blend  
 With all Jehovah once pronounced good.

Scarcely arises my imperfect cry,  
 But thou art bending from thy lofty throne;  
 Art pleased to manifest thy presence nigh,  
 Breathing a peace which is indeed thine own.

O that my soul more truly rendered thee  
 The glory due to thy most holy name,  
 Which thou art ever beaming down on me,  
 In truth and love unchangeably the same.  
 As days, and years, and passing seasons roll,  
 Still, O my God, let thy sweet peace be mine;  
 And may thy servant, body, spirit, soul,  
 Devotedly in love and truth be thine.

VERITA.



### THE AZALEA AND THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

A LILY, the sweetest, the fairest, the purest,  
 Was modestly drooping one day o'er its bed—  
 No beam of the morning had kissed its pale cheek,  
 Or left on its brightness one faint blush of red.  
 No rude wind had blown o'er its low sheltered dwelling,  
 Nor passenger slackened his step for its sake—  
 No summer-bee found it, and nothing had touched,  
 Save the pure, pearly dew-drop that hung on its cheek.  
 It chanced that this Lily beheld o'er its head,  
 A flower of scarlet so brilliant, so gay—  
 It seemed that the sunbeam that kissed it was cold,  
 Compared with the flush of the cheek where it lay.  
 To the full beam of mid-day it opened its flowers,  
 Nor sought in the foliage, or shelter, or shade;  
 Each gay gilded insect of summer was there,  
 And blithe on its branches the butterfly played.  
 The pride of the garden, the boast of the bower,  
 In garments of gladness so brilliantly dressed;  
 Full many a passenger loitered before it,  
 And rifled a flower to place on his breast.  
 The Lily beheld it, and whispered "Fair Flower,  
 "It grieves me to see thee thus gaily arrayed;  
 "Delighting to flourish where all may behold thee  
 "In beauty so proudly, so boldly displayed.  
 "So high, so unsheltered, so brilliantly clad,  
 "For ever exposed to the passenger's gaze—  
 "There comes not an eye but it looks on thy flowers,  
 "There comes not a lip but it speaks of thy praise."

- "Content thee, sweet Lily," that flower replied,  
 "Some power mysterious has placed us apart;  
 "Had we chosen, thou likely hadst blossomed with me,  
 "Or I been contented to be what thou art.
- "But wrapt in thy leaflets my blossoms would die,  
 "And thine on my branches as surely would fade;  
 "The hand that has lent us our colours, fair Lily,  
 "Made me for the sunshine, and thee for the shade."

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## REVIEW OF BOOKS.

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*The Importance of Educating the Infant Poor.* By C. Wilderspin.—Simpkin and Marshall. 4s. 2nd edition, 1824.

WE mention this work rather for the opportunity of making some remarks on it, than to recommend it to notice; not doubting but it is already known to our readers. Should it not be so, besides the universal interest now taken in the education of the poor, making it to every one a personal concern, there are hints in this book very useful to all who have to do with children, in any condition. The modest simplicity with which the author gives the results of his experience as well as of his own good sense, in the treatment of these poor children, is worth a great deal of argument and theoretical reasoning. The anecdote of 'Sir, you stole my whistle,' is worth a volume of systems. We liked also the remarks on punishments.

"Children's dispositions and tempers are as various as their faces; no two are alike; consequently what will do for one child will not do for another; hence the impropriety of having any invariable stated mode of punishment."

This is exactly true. The same fault may not be the same fault in one child as in another, and certainly the cure for it is not the same in all. We believe a thousand children, or five thousand, might be managed with-

out any punishment at all, provided they had been always under such management; but whether as many hundreds can without it be brought into such training, after two or three years of previous mismanagement, may be very questionable: and if punishment there must be, nothing can be more judicious than this individual application of it to individual cases. If a certain degree of pain is allotted to a certain fault, the little culprit soon learns to measure the quantity of pain against the quantity of pleasure, and very generally, especially when custom has made the punishment familiar, determines to take the pleasure at its current price. But if the remedy is to be pursued, as in a physical disorder, till the right cure is found, the child, however perverse, must in the issue yield. With respect to the punishments so much objected to in Mr. Wilderspin's plan, what appears to us objectionable in them is not to the culprit, but to the other children. Shame is the legitimate punishment of wrong; we would if possible never have any other: but we do not like to see children made the instruments of each other's correction: it is vain to say they do not take pleasure in it: if they did not they would join the cry of 'Old brooms' or 'Green tail.' There is another hint, which, though accidentally dropped, we take up with pleasure, as likely to lessen the mischief of rivalry, in schools in which the numbers taught together make it impossible to be rid of it. We have said much of this as used among the higher classes; and it is impossible to stand half an hour at a class in the national schools, without perceiving the evil spirit engendered by the plan of *taking places*, as it is called. In bringing a number of children together to try their knowledge with the pictures, the author says:

"Take one, suppose the youngest first."

It seems to us, that if in all such examinations the question were first put to the youngest of the class, or if there are many of the same age, to the seemingly

youngest and backwardest, all the good of emulation would remain, and much of the evil be done away: the child that failed would be disgraced by his own ignorance, not by the success of an elder: the one that succeeded would have credit for knowing his lesson, but not for having excelled a younger than himself.

The care of Mr. W. to change his methods lest they should lose their zest, never to weary a child by detaining it long at the same thing, to keep its body at ease and its mind happy, are much of the secret of infant education. Some persons excite a child's evil dispositions in order to correct them; they might as well exercise the too much enlarged muscle or deformed limb, in order to reduce it. Every time a wrong propensity is called into action it is strengthened. Make a child happy and you almost certainly make it good, for the time being at least; and it is while a child is good, not while it is naughty, that good principles may be instilled, right feelings cultivated, and knowledge imparted. The mental and bodily sufferings of children at school, for such they are to them, however the greater evils of life may afterwards teach us to smile at them, and their usual dislike to it, at once prevent their improvement and spoil their dispositions.

Of all the schemes benevolence has suggested for the improvement of humanity, that of Infant Schools appears to us the wisest and greatest: we can scarcely say which most surprises us—that it was never devised before, or that any now should doubt of its utility. We know it is urged against this plan that it is taking from the hands of the parent their most natural duty, weakening the filial tie, and too much separating the parent from the child. This has a very fair sound, and to one who knows nothing of life, seems plausible: but we cannot understand why those who do know, should persist in legislating for the world as it ought to be, rather than as it is; and setting forth their Utopian schemes of parental management, in defiance of the plain certainties that surround them. We are told that parents are, or



ought to be, the natural guides and instructors of their children—they might have been so had man remained in Paradise—they may have been so, for ought we know, in patriarchal times—they are so now, I believe, among the Esquimaux and the Hottentot, and perhaps they ought to be in England—but most certainly they are not. The poor cannot, and the rich will not, take it on themselves to form the minds, and habits, and characters of their own children. Do not parents of the higher class, and those the fondest and most anxious, consign their infants to the nurse, and then to the nursery governess, and then to the home of a stranger, too far removed from the parental eye to be seen more than twice a year? Does not the sensible and accomplished mother, on whose education thousands have been expended, commit the improvement of her children's minds and the formation of their characters, to some half-taught girl, whom misfortune has reduced to the heartless drudgery of teaching what she does not know, and devoting herself to children she does not love, or is liable to be parted from at the caprice of another? It is to her, a stranger, the mother gives the credit of their improvement, and to her she charges their faults. We do not determine whether this is *natural* or *unnatural*, right or wrong—we suppose there must be some reason for what so universally prevails: but of this we are certain—no plan of education for the poor, by National and Infant Schools, does more separate the children of the poor from their parents, than the rich voluntarily separate themselves from theirs; or deprives the poor of more influence over their offspring, than the rich by choice forego.

This would be true, if even the poor could bring up their children—but what is the actual fate of these creatures when left to parental care? The worst parents turn them out to squall on the roads, and roll in the kennels, and spend their vicious propensities in fighting, swearing, and destroying: the best consign them to the

less healthful amusement of squalling at home, or rolling on the floor, bribed into sulkiness with a lump of sugar, or stunned into it by the louder bawling of the mother. At seven or eight years old, the parent begins to wish they had a little learning—but then they are becoming to be useful; they can take care of the younger children, or let them roll into the fire, according as it may be; and so they cannot be spared to go to school—at ten or twelve they are sent to service, and so ends the course of parental education.

While with this *natural* system we compare that which benevolence has suggested for the publick education of these children, we feel ourselves in danger of getting enthusiastic on the subject. The parents are enabled to go freely to their work, the elder children to their schools, while the benevolent publick takes charge of their infants; teaches them to be happy, active, and obedient; whether they learn any thing or nothing, signifies little—they learn to learn. The strongest hold of vice is the self-abandonment of one for whose conduct nobody cares—yet is this the condition to which the opening consciousness of the infant poor usually awakens them. Here their first knowledge of themselves is as responsible, rational beings, to whose actions importance is attached—their first feelings, their first thoughts, their first pains and pleasures, have a moral character, and we should say it is almost impossible they should again become the mere animals the uneducated poor very commonly are. Of heathen nations, the wisest and greatest considered the education of their population a publick rather than a private charge; and it began at the birth, or nearly so. We have the pleasure of knowing a gentleman who has presented his parish with building and ground, fitted up and prepared to receive three hundred children—we hope that as many as are able will covet the gratification he must experience, in seeing it filled with those happy babies, born to evil as the sparks fly upwards, the heirs by birth-right to sin and misery, collected out of the garrets and

cellars of a populous city, to become the charge of the publick, the especial care of their superiors, and to receive a stamp of moral respectability, that, growing up in the possession of, they will not be willing afterwards to part from.

But while we read with pleasure the sensible plans of Mr. Wilderspin, we perceive the difficulty of their execution; or rather of finding persons to execute them. In a recent visit to the Spitalfield Schools, we saw any thing but the order and management he describes; and while we were delighted to hear the babies singing out the alphabet and the pence table, and clapping their little hands, as if it was the best fun in the world, we could not be pleased to see one boy, considerably above age, and to whom long initiation had made every thing mechanically easy, appealed to in every thing, and answering to every thing, to his own great injury, and the manifest suppression of the powers of all the rest; who, knowing he would be before-hand with them, made no effort to reply or even to attend—the master evidently expecting the answer from this one boy. When one is much superior to the rest, he should be removed; or, if kept as a teacher, should never be put in competition with the learners. The difficulty of procuring judicious masters will, we fear, be the great obstacle to the progress of these benevolent institutions. Meantime, whoever has any thing to suggest for the improvement of a scheme that will assuredly spread rapidly, should speak and be listened to.

# THE ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION:

NOVEMBER, 1825.

## A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

*(Continued from page 197.)*

**PERSIA, FROM THE DEATH OF DARIUS, 485 B. C., TO THE REIGN OF ARTAXERXES MNEMON.**

**XERXES**, the grandson of **Cyrus**, succeeding to his father **Darius**, employed the first year of his reign in completing the preparations of his predecessor for subduing the revolt in **Egypt**. This being speedily effected, and that country reduced to yet severer servitude, **Xerxes** assembled his council and proposed to them the invasion of **Greece**; urging the intentions of his father, the dishonour that remained upon the Persian arms from the affairs of **Sardis** and **Marathon**, with the advantages that would accrue from conquest in the fertile countries of **Europe**. He concluded his speech by promising rewards to all who should distinguish themselves in this expedition, and bidding his counsellors speak with freedom their opinions. It is curious to consider this last kingdom of the first great quarter of the earth, thus consulting over the purposed destruction of the new-risen nations—to observe the whole remaining power of **Asia** vainly preparing itself to check the advance of **Europe**, about to take precedence of it in every thing. There were not wanting in **Xerxes'** council those who per-

ceived the impossibility of the task, and endeavoured to persuade him from it; he had once consented to relinquish it: but urged by dreams, as he alledged—the natural result of a mind so occupied as his—he resumed his purpose, and his courtiers found it more to their interest and safety to encourage than to dissuade him.

To augment his forces, Xerxes entered into alliance with the Carthaginians, now the most powerful people of Africa, who, under Hamilcar their general, agreed to attack the Greek settlements in Sicily, to force a diversion of their armies. With the money also that they contributed, Xerxes hired mercenaries from Spain, Gaul, and Italy; and having passed three years in collecting the forces of his own immense dominions in Asia, with ships, provisions, and every thing requisite, he at length advanced towards the Hellespont. The first thing the proud monarch ordered, was to cut a passage through Mount Athos for his fleet to pass. This mountain is a high land, projecting far into the sea in the form of a promontory, joined to the land by an extensive isthmus. In turning this point the sea was very tempestuous, and the Persian fleet had formerly suffered shipwreck there. To prevent this, Xerxes ordered a canal to be cut through the mountain, or more probably through the low land behind it, broad enough for two galleys to pass abreast. This story is by no means incredible as regards the difficulty of it, if we consider the immense number of persons employed, the length of time expended, said to be three years, and that the isthmus was but a mile and a half over. But beside that no traces can now be found of this canal, it does appear very improbable that Xerxes should waste three years on such an ostentatious enterprise, when the galleys might with far less trouble have been carried over the land, as was so much the practice at that period.

The story, however, is told for truth in ancient history, which relates that Xerxes, to display his power over the elements of that earth in which he affected to be su-

preme, wrote thus to Mount Athos—"Athos, thou proud and aspiring mountain, that liftest thy head even to the skies, I advise thee not to be so audacious as to put rocks and stones that can be cut down, in the way of my workmen. If thou makest that opposition, I will cut thee entirely down, and throw thee headlong into the sea." All the forces on board the fleet were employed in the undertaking; they first drew a line before the city of Sama, situated at the foot of Mount Athos towards the land, and then divided the ground among them, each nation having their allotted portion. When the trench was considerably sunk, those who were at the bottom continued to dig, delivering the earth to their companions standing on ladders, who handed it to such as stood higher, till it was conveyed to those that waited to receive it at the edge of the canal, and by them carried to another place. In the meadows adjoining, a court of justice was established, and a market furnished with corn and other necessities from Asia.

Xerxes commanded also that a bridge of boats should be thrown across the Hellespont, at a place where the waters were seven furlongs over. The work was performed with great expedition by the Egyptians and Phoenicians; but was no sooner finished, than a storm arose, and shattered and dashed upon the shore the vessels of which it was composed. Xerxes, in senseless rage, commanded that 300 stripes should be inflicted on the sea, and a pair of fetters thrown into it, those who executed these orders being enjoined thus to speak: "Thou salt and bitter element, thy master has condemned thee to this punishment for offending him without cause, and is resolved to pass over thee in spite of thy billows and insolent resistance." Ridiculous as these ceremonies seem to us, they were quite consistent with Eastern modes of acting and speaking—Xerxes was less harmlessly absurd, if, as is told, he ordered the heads of those who superintended the work to be struck off. Other and more effectual bridges were constructed, and

all being ready, Xerxes departed from Sardis, where he had wintered, to Abydos. Here desiring to take a view of his assembled forces, he ascended a high building, and beholding the sea covered with his ships and the land with his armies, he for awhile exulted in his own conscious greatness—then, suddenly bursting into tears, he expressed himself to his uncle Artabanus deeply affected with the thought of the brevity of human life, when he reflected that of all he now looked upon, none would remain after the lapse of a century. The old man, who had at first opposed this expedition, and ever watched an occasion to impress with right feelings the young monarch's mind, took this opportunity of urging on him the duty of princes to alleviate the sufferings of their subjects, and sweeten the lives it was not in their power to prolong. Xerxes asked his uncle if he still held his first opinion respecting this expedition. Artabanus owned he had still his fears, both from the sea and from the land—from the sea, because there were no ports to shelter such a fleet should storms arise—from the land, because there were no means of maintaining so large a company. The king was sensible that he spoke the truth—but it was too late to recede; and he replied, that bold and daring undertakings, however great the risk, could alone procure extraordinary successes—had his predecessors observed such cautious policy, the Persian empire had never attained its present greatness and glory.

All was now ready, and on the appointed day, as soon as the first rays of the sun were seen, all sorts of perfumes were burned upon the bridge, and the way was strewed with myrtle. Xerxes poured from a golden cup a libation into the sea, imploring assistance from the Sun that he might carry his arms victorious to the utmost limits of Europe. He then cast the cup, with a golden bowl and a Persian scymeter into the water, and the troops began to pass the bridges, on one the carriages and beasts of burden, on the other the horse and foot. These

bridges, formed of boats, were covered over with boards and earth, having rails on each side, that the horses might not be frightened at the sea. Seven days and nights were expended on this passage, though they marched without intermission. Xerxes encamped on the plains of Doriscus, and reviewing his troops, found them to consist of 1,700,000 foot, 80,000 horse, and 20,000 men, who had the care of the camels and baggage. His fleet consisted of 1,207 large ships, and 3,000 galleys—on board of these were 517,600 men. After he reached the shores of Europe, the people that immediately submitted to him added to his army 300,000 more—so that his forces on arriving at Thermopylæ are said to have amounted to 2,641,600 men—to these were joined an equal number of servants, eunuchs, sutlers, women, and other persons of the sort, to the amount altogether of nearly six millions. This appears almost incredible; but the histories of this period are written by persons living at the time; therefore though some exaggeration may still be supposed, we must receive them as generally authentic.

Lacedæmon and Athens, the two most powerful cities of Greece, having intelligence of the enemy's approach, sent ambassadors to the chief governments of Greece to invite them to enter into a league against the invaders. Withheld, some by jealousy and some by fear, all refused their aid. Argos and Sicily would not assist, unless they would concede to them the command of all their forces. Corcyra put to sea a fleet of sixty ships, but would not advance till they saw on which side success was likely to fall, that they might join the victor. Crete, under pretext of being forbidden by the oracle, refused to join them altogether. Thus abandoned by all but the Thespians and Platæans, who had but few troops to send, Athens and Lacedæmon were left to maintain alone the unequal contest. Themistocles commanded for Athens and Leonidas for Sparta, and at the pass of Thermopylæ, a narrow passage beside the mountains that divide Thes-



saly from Greece, not more than twenty-five feet broad, the only path by which the Persians could enter Attica by land, the battle was to be given, that decided the precedence not of Greece over Persia only, but of Europe over Asia; for the latter were never permanently successful against the former.

Xerxes advanced towards these straits, and was much surprised to find an opposition from an enemy he supposed would fly at his approach. Their whole collected forces were not more than 11,000—at this place were assembled only 4,000. He sent scouts to observe their position and how they were employed—these brought him word that the Lacedæmonians were putting their hair in order—for it was their custom to comb and arrange their hair whenever they were going to expose themselves to extraordinary danger. Xerxes waited four days in expectation of their retreat—he then summoned them to give up their arms—Leonidas bade him come and take them—he tried to corrupt them with bribes, but this too failed. Enraged, he commanded the Medes to attack this contemptible band and bring them to him in fetters. The Medes could not stand the first shock and betook themselves to flight. Hydarnes was next ordered to advance with 10,000 chosen men, the band termed Immortal. They succeeded no better, and returned with great loss. The Persians, considering how small their numbers were at first, and supposing many must be disabled, the next day advanced again; but were resisted and put to disgraceful flight, Xerxes three times leaping from his throne, in terror, as it is said, lest his whole army should be destroyed. He was now in extreme perplexity, and doubtful what measure next to try with this extraordinary foe, when a Greek came to him, and in expectation of reward, offered to conduct him by a secret passage to the summit of the hill that overlooked the Spartan forces. The Phocians who defended that pass were soon overpowered. Leonidas, perceiving that the enemy could be no more resisted,

persuaded his allies to retire, except the Thebans, whom he kept against their will, suspecting their fidelity, and the Thespians, who refused to leave him, and with his three hundred Lacedæmonians prepared to die at their post. Xerxes poured a libation to the rising sun and advanced, while others of his troops descended from the mountain to attack them in the other direction: the Persian officers being obliged to stand behind the divisions they commanded, to prevent their men from flying. Numbers were killed by the Greeks, some fell into the sea and were drowned, others were trampled to death by the crowding of their own troops. Four times Xerxes was repulsed, his two brothers and many of his commanders killed—but so surrounded, the Greeks could not escape. Leonidas fell, and all his band, excepting one individual, who escaped to tell the story. Of the Lacedæmonians in this battle, we shall have occasion to speak more particularly in their own history. Xerxes lost 20,000 men: sensible of the alarm and discouragement the first loss would occasion among his allies, he left about a thousand bodies on the field, and privately buried the remainder: thence proceeding on his march, arrived in Attica four months after he had crossed the Hellespont.

An engagement had taken place between the fleets at sea, on the same day that the battle of Thermopylæ was fought. Here the forces were less unequal, and the victory of the Athenian fleet less decisive; but it was sufficient to encourage them against the overwhelming forces of Asia.

The Persians marched towards Athens unopposed, wasting the country with fire and sword. A detachment was sent to plunder the temple of Apollo at Delphos, of the immense wealth accumulated there from the offerings of the pious. If the Greek authors are to be credited, as these invaders approached the temple of Minerva, a violent storm arose, with thunder and lightning and tremendous winds, by which two enormous rocks were

rolled from the summit of Parnassus, and crushed beneath their weight that whole detachment. On the arrival of the main body at Athens, they found the city deserted and without inhabitants, excepting a small body, who were cut to pieces in an impotent attempt to defend it: the whole body of inhabitants having embarked on board the fleet for safety. Xerxes burned the city to the ground, and dispatched the news of his success to his uncle Artabanus, left to govern Asia in his absence.

Meantime the Grecian fleet under command of Themistocles had been reinforced, and was stationed in the straits of Salamis, waiting to give battle to the Persian fleet. A council of war was held on the part of the Persians to consider if it was prudent to engage. All the officers gave the advice they knew to be acceptable to the king, excepting Artemisia, queen of Halicarnassus, a heroine who had accompanied Xerxes to the war with five ships, the best of his fleet. This female warrior was distinguished on all occasions by courage and prudence. In this council she alone endeavoured to dissuade the king from risking a naval engagement against a more experienced enemy. Her advice was not followed, and a battle was determined on. Xerxes, the better to encourage his men, caused a throne to be erected on an eminence whence he could see the engagement, and had scribes about him to write down the names of those who should distinguish themselves. Themistocles, finding his allies determined to fly at the approach of the enemy, sent private notice of the intention to the Persian commander, that he might surround them and prevent their escape. The allies thus prevented from forsaking the Athenians, and inclosed by the fleet of Xerxes, were compelled to fight. The Greeks had 380 vessels, the Persians 2000—but in narrow seas, with a wind favourable to the enemy, their numbers but embarrassed them the more—they were quickly disordered and defeated by the superior skill of Themistocles. Artemisia dis-

tinguished herself above the rest; her ships were the last that fled: but all were at length dispersed or destroyed. This defeat was fatal. The allies of Persia, little interested in the war themselves, betook themselves to their respective countries. Xerxes, in alarm lest the conquerors should sail to the Hellespont, and intercept his passage, left his general, Mardonius, in Greece, with 200,000 men, and marched with all haste towards Thrace, intending to cross by the way he came. No provisions being provided, great hardships were suffered by his men during a march of five and forty days, in which they were compelled to live on herbs and the bark and leaves of trees—great numbers consequently perished by disease. When he reached the Hellespont, he found his bridges destroyed by the violence of the waves, and was compelled to cross the straits in a small fishing-boat, with a few attendants, whence he fled to his own city of Sardis. A return strikingly indeed contrasted with the manner in which he had left the shores of Asia.

Meantime his Carthaginian allies had been entirely defeated in Sicily—and the battle of Plataea, which took place shortly afterwards between the Greek forces and the Persian army remaining with Mardonius, of which we shall speak more particularly in the history of Greece, with forces scarce less unequal than before, decided the contest for ever—the Persians fled, as many as could escape, and never again appeared as enemies in Europe. A second defeat by sea had been suffered on the same day at Mycale; and of the millions that had crossed the Hellespont with Xerxes, a very small number returned. That king, upon the news of these last battles, retired in haste from Sardis towards Persia, to be beyond the reach of the triumphant enemy; giving orders by the way that all the Greek cities and temples in Asia Minor, of which there were many, should be destroyed—not one was left standing but the temple of Diana at Ephesus. The consequence of this defeat was the loss of the Islands, and of the Ionian cities previously possessed by

Persia, taking this opportunity to resume their liberty. Despair and disappointment decided the character of Xerxes, which had never shown any disposition to good—he resigned all endeavour or desire for conquest, and gave himself to an idle and vicious course of life. After many acts of most excessive cruelty, hated and despised by his people, he was murdered while sleeping by a eunuch of his palace, in the 21st year of his reign. B.C. 464.

The assassin placed Artaxerxes, the third son of Xerxes, on the throne, after persuading him to murder his elder brother. This Artaxerxes, surnamed Longimanus, from the unusual length of his hands, is the Ahasuerus of Scripture, who married the Jewish Esther. He had yet another brother with whom he had to contest the succession; but finally prevailed, and being settled in peaceable possession of the throne of Persia, he held feasts and rejoicings at Susa for 180 days. It was during this time that the story of Esther and Mordecai took place, for which we need but refer our readers to Holy Writ: as told in the book of Esther it is already familiar to them.

Another revolt in Egypt now claimed the king's attention: a large army was dispatched thither, but meeting their invincible enemies, the Athenians, who had repaired to the assistance of Egypt, they had small chance of success. It was at this time that Themistocles, disgraced and banished from his country, came to the Persian court, was most generously supported by the prince, and finally poisoned himself, to avoid being sent by his protector with the command of an army against his native country—as we shall more particularly relate in the history of Athens. Artaxerxes repaired in person with a second force to Egypt, and was eventually successful—though six years elapsed before the Athenians could be driven out of that country, then again submitting to the Persians. The Persians had next to encounter the Athenians in the island of Cyprus, hitherto pertaining to

**Persia.** Artaxerxes, weary of war with an unvanquishable foe, came at length to an accommodation on these terms—that the Greek cities of Asia should be free—that no Persian ship should enter the Grecian seas, and no Persian general come by land within three days march of those seas—and that no Athenian troops should commit hostilities in the territories of Persia. Thus ended a contest that from the first burning of Sardis by the Athenians, had lasted fifty years, and caused the death of countless multitudes on either side.

In the 37th year of this long reign, the Peloponnesian war broke out between the Lacedæmonians and Athenians, as will be told elsewhere. The aid of Artaxerxes was solicited by both—but the Persians had had enough of Grecian warfare, and it does not appear that the king returned them any answer till the war had lasted seven years; when he sent an ambassador to Lacedæmon with a letter, wherein he told them, that among the many embassies he had received, he did not understand what they wanted of him, and desired, if they had proposals to make, a proper messenger might be sent to his court. This ambassador was taken prisoner by the Athenians on the way, and carried to Athens, where the utmost attention was paid him, to conciliate his master's favour—the year following he was sent back with citizens of Athens to attend him in character of ambassadors to his prince. On landing in Asia, they received news of Artaxerxes' death, whereupon the Athenians took leave of the Persian and returned home. Artaxerxes had reigned forty-one years. He had been more favourable to the people of Israel than any of their Persian masters, as we have mentioned elsewhere. B.C. 423.

A contest, as usual, arose among the sons for the succession. Xerxes reigned first, and then Ochus, but both were murdered within eight months. A third son, named Arsites, had then the throne, and assumed the name of Darius. Revolts in Egypt, Media, and Arabia, occupied the whole of his reign, though generally in the issue suc-

cessful—sometimes engaged in assisting the Greeks against each other, and sometimes invaded by them, he enabled the Lacedæmonians to put an end to the Athenian power.

This Darius was surnamed Notus, and died after a reign of nineteen years, succeeded by his son Arbaces, under the name of Artaxerxes Mnemon. B.C. 405.

The history of Persian royalty now becomes painful to peruse, by reason of the excess of guilt and most disgusting cruelty with which it is interwoven. The misery and confusion that arose from the incestuous marriages of the princes with their sisters, and even sometimes their daughters—the enmity, jealousy, and intrigue of the women, and the murders and adulteries that ensued upon them, were such as might be expected—but the unnatural and revolting stories of Parysatis, Statyra, and Roxana, and other princesses of this abandoned court, can afford us in the perusal nothing but disgust; therefore we pass them over.

Cyrus the younger, a brother of the present king, much distinguished in his father's reign, was at this time engaged against Artaxerxes, and brought over to his assistance that army of Greeks, whose ever memorable retreat under command of Xenophon, after the prince had fallen in battle, makes so conspicuous a figure in Grecian story. B.C. 401.

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## REFLECTIONS

### ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

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*Thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondman in Egypt, and the Lord thy God redeemed thee thence.*  
—DEUT. xxiv. 18.

WHO forgets it? Even all of us—else should we not pervert as we do the judgment of the stranger—we

should not be so hard in dealing out judgment towards each other, so eager to condemn, so slow to excuse. Admit that they be strangers—living in error, ignorance and sin, having, as we believe, no portion yet assigned them in the land of promise—serving other masters and obeying other lords. Is it reasonable that we should deal with them rudely and speak of them with bitterness—be pleased to detect their faults, and eager to expose them—unwilling to acknowledge their virtues, or concede to them the affection they deserve of us? There are some religious people, who speak of those they consider not to be so, as if they were a different race of beings from themselves; they cannot pronounce their names without an epithet of contempt, or meet their eye without an expression of anger. Nay, but consider! What are they that you are not? Sinners—so are you: without merit, without birth-right—so are you. Nay, but remember! Are they careless, unrighteous, unbelieving—the slaves of their own passions and the world's delusions, wearing yet the yoke of folly they have inherited, contented in their bondage of time and sense, forgetful of their Father's house and of his pleasant land? Remember that thou wert so too—and if, as thou thinkest, thou art not so now, it is because the Lord thy God redeemed thee and set thee free. Be not high-minded, but fear. Thou art no greater thing than the sometime bondman of Egypt, bought with a ransom thou didst not pay—thou hast no right to show scorn to any one—and now that thou seemest to be something, if one should examine thee closely, there are more marks of thy slavery on thee than of thy freedom. Remember and go softly—and when thou seest a sinner go by thee, bow thy head and speak kindly, for he is even thy fellow.

*Where shall I fly then from thy presence.*

WHITHER fly I? To what place can I safely fly?  
To what mountain? To what den? To what strong



house? What castle shall I hold? What walls shall hold me? Whithersoever I go, myself followeth me: For whatsoever thou fliest, O man, thou mayest, but thy own conscience: wheresoever, O Lord, I go, I find thee; if angry, a revenger; if appeased, a redeemer: what way have I, but to fly from thee, to thee: that thou mayest avoid thy God, fly to thy Lord.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

*The crown has fallen from our head: woe unto us, that we have sinned.*—LAMENT. v. 16.

WOULD that this were always the language of our sorrow—for it becomes us. Woe unto us that we are bereaved, that we are wronged, that we are degraded! Nay, but put the woe in the right place. Be it that the crown has fallen from our heads, the woe is to the sin that drew down the suffering, provoked it, forced it from him to whom all suffering is adverse, who delights not in the sorrows of any of his creatures and punishes unwillingly. This is not true only of sorrow in the mass—it is true of every sorrow in particular, that befalls the individual—no one has more than his own share of the evil that sin has brought into the world—every affliction is the punishment that our own sin deserves, or the cure that our own sin requires—and whether it come to us of God or man, for man is to his fellow-creatures but the instrument of God, the first cry of suffering ought to be, “Woe unto us, that we have sinned.” And in this self-condemnation there is an almost blessedness, even in the agony of acutest sorrow. It is the resistance gives severity to the stroke—the yielding substance escapes the weapon’s edge. The assent of words or even the assent of faith, that God is just when he afflicts us, may scarcely avail us under the immediate pressure of misfortune—but the assent of feeling, of inbred conviction, of mental certainty, derived from actual knowledge of ourselves, that we have deserved the sorrow we endure, has something in it so yielding, so consenting, so agreed

with its affliction—it is withal a moment of such pure humility, such perception of God's truth, such conformity to his mind—the stroke is almost evaded in the very accomplishment of its purpose, and the spirit hesitates to say that it is wounded. But, alas! this is for the most part the last thing we think of—the crown is fallen from our heads, but the sin is forgotten. We say the misfortune was undeserved—or not saying it, we think so—or knowing otherwise, we demean ourselves and feel as if we thought so—because in fact the thought, if we think of it at all, which very generally we do not, is the assent of the judgment that God must be just in the general, not the conviction of the heart that in our case he is so. I believe that I have sinned, and I know that I have sinned, are not the same thing—the one will stand out against the corrections of the Almighty as long as it may—the other will go before them to judge itself, and the first cry of its anguish will be “Woe unto me, for I have sinned.”

*Et alors ils jeûneront.*—MATT. ix. 15.

CE n'est rien que de jeûner des viandes grossières qui nourrissent le corps, si on ne jeûne aussi de tout ce qui sert d'aliment à l'amour-propre. Mais quoi! faudra-t-il que je sois dans une crainte continuelle de rompre ce jeûne intérieur par les consolations que je pourrais goûter au dehors? Non, non, mon Dieu, vous ne voulez point cette gêne et cette inquiétude. Votre esprit est un esprit d'amour et de liberté, et non un esprit de crainte et de servitude. Je renoncerai donc à tout ce qui n'est point de votre ordre pour mon état, à tout ce que j'éprouve qui me dissipe trop, à tout ce que les personnes qui me conduisent à vous, jugent que je dois retrancher; enfin à tout ce que vous retrancherez vous-même par les évènements de votre providence. Je porterai paisiblement toutes ces privations, et voici ce que j'ajouterai encore; c'est que dans les conversations innocentes et nécessaires je retrancherai ce que vous me

feriez sentir intérieurement n'être qu'une recherche de moi-même. Quand je me sentirai porté à faire là-dessus quelque sacrifice, je le ferai gaiement. J'agirai avec confiance comme un enfant qui joue entre les bras de sa mère; je me réjouirai devant le Seigneur; je tâcherai de rejouir les autres. Loin de moi donc, O mon Dieu, cette sagesse triste et craintive qui se ronge toujours la balance en main pour peser des atomes, de peur de rompre ce jeûne intérieur. Vous voulez qu'on vous aime uniquement; voilà sur quoi tombe votre jalousie: mais quand on vous aime, vous laissez agir librement l'amour, et vous voyez bien ce qui vient véritablement de lui. Je jeûnerai donc, O mon Dieu, de toute volonté qui n'est point la vôtre; mais je jeûnerai par amour dans la liberté et dans l'abondance de mon cœur.

FENELON.

## LECTURES

ON OUR

## SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

## LECTURE THE SIXTEENTH.

*Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust do corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light—but if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is within thee be darkness, how great is that darkness.*

WE must lay up treasures somewhere—for ill betide the bosom that has nothing to love, nothing to anticipate, nothing to set the eye upon as the material of its happiness. Man, when he came forth from the hands of his Creator, was formed to enjoy—enjoyment was a part of his very nature, and essential, perhaps, to his existence here. If he cannot have it, or cannot hope it, or is not at least within the possible reach of it, he pines away and dies, or, in rank despair, puts an end to an existence he cannot endure without it. Well may that state where enjoyment is not, and cannot come, be termed the region of everlasting death—for without enjoyment there is not life, however there may be existence. The sources of this enjoyment, of whatever kind it may be, are the treasures here spoken of. Some we must have, real or imaginary, possessed or expected—if they are sufficient to our nature's demands, we are happy—from their insufficiency proceeds all that want of happiness so perceptible in the world at large, so deeply felt in the bosom of every individual in it. In Paradise the treasures whence man might draw his happiness, were innocence in himself, favour and communion with God, love to each other, and all the countless sources of enjoyment still so abundant in the created world, without the alloy that sin has intermixed with them. And amply sufficient were they for his spirits' most prodigal expenditure—he could not exhaust them, however much greater his powers of enjoyment may possibly have been than ours. When innocence was lost, and the favour of God was lost, and communion with him was interrupted, man was fain to take up with what remained; and ever since, regenerating grace and celestial hope apart, has laid up his treasures upon earth. Enjoyment is as needful to him as before—but the treasury house, alas! is small and ill-secure. It matters little what our portion in life may be; for there seems to be as much diversity in our powers of enjoyment as in our means of gratifying them. The treasures of the

uncultured hind are his daily food, freedom, health, and family connexions: could these be secured to him, his nature would be satisfied and he would esteem himself happy. As the scale advances, the demand increases—feelings, tastes, desires, are multiplied as the mind enlarges—birth, habit, and education, make a thousand things necessary, even to our animal nature, that originally were not so—but who shall measure the moral necessities of an enlarged, and highly-cultured, and immortal spirit, without the gratification of which he neither is, nor can be happy? Treasure, therefore, and good portion of it, we must lay up for ourselves somewhere: and till Heaven and eternity be laid open to our view, and we are made capable by anticipation of partaking of their joys, our treasures must be on earth, and must be the things of earth. It is vain to tell us they are insufficient—where can we go?—that they are insecure—what can we do? Useless have been and ever will be the fine-wrought orations of the moralist upon the vanity and brevity of life, the unimportance of its vulgar interests, the uncertainty and satiety of its enjoyments—they offer us nothing in the stead of it, and something we must have.

How seldom sufficient these earthly treasures are, and when sufficient, how little lasting and how ill-secure, needs not much argument to prove. The poor man, with his simple store of animal enjoyments, little as he wants, may not have it. From poverty he cannot get his food, or from sickness he cannot eat it—oppression lays hands upon his freedom, and death despoils him of his beloved. The possessor of a larger store is even in a worse case still—the moth best likes to feed itself upon the richest stuffs—the thief who goes by the poor man's door, breaks into the rich man's coffers. These may have health, and wealth, and freedom, and family, and yet be miserable—they want things that money cannot purchase, and they have feelings that all these together cannot satisfy—and the more of all these they have, the more in danger are they that on some point

they shall be bereaved. The treasure-house may be full of honour, and full of pleasure, and full of hope—but the breath of mischief may attain the honour, satiety may make the pleasure loathsome, time may change the hope to sickening disappointment: the regrets of yesterday corrupt the pleasures of to-day, the fears of the future consume the possessions of the present: the larger the treasury is, the more difficult it is to fill—and when it is at the fullest, it is the most likely to be robbed. There are some who fancy they can buy up for themselves a substance more enduring, and less exposed to the casualties of life—the treasures of intellectual enjoyment, the independence of an elevated mind, the indifference to little things that may attach to spirits occupied with great ones—these are what philosophy will tell us are the incorruptible treasures of moral existence. But if they have tried them, they should know, that these too are as insufficient as all the rest. The elevation of the mind puts it farther from the reach of happiness, the enlargement of it makes it more impossible to satisfy. Little things will not do, and great things are not to be had—the mind has recovered so much of its godlike nature, it can no longer feed itself on sensual gratifications, but the soil it dwells upon will bear no other harvest. It flutters its wings and feels that it could fly, but finds the atmosphere too light. Disgust, and weariness, and contempt come into the store-house—he cannot escape the sorrows of earth though he may distaste its joys—the greater refinement of the mind makes it but the more susceptible of ill. And the end—it is one to the wise man and the fool—the eagle that soars highest must come down again, and finally lie buried with the worm.

But what does it avail to tell us this? At the beginning of life we may not know it—but at the end of life, when we must know it, it makes no difference; and we see the aged as busy with their residue of treasure, as anxious and as watchful, as if they had not seen for fifty, sixty, seventy years the moth and rust consume it—as if

they did not know that in a few years more the last great thief must take it. The reason is plain: they have no other treasures, and therefore must lay up on earth such store of enjoyment as they may; and the smallness of the remnant makes it but even the more precious.

Religion, the revelation of God's will and of man's destination, alone can change the case; and while it convicts the world of folly, instructs the wise where they may lay up for themselves a store of more permanent and sufficient good; and in the full light of this glad discovery, if man still continues to prefer possession so unworthy and corruptible, he becomes answerable for his folly and guilty of his own misery. "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and thieves do not break through nor steal."

Expectation is often sufficient to supply the lack of present enjoyment even here, where all things in expectation are uncertain; but where an anticipated good can be made certain, we are wont to despise for its sake every lesser good that intervenes. It is not true, therefore, that the remoteness of heavenly bliss makes it ineffectual to satisfy our natural desires of enjoyment. The man who at a given period, be it months, be it years, knows that he is to be put in possession of the object of his supreme desire, is satisfied in the interval—if any thing pleasant comes across him, he is in the humour to enjoy it; but it is not essential to his happiness, because that is fixed on the point in prospect—if any thing unpleasant occurs, he feels it, of course; but it does not permanently impair his happiness, unless it affect the ultimate object of his wishes. We know that this is so; and more than this, that a mere phantom of distant good, when the heart is set upon it, will lead a man through dangers, and difficulties, and sacrifices, to the total disregard of all present indulgence—and that with a foot as willing and a heart as light, as the sportsman scrambles over moss and moor in pursuit of the game that flies him: the fear of losing his phantom, is the only real sorrow he is conscious

of; and it may be doubted whether this exact situation is not the happiest that earth, of its own proper fund, can afford us.

How is it then that the anticipation of eternal blessedness supplies to mankind in general so little alleviation of their condition here? A prospect so brilliant, so certain, perhaps so near—perfect, perpetual. Say that we do not know what heaven means—we know what happiness means; and we know that when we are happy, it is of little importance, as to the enjoyment, whence it is derived; if, therefore, heaven is happiness, what does it signify what heaven means? The just solution of this wonder is, that we do not believe there is a treasure there, or if there is, that it is laid up for us. And we judge rightly in that latter doubt; for while we continue in this state of mind, there is none that we can hold secure, none that would suit us if we had it; for if it be true that where the treasure is, there will the heart be also, it is equally true, that where the heart is, there will the treasure be. Our hearts are upon the earth—we choose the things of earth, because we like them best—and we like them best, because they are most like ourselves—gross, sensual, and corruptible. In our natural state, were heaven in possession and earth in reversion, we should forsake the one to go after the other. The eye is not single, that it should see the good—the light is darkness and cannot disclose it. The innate corruption of our nature and its total degradation from its first state of truth and innocence, has extended itself to our tastes, perceptions, and desires, so that we choose every thing amiss. When the eye, that is the organ of our body's light, is in a healthful state, we see every thing as it really is—we perceive justly the resemblances and differences of things—we see our way and see our object. But if the eye become diseased and the vision obscured, then we mistake of every thing—we mistake our way, confuse our object, take one thing for another, and are perpetually deceived in our judgment and deluded



in our choice. So is it exactly in the spiritual darkness that sin has brought us to. We take the better thing to be the worse—the more important to be the lesser interest—the joys of time and sense to be better than the presence and the love of God—the revels of sin to be better than the feast of holiness—the possessions of earth to be richer treasures than the anticipation of heaven—and so we choose these things, and lay them up, and set our hearts upon them—and if we could keep out the moth, and the rust, and the thieves, we should account ourselves very happy beings. And as nothing but the cure of the diseased eye can restore the natural vision, and enable the person to see distinctly and judge correctly, so nothing but the renovation of the heart by the influence of divine grace, can enable it to fix itself where it should be, and choose its treasures by their real value, and lay them up where they are most secure.

This change the disciples of Christ had experienced. When they forsook all and followed him, they gave the first proof of an altered judgment as to what was best: the treasures they had hitherto laid up as their fund of enjoyment they left behind them, for the sake of the very different benefits they expected by following the despised and suffering Jesus. The eye had been made single—they could already see beyond the interests of the present moment. In after days, a clearer vision and a stronger light made them to see yet more; and they held not their lives, the last treasure the worldling consents to part from, of any value in comparison with their eternal interests. All who are the disciples of Christ, now as then, all whose darkness has been made light, have experienced a similar change—they have become capable of appreciating the joys of heaven, as secured to the redeemed hereafter, and partaken of in sweet anticipation here. To these our Saviour addresses himself; and exhorts them to vest their happiness, to look for their enjoyment, to secure the fund that was to supply it, in a fitter place than this poor perishable world. He

does not call upon them to denude themselves and bereave themselves of all that is in their heart, and consign them to the agonizing void of unclaimed feeling and unoccupied affection—a state the most abhorrent to their nature; but he bids them transfer these feelings and affections to something that will suit them better—something that time cannot consume, nor circumstances change, nor wrong deprive them of.

How rich are they who listen to his counsel, it needs but little reflection to perceive. Infidelity itself has often been made to confess how beautiful is the believer's vision—how exquisite, if real, his prospect; and often, if we mistake not, does the chooser of this world's good, his treasury empty, and not knowing wherewith to fill it, cast an eye of envy on the enthusiast, as he thinks him, whose credulity supplies him with a store so inexhaustible. Ever before his eyes, even to the very borders of the grave, and the clearer as he approaches there, he has the spectacle of a brilliant and boundless future—secure as it is brilliant, and durable as it is boundless. His eye there, his choice there, his heart there, whatever good may offer itself to him by the way, is grateful as the cheer of hospitality to the traveller who is journeying to a distant home—whatever evil may be in his portion, is in the comparison but a small matter—painful, but not of consequence, provided it endanger not his bosom's hope.

To those who will not heed the Preacher's admonition, because they like the treasures of earth better than the treasures of heaven, it can only be said, that the choice is their own and the fault is their own, and the complaints they make are altogether unreasonable. They know what the world is, and what its pleasures are, and what its possessions are, and in what sort of security they are vested; and yet, when the moth comes in, and the rust comes in, and the thief leaves the coffer empty, they bewail their fortunes and reproach their fate, as if the perishable treasure were not of their own choosing, and

the place of deposit of their own preferring. Things are proposed to them that do not decay, and cannot be purloined, but they like the other better.

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### THE LISTENER.—No. XXIX.

My readers may, I fear, become weary of a subject that has loitered unsuccessfully through three or four papers, with no better result than that of proving, what might scarcely need a proof, that a great many people talk of what they do not understand, or reproach others with the wrong themselves unwittingly commit. Lest this should be, I propose, like other narrators, to tack a moral to my tale, by way of conclusion, and so abandon it. My object was not, as may have seemed, to prove every body in the wrong—but rather to exhibit the various modes of inconsistency, that, perceiving it and applying it, each one may correct their own. Some have said to us, why expose the faults and inconsistencies of those whose principles are good, and bring on religion the reproach of all the inconsistencies of those who profess it? Let the shame be to the creature and the glory to the Creator—what is good in us is his, what is evil is our own. But if it be true that these things exist, and that they are inconsistencies, shall we say—shall we leave it to others to say for us, that what in the careless and the earthly-minded we should condemn as faults, in those who profess more seriousness and devotion we can gloss over and disown? It was said of one of old, that it was easier to believe that drunkenness was not a vice, than that he should be guilty of one. Far be from Christianity the adoption of such a heathenish principle. Rather say the spot is the blacker for the brightness of the surface on which it is seen—the stain the darker for the purity of the garment it pollutes: it seems so, and it is so. If we are ashamed of it, as well indeed we may, let us efface it, clean it, wipe it out—but not deny that

it is there, or that it is what it seems. Christians think not themselves, they think not each other sinless creatures—should they desire to pass their alloy upon the world as pure and proven gold? But they say it is for the honour of religion, not their own, that they are so tenacious of the exposure of their faults. We are glad if it is so—but we would rather have this pious tenaciousness exercised in correcting the evils than in glossing over them, in lamenting than in denying them. So much by the way, in reply to some remarks that have been made to us.

We hear of the beauty of Consistency—we repeat perpetually, because we hear it, that nothing is so beautiful as a consistent character, but what does it mean? The sinners's consistency, alas! is sin—the false heart's consistency is falsehood—the villain's consistency is villainy: but is this beautiful? It is a very common argument in the world, or rather a phrase that supplies the place of one, that it does not signify what religion a man professes, or what faith he holds, provided his conduct be consistent. Consistent with what? His errors? His perversions? That alas! it is but too sure to be. The man who believes there is no God, is consistent when he breaks his laws, and sets his asserted power at defiance. The man who believes that there is no eternity, is consistent when he devotes himself to the things of time and sense, and is but the more consistent as he becomes the more sensual. He whose perverted judgment and corrupted taste prefer the pleasures of sin to the peace of holiness, the interests of time to the bliss of eternity, is consistent when he takes the one and leaves the other—is consistent when he commits sin, is consistent when he defends it. The basest character on earth may be a consistent one. There cannot, therefore, be a more dangerous maxim—and I name it the rather as my young friends will hear it frequently repeated by the wise and prudent of the world.

A consistent character must certainly be that, which

having chosen the object of existence, employs the powers of existence to the attainment of that object—and in each particular, having formed a purpose, to do and to be what will promote that purpose. The inconsistency of the greater number of persons arises from their having conscience enough, and moral sense enough, to perceive what their objects ought to be, and to determine their choice for good, while they have neither sense enough, nor virtue enough, to pursue it: and so the means and the end are for ever at variance, and the strangest inconsistencies are the result.

The world in general—I mean the decent and moral part of it, for the out-lawed rioter in mischief we must leave to the full credit of his consistency—confess an end and object of existence which yet they do not pursue. We thus act exactly like a traveller, who wishing to go to Greenwich, should on reading the way-post that directs him thither, turn off to the other hand, and proceed to London: of such a traveller we should say that either he could not read, or that he wanted understanding, or that he did not really desire to go to the place he professed to set out for. And so we may say in effect of all the inconsistencies of life and conduct—they arise in ignorance, mis-judgment, or dishonesty.

I will illustrate my meaning by a few examples—not of the most important, perhaps, for it is not in great matters that we make the most mistakes—it is the familiar occurrences of daily life that make up the character and conduct of persons in ordinary life. When symptoms of physical disorder are to be cured, the cause of those symptoms must be discovered and removed: so when discrepancies of conduct and inconsistency of character are to be corrected, the better way is to proceed at once to the source whence they spring—we all know by experience how difficult it is to correct bad habits—perhaps the difficulty would be lessened if, instead of attempting to cure the manifestation of the evil, we were to descend into our hearts, see whence it arises, and

subdue the disposition there. The best method of correcting our own inconsistencies is to become better acquainted with our own hearts, whence all our conduct is derived. If it is the conduct of others we have to do with, whether to judge or to correct, the success of our endeavours and the justness of our judgment mainly depend on our looking beyond the apparent inconsistency to its cause, and ascribing it to its right source. Want of information, or a bad judgment, claim very unequal censure, as well as a very different remedy, from that which is due to dishonesty of purpose.

I know a young person to whom circumstances have given considerable controul in her parents' house—she devotes time and talents to the management and education of her sisters, and says she has nothing so much at heart as their happiness and improvement. To effect this she keeps the house in perpetual contention—she makes their wishes and tastes yield in every thing to hers—she finds fault with every thing they do, complains of every thing that happens to interrupt her purposes, condemns every thing that does not exactly meet her ideas—reasonable or unreasonable, nothing must take place in the family that does not exactly suit her convenience, and what does suit her convenience must be done at any rate. One of two things is the case—either she is dishonest in her purpose, and while she seems to devote her time and attention to her family, she really desires nothing but the indulgence of her own self-will, or she wants judgment to perceive that always giving herself the preference, is not the way to make others good or happy; and that the devotion of all her time, talents, and powers, to the annoying, contradicting, and molesting every one about her, is not a very consistent sort of sisterly devotion. If I were not indisposed to say any thing to any body above twenty years of age, I might just drop a hint that there are some devoted wives, and devoted mothers, and devoted mistresses, who do exactly the same thing. Did

this traveller never mean to go to Greenwich? Or, on arriving at the way post, and reading "To London," did she conclude that that would bring her there?

I know another who seems very anxious to be sought and beloved by her companions in society, complains perpetually that nobody cares for her, and every body neglects her, and she receives no attention and no kindness from any one. Meantime, if she sees these people whose inattention displeases her, she goes across the street to avoid meeting them: when she comes into company, she sits in dogged and sullen silence, or only speaks to declare that she hates all company and is never happy but when she is alone, or to say something rude or impertinent to the society in general, or to some one in particular: if any offer of kindness is made her, she refuses it—if any particular attention is paid her, she attributes it to some sinister motive. Now, as I am satisfied from this lady's uneasiness, that she is honest in her wish to be beloved, she must either, like the last traveller, think the way to reach her destination is to turn out of the road, or she must be unable to read, and really believe that L-o-n-d-o-n spells Greenwich—that is, she must think the way to be desired and sought in society is to be very disagreeable, or that d-i-s-l-i-k-e-d really spells beloved; and so with honest ignorance takes the way to it.

A third I could point out, who desires, as I understand from herself, to improve her talents and inform her mind, that when the transient beauty of her person shall have passed, and the zest of exterior amusements shall have passed, she may not be to others as a thing that has lost its value, to herself as one that has expended her possessions. But with ample powers and all means at command, she stands for an hour together at the fire-place, watching the reflection of the lustres—she begins to yawn at nine o'clock, and goes to bed at ten—is up, but not dressed, about the same hour in the morning—takes half an hour to put on her bonnet when

she goes out, and another half hour when she comes home to take it off again, regretting, the while, that she has not time to improve herself. When any one about her is conversing upon serious and rational topics, she throws herself on the sofa and shuts her eyes, because she does not understand such things, forgetful that listening she might learn. When asked her opinion, or in any way addressed upon any subject, she says she is not used to converse of such things, she is not used to express herself, she wishes she were more clever; forgetting again it is difficult to be used to a thing one is determined not to attempt. She chooses her companions among those who are young, frivolous, and ignorant, because with those who are informed and sensible she feels herself inferior and embarrassed. In her studies and pursuits, especially her reading, she does the same—she takes the lightest, the most frivolous, and the worst, because she cannot understand more solid works: she wishes she could understand them, then she should be very fond of reading. Now really I am at a loss how to class the inconsistency of this young lady—I am inclined to think she is not honest in her purpose—I believe that in her heart she likes London better than Greenwich—would rather be idle and frivolous, than a sensible, rational, and cultivated woman.

To ascend to higher matters, which yet affect our conduct in the smallest, there is one great source of inconsistency in the world, of which the features are too broad to be mistaken, of which the compass is wide enough to include every age, and character, and capability of human kind—the inconsistency of those who call themselves christians and are not—who are travelling thither where they do not desire to arrive—who are going, as they say, to immortality, but neither know the road nor ask it, nor will listen if you tell them: nay, there is not an obstacle that may oppose their progress, but they put it on their paths—there is not a temptation



that may divert them from it, but they hasten to turn after it—whatever reminds them of their pretended destination is mournful to them, whatever brings them nearer to it, is frightful. They allow the truth of every thing, and feel the importance of nothing—they admit the authority of Scripture, and deny every thing it contains—they call God their Father, and would be ashamed to bear the characters of his children—they acknowledge a Deity and an eternity, and live as if there were none. I need not designate them further. What consistency can be expected from such as these?

If then, we would be Consistent, we must first see that our object and means of pursuing it, our path and our destination are agreed. If they are not, let us examine where the evil is. Do we want information, do we want judgment, or do we want honesty? One or the other we want assuredly.

There is a character consistent in beauty, in holiness, in perfection. The features of it have been sketched, distinct though separate, in the records of eternal truth—the whole have been conjoined, embodied, realized, in the person of the incarnate Deity. Conformity to this standard is perfection—every departure from it is an imperfection—here perfect consistency would be perfect holiness. It is a standard no man has attained—yet is it the only one with which consistency is desirable. When we seek consistency for ourselves, this ought to be what we mean—when we desire consistency in others, this ought to be the rule by which we judge them. But I fear, for the most part, that is not our meaning. The only lawful code of conformity is abrogated, the only real standard of excellence, consistency with which is beautiful, and every inconsistency with which is a defect, is put out of sight; while we make to ourselves each one a standard of our own, moulded on our own prejudices, our own habits, our own peculiar taste and character; and by this we measure every thing, judge every thing, and too frequently condemn





every body, for no better reason than because they are not like ourselves. In great things and in small things, from the important features of moral rectitude to the trifling ornaments of exterior propriety, Self is our standard, and all is right or wrong, admired or condemned; as it agrees with or departs from this standard, this household deity, that each one has made for himself, and fashioned to his own taste that he may worship it. **CONSISTENCY**, therefore, a word that in the language of christianity should mean conformity to our Maker's will, has come in common language to mean little else than conformity to the narrow ideas of the individual who uses it.

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## CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

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### CONVERSATION V.

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**MRS. L.**—Our business to-day is with the **Primary or Primitive Rocks**, so called from their being the lowest with which we are acquainted, and to all appearance the first formed—at least the earliest deposited in their present situation on the earth's surface. There are many reasons beside their actual position, which lead to this conclusion, and seem to designate the **Granite Rocks** as the mould on which the Creator formed and shaped the earth; though proofs are not wanting of their having materially changed their forms by eruption or otherwise. No organic remains, the remnants or impressions, that is, of living things, whether animal or vegetable, are found in these rocks: whence it has been inferred that they were formed before the existence of living things. This inference, though very reasonable and most probably just, does not amount to certainty, because the rocks might be so formed by combustion, as to

efface all traces of organized matter, if it had existed on them. There are among these massive rocks no fragments intermixed of other rocks, though fragments of these are frequently intermixed with the Secondary Strata, as if broken off and removed from their first position. Neither are there among these rocks any of those veins and beds that in the higher strata cross and intersect each other, as if all had sometime been liquified together. Every thing gives to these Primitive Rocks the appearance of having been placed there at once, encircling the nucleus of the earth, a solid, compact, and immoveable mass, or moveable only by some great convulsion of nature. Standing generally in a vertical position, or nearly so, while their base is fixed below the surrounding substances, and beyond our reach to fathom, their heads are frequently found rising above every thing else, giving form to the loftiest mountains, and obtruding themselves, bare and uncovered, even above the soil and the verdure that covers and conceals these secrets of the earth. Sometimes a lofty mountain is seen standing alone amid surrounding plains—more frequently running in chains from shore to shore. In England these mountains are comparatively rare; there is abundance of Granite in Cornwall and other parts; but it rises to no great height. In Scotland the boldness and beauty of the scenery is in many parts derived from the presence of these Granite Rocks. Granite may be traced at the summit of the Grampian hills: Ben Nevis, the loftiest of the British mountains, is composed of it, and is 4370 feet high. But these are trifling protuberances compared with the Alpine chains, and the yet more elevated mountains of South America, which are of the same materials. Mont Blanc has its peak of Granite 15,600 feet above the level of the sea, and the highest of the Andes is 20,280 feet.

MATILDA.—It seems then that Granite, which you consider the lowest substance, appears on the surface as the uppermost, and least concealed.

**MRS. L.**—Why these immense projections of the primary rocks, which in the low-lands lie concealed and covered beneath all the rest, appear thus unclothed and bare upon the heights, is not difficult to understand. They are the hardest and most enduring substances, capable of resisting the action of the elements to which these lofty regions stand exposed: if they were sometime covered, as probably they were, by the Secondary Rocks, those softer substances may have yielded to the winds and waters that assailed them, and been carried into the valleys, while the firmer Granite retains nearly its original position. Even of these mountains, however, the form has probably been changed by violence and worn down by time, and their elevation may sometime have been greater than it is. “Prodigious masses of Granite, detached most probably from their native rocks, are found among the Secondary Strata of the adjoining valleys; and the more distant they are found from the Granite Rocks, the more they seem worn and rounded. Of this description are the boulders or blocks of Granite observed by Sanpore on the east side of the lake of Geneva. One of these, called *Pierre de Gonté*, is ten feet high, with a horizontal section of 15 feet by 20. In the valley of Chamouny, several similar blocks have fallen from the *Aiguilles*. Some of these have been transported between thirty and forty miles; and as several mountains and vallies are now interposed, their transportation must have taken place at a very remote date. The celebrated foundation stone of the statue of Peter the Great, erected at St. Petersburg by Catherine II. is composed of a boulder or detached block of Granite, found in a bay of the gulf of Finland, whence it was transported to the capital; its length was 40 feet, its breadth 27 feet, its height 21 feet. In the isle of Arran, an immense block of Granite is found upon the shore, not only three miles from the nearest Granite rock, but having also a bay of the sea intervening; and several similar instances might be adduced, proving the great

ravages committed even upon so hard and unyielding a substance as Granite. We shall not then be surprised, that the same agents, acting upon softer materials, have made more successful depredations, and have in many instances completely denuded those granitic surfaces which were clothed by Secondary Strata."

MATILDA.—I am impatient to be able to distinguish Granite when I see it, since it seems to make a very important part in the composition of our world.

MRS. L.—I will show you some specimens presently, and describe its more minute characters. Of its appearance in natural scenery a geological writer has remarked that "the aspect of a granite district in nature, is subject to variation: it however exhibits traits sufficiently peculiar, which are readily recognized by the traveller in his approach to it. In Cornwall, and in some parts of Ireland, especially in the county of Donegal, the granitic rocks are marked by the bold and abrupt precipices which they present to the attacks of the ocean; and by the barren and dreary aspect of the inland plains, that seem like immense fields, in which blocks of the stone have been torn from their beds, and indiscriminately scattered over the moss-grown surface. The elevation of these districts is not considerable—the granite is coarse grained, and splits into immense blocks, separated from each other by natural seams, and appearing like the ruins of edifices constructed by a giant race. In other cases granite forms irregular and broken peaks of prodigious elevation, and does not split into the blocks and masses just alluded to. This is the case in the Alps and Pyrenees; in the highest Scotch mountains; in the Hartz; and in the Tyrol. In Asia and Africa granite constitutes the Uralian, Altaian, and Himalayan chains, and the Atlas mountains; and in South America, the lofty ranges of Cordilleras are of a similar description."

ANNE.—Is Granite the only Primitive rock—for I observe you speak of it exclusively.

MRS. L.—By no means—but it is the first, that is,

the lowest, and the most abundant. As existing below the surface, Granite is thus described—"Granite masses are sometimes continuous for a great space, so that they possess no definite form, or, if any such form be present, it cannot be discovered. At other times they are disposed in large bodies, not unaptly compared to feather beds, separated by fissures or joints. When these masses possess a large dimension in two directions only, they often resemble beds of stratified rocks, and have been mistaken for true strata. Occasionally these dimensions are so proportioned, that they resemble irregular spheroids: but these forms appear to have resulted from the wearing of the angles of masses originally prismatic. The extended beds above mentioned, are frequently subdivided by fissures into smaller prismatic and cuboidal masses; and as this subdivision generally takes place in two opposite directions, or are vertical and parallel to the great mass or bed, these prisms are found piled on each other in a manner resembling huge masonry, (*Fig. 1.*) The angles of the prisms being further subject to wear, as are the contiguous surfaces in a less degree, the result is an aggregate of irregular spheroids, often piled on each other in a very fantastical manner. This consequence, it is evident, can only take place when the fissures are nearly horizontal and vertical. In all others, the detached parts must fall away. A few rare instances occur in nature where the dimensions of the prisms are so considerable in one direction, that, when grouped in erect positions, they present an irregular columnar appearance. Lastly, the great laminæ or beds of granite are often vertical as well as horizontal or inclined; and it thus presents continuous smooth precipices laterally, while above it terminates in sharp peaks." (*Fig. 2.*)

MATILDA.—Keeping in mind our last conversation, I conclude you now speak of the External Structure of the Granite.

MRS. L.—Exactly; and we will thence proceed to



the Internal Structure, or Texture. "The Texture is, with one exception, always crystalline and confused, the several minerals of which it is composed, interfering with each other's forms. With the single exception of the graphic variety, it is also granular, but varying much in the fineness of the texture, or in the magnitude of the parts." In some specimens the texture of the Granite approaches so nearly to that of Porphyry, as to be difficult to distinguish from it—it is then called Porphyritic Granite—and we may be only able to decide which it is, by knowing where and under what circumstances it was found: but generally they are easily distinguished, as explained in our last conversation. "The magnitude of the parts in Granite is extremely various; each constituent mineral sometimes exceeding an inch in dimensions, and at others being almost invisibly minute. Various textures are often united in a very limited space, or the rock passes imperceptibly from fine to coarse grained. Occasionally also, irregular patches or veins of a fine texture are seen imbedded in a coarser variety.

ANNE.—It appears then that Granite is not a simple substance, but composed of several substances.

MRS. L.—"Granite consists fundamentally of Quartz, Felspar, Mica, and Hornblende, variously combined. These are not always present—sometimes the Mica is wanting, sometimes the Quartz—and occasionally other minerals enter into the composition, but being comparatively rare and not essential, I shall not notice them here.

MATILDA.—But now I am in danger of being puzzled again, for I do not know what these substances are.

MRS. L.—I will hereafter show them to you in separate masses—at present you may observe them combined in these pieces of Granite—changing its appearance according to their respective quantity, and making its colour almost infinitely various. "The Hornblende,

being invariably black or a very dark green, darkens the colour of the Rock—when in great excess, makes it almost black, in other cases of different shades of grey. Mica, when black, as it sometimes is, gives the same tints; but it is as often white or brown, and has then of course a different effect. The Felspar has a greater variety of colours than either of these, and being the most abundant ingredient of most Granites, chiefly determines the colour. Dark red and white are the extremes of colour in the Felspar, with all the intermediate shades of red, occasionally ochre yellow, grey, nearly black—in one rare instance green. The Quartz is most commonly white, or watery—but it may be grey, smoke coloured, or nearly black.” Examine now these various specimens, and see if you can ascertain their component parts, or which substance prevails in them.

MATILDA.—Let us begin with *Fig. 3*—the grain is large—I can distinguish but three ingredients.

MRS. L.—It is the common, large-grained Granite. There is a Quartz of a dirty white—Felspar of a pale red, and a spot of black Mica at the corner.

ANNE.—How do I know it is not Hornblende?

MRS. L.—Mica is a transparent, flakey, glassy substance, that cannot easily be mistaken, even in the combination of substances; though when black, it certainly approaches to Hornblende in appearance.

ANNE.—*Fig. — \** is a small grained Granite. In this the Quartz and Felspar are both white—it seems to me that the Mica is white also, for I see some small transparent particles—the black specks I suppose are the Hornblende. But here is one quite different—there is something in it like coal, and much disposed to break in pieces when I touch it. Is this a Granite? *Fig. 4:*

MRS. L.—It is a Granite of Quartz and Felspar, intermixed with a substance called Schorl, the black substance you speak of, and which you will hear of again,

\* N.B. From the accidental misplacing of the figures, this specimen is left unnumbered in the Plate.

when I show you separately the substances you now see in combination. In this specimen you see the Schorl is a distinct crystal with six sides, dispersed through the Granite-base. This, therefore, would sometimes be called Porphyritic Granite—in Cornwall it is called Moor-stone. Here is one (*Fig. 5*), of a still finer grain than the former, in which the Felspar greatly predominates and decides the colour. You can here scarcely distinguish the parts—as far as I can perceive, it contains only white Quartz and Red Felspar. Thus you will find the colour and composition of Granite infinitely various—but the texture is still the same—an appearance of several substances crystalized together, in forms irregular and indistinct. Many other minerals, such as Garnets, &c. are occasionally found imbedded in the Granite, but seldom in such quantity as to influence its general appearance.

MATILDA.—I think I have now an idea of Granite, but I could not so readily distinguish its component parts—I should like to see them separately.

MRS. L.—This you shall do—but we cannot to-day prolong our conversation. There is a remarkable variety of Granite composed of Felspar and Quartz only, and so disposed as to have the appearance of written characters—whence it is called Graphical Granite. The probable origin of Granite we must speak of in a future conversation. Its uses you need not to be told. It is one of the most durable of natural productions, and on that account the fittest for building; but its extreme hardness is an objection in the working of it. Many parts of London are paved with Granite. In Dublin, there are some fine buildings constructed of it, of a beautiful kind found in the vicinity of the city. “In Wales, there is very little Granite—in the north of Scotland it is abundant—in England it occurs in Cornwall, Devon, Westmoreland, and Cumberland; and in small quantities in the Malvern Hills of Worcestershire, and Charnwood Forest in Leicestershire.”

## SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

### CONVERSATION V.

CLASS ARTICULATA—SUB-CLASS INSECTS.

*Insects in their Larva State.*

PAPA.—I am under a promise, I think, of giving you some account of insects and of the changes they undergo; and if you are disposed for it, we will devote this evening to the subject.

ANNA.—Thank you, Papa: I have been much wishing for it.

PAPA.—I believe I told you that all insects pass through four states: do you remember what they are?

ANNA.—Yes, Papa; the egg, the caterpillar, the chrysalis, and the perfect insect.

PAPA.—Or, to speak scientifically, the *egg*, the *larva*, the *pupa*, and the *imago*. I am not fond of the pedantry of using scientific words, when those in common use would answer the purpose as well; but as we have no terms in our language that apply to the different states of all insects, it is more convenient, when we speak of them generally, to employ those which have been invented for the purpose.

ANNA.—I suppose then caterpillars, maggots, and grubs, are all called larvæ.

PAPA.—Yes; the term *larva* is applied indifferently to all insects in their second, and *pupa*, in their third state: the words caterpillar, maggot, grub, &c., and chrysalis, nymph, semi-nymph, and cased nymph, definitely pointing out the particular sort of larva or pupa meant; just as in Botany, you know, the common term *pericarp* applies to all seed vessels, while the several kinds are designated by the names capsule, silicle, legume, berry, &c. Here is a cabbage caterpillar,

which will afford us an excellent specimen of insects in their second, or larva state.

ANNA.—What does the word larva mean, papa?

PAPA.—It is a Latin word, signifying a mask. It was adopted by Linnæus, because the insect, such as it afterwards appears, lies as it were masked, or concealed, under this external form.

ANNA.—Do you mean to say, papa, that a butterfly lies concealed in this caterpillar?

PAPA.—Yes, my dear. It has been satisfactorily proved by Swammerdam and other naturalists, that the butterfly, with its organs indeed in an almost fluid state, but still perfect in all its parts, lies incased within the larva. Of this fact you might convince yourself by boiling a full-grown caterpillar for a few minutes, or by laying it for a few days in vinegar or spirits of wine, for the purpose of giving consistency to its parts: a very rough dissection would then enable you to discover the future butterfly. Its wings you would find rolled up into a sort of cord, and lodged between the first and second segment of the body; the antennæ and trunk coiled up in front of the head; and the legs, however different in form, actually sheathed in the present legs of the insect. But let us examine this caterpillar. You observe that the covering of the body is divided into a certain number of rings, which may be considered the skeleton of the animal, for it has no internal skeleton you know. These rings are united by bands of muscles; two lying on the upper, and two on the under side; by means of which it is enabled to bend its body in any direction, as you may perceive it is capable of doing. I believe I have already told you that insects are much more organized than any of the zoophytes: they have all not only muscles but nerves, which, instead of lying in the back, as they do in larger animals, are disposed in the under part of the body, that they may be secure from injury.

ANNA.—And they have a heart and veins too, have

they not, papa? Some lines I learnt the other day seem to imply that they have.

PAPA.—Repeat them, will you?

ANNA.

“ In thousand species of the insect kind  
Lost to the naked eye, so wond’rous small  
Were millions joined, one grain of sand would cover all;  
Yet each within its little bulk contains  
A heart that drives the torrent through the veins;  
Muscles to move the limbs aright; a brain;  
And nerves disposed for pleasure or for pain;  
Eyes to distinguish; sense whereby to know  
What’s good or bad, is, or is not its foe.”

PAPA.—Ah that is said of such very minute objects of microscopic curiosity must rest on supposition alone, for they are by far too small to allow the possibility of any observations on their construction; but with respect to those insects which are sufficiently large to be examined anatomically, I believe it is now fully ascertained that they have neither veins nor heart, and consequently no “torrent” passing through them. Instead of such a complicated apparatus, which their minute structures and short-lived existence do not seem to require, fluids pervade every part of the body without circulation; while air is admitted into it through apertures or air vessels placed along each side. These Spiracles, as they are called, were formerly mistaken for blood-vessels.

ANNA.—Insects then, do not breathe as we do.

PAPA.—No :—they breathe through their sides. If we had a microscope here we would examine this caterpillar’s mouth. Would you believe it, it has jaws and teeth too, and even lips. The mouth does not open horizontally, as ours do, but perpendicularly, or from side to side.

ANNA.—I have often watched them eating: they are not long in making a large hole in a leaf.

PAPA.—The quantity larvæ eat is astonishing. I believe a cabbage caterpillar like this will consume

more than twice its own weight in twenty-four hours ; and the maggots of many flesh-flies will, in a night and day, devour so much as to increase their weight two hundred fold. Indeed the sole object of the larva seems to be the satisfying of its insatiable hunger ; and its intestines are almost all stomach, for digesting the masses of food which it consumes. As they eat a great deal, they generally grow very fast, so that a frequent change of skin is necessary to them ; for their skin does not, like that of other animals, extend with their growth. I believe all larvæ moult seven, and some even ten times : an operation which is attended with considerable difficulty and even pain to the insect ; for it loses not only the skin of the body, but even the skull or horny covering of the head, with the jaws and teeth.

ANNA.—I should think they cannot eat quite so fast just then.

PAPA.—No, poor things ! their new jaws and teeth are too soft to do much execution at first ; they soon harden however, and enable them to eat faster than ever.

ANNA.—Have all larvæ jaws and teeth ?

PAPA.—Not all : the instrument for receiving food depends on the aliment they are destined to feed on : those which live on solid substances have jaws and teeth ; but those whose food is liquid, are provided with a tube through which to suck it in.

ANNA.—Here are some spots on the Caterpillar's head, I suppose they are its eyes.

PAPA.—It is not known exactly what they are, but it is not probable they are eyes ; for insects in the larva state do not appear to have the sense of sight, nor indeed any sense but that of touch. You observe that this Caterpillar has six legs.

ANNA.—Has it not more than six, papa ?

PAPA.—No, my dear : these are the legs which are placed in three pairs near the head ; the other little processes which some Caterpillars have, and which you take

for legs, are merely tubercles or false feet, which serve to support the length of the body, and sometimes act as cramps to assist in walking; but they have no joints, and consequently no free motion. I was going to remark that those larvæ that move by means of legs, of which this is an example, are called *pedate* larvæ; those that have none, *apodous* larvæ. You must not, however, suppose that the larvæ, that have no feet, are therefore incapable of motion: generally speaking, their mode of life makes a frequent change of place less necessary to them than it is to the *pedate* larvæ; but I assure you they can move when occasion requires it, and some of them very nimbly too; some walk, others jump, and others swim, notwithstanding the want of limbs.

ANNA.—I suppose the grubs we find in nuts are among the walkers; I have often wondered how they manage it.

PAPA.—Yes; the grub of the Nut-weevil is a good specimen of them: it walks by the alternate contraction and extension of the segments of the body, assisted, perhaps, by the fleshy prominences of its sides: and the maggots which revel in our cheeses, the larvæ of a little black shining fly, the *Tephritis putris*, afford an excellent example of the jumpers. They effect their tremendous leaps, for truly they are so when compared with what we can do, nearly as salmon are stated to pass over cataracts, by taking their tail in their mouth, and letting it go suddenly. Swammerdam saw one, whose length did not exceed the fourth part of an inch, jump thus out of a box six inches in depth, which is equal to a leap of 144 feet for a man six feet high.

ANNA.—You said, papa, that some swim: I did not know that any inhabit the water.

PAPA.—Yes, many do. Among others the beautiful dragon-fly and your tormenter, the common gnat, pass through the first stages of their existence in that element; where they render us services of incalculable value by abstracting from stagnant waters all the un-



wholesome part of their contents. Were it not for the innumerable larvæ of gnats and other insects that inhabit stagnant pools, they would send forth putrid exhalations, and be often the cause of fatal disorders. Even when destitute both of feet and fins, these singular little creatures are often capable of very rapid motion: some effect their movements by alternate contortion of the upper and lower halves of their bodies: others by striking the water with their tails. I should never have done were I to enumerate all the different motions observable in insects, even in their larva state; in the *pedate* larvæ, or those furnished with feet especially: some are remarkable for the slowness of their pace; others run with extreme swiftness; some jump, and others swim: but I cannot dismiss the subject without mentioning a species of motion peculiar to them. I mean their mode of climbing. I will put the Caterpillar on this pane of glass in the green-house, and he will show you how they effect it. Do not you perceive that he has left a visible track behind him? Fetch your magnifying glass, and you will see that it consists of little silken threads which he has spun in a zig-zag direction, forming a rope ladder, by which he ascends a surface he could not otherwise adhere to. The silk as it comes from him is a gummy fluid which hardens in the air, so that he has no difficulty in making it stick to the glass. Many Caterpillars that feed upon trees, use ropes instead of ladders; particularly the geometers, as they are called; for as they have frequent occasion to descend from branch to branch, and sometimes, particularly when they are about to enter their pupa state, to the ground, if they were obliged to traverse the rugged trunk their journeys would be tedious and fatiguing; but they are provided with a means of descending far more convenient and expeditious; from their own internal stores they can let down a silken cord, and prolong it indefinitely, which will enable them to travel where they please; and when they wish to return, will afford them a clue by which to





Holly Tree.  
*Ilex Aquifolium*  
*Tetrandria Tetragynia*

*I. Highes.*

find their way back to the leaf they have left. Thus they can drop themselves without danger from the most lofty trees; and by gathering in as they return the thread they spun on their way out, can ascend again with great facility.

ANNA.—I have often seen them hanging by their little silken threads; but I never thought of their being of such use to them.—Why are they called geometers, papa?

PAPA.—Because they seem to measure the surface they pass over as with a chain. If you place one on your hand, you will find that it draws a thread as it goes; when it moves, its head is extended as far as it can reach with it; then fastening the thread there, and bringing up the rest of its body, it takes another step, never moving without leaving this clue behind it.

ANNA.—What clever little creatures, I shall try the next I find.

PAPA.—Curious as this display of instinctive skill appears, I assure you it is nothing when compared with that exhibited by insects in their perfect state.

ANNA.—I long to hear what you have to tell me of them.

PAPA.—Perhaps to-morrow evening we may resume the subject. We have not yet said any thing about them while in their pupa state; but it is too late now to enlarge further.

Z. Z.

## DESCRIPTION OF BRITISH TREES.

### No. V.

#### THE HOLLY—ILEX.

THE Holly is a tree with which we can scarcely need to be made acquainted, so distinct is it from others in its thorny leaves. Though the botanical name is *Ilex*, we must not confuse it with the *Quercus*, the evergreen

**Oak**, of which the English name is *Ilex*, most likely from the resemblance it in many respects bears to *Holly*—but they are a different class of plants. This is of the Class *Tetrandria Tetragynia*.

“It grows naturally in the woods and forests in many parts of England, where it rises from twenty to thirty feet, and sometimes more, but the ordinary height is not above twenty-five feet. The stem by age becomes large, and is covered with a greyish smooth bark—the leaves are of a lucid green on their upper surface, but pale underneath; the edges are indented and waved, with sharp thorns terminating each of the points, so that some of the thorns are raised upward and others bent downward.”—HUNTER.

These thorns are evidently so placed for defence—since it is observed that the upper branches, which are beyond the reach of cattle, have their leaves without thorns.

“Above all the natural greens which enrich our home-born store, there is none certainly to be compared to the *Agrifolium*, (or *Acuifolium* rather,) our *Holly*. I have often wondered at our curiosity after foreign plants, and expensive difficulties, to the neglect of the culture of this vulgar, but incomparable tree, whether we propagate it for use and defence, or for sight and ornament.”—EVELYN.

The *Holly* seems in old times to have been much valued as a defence—but I believe very few hedges are now made of it.

“A hedge of *Holly*, thieves that would invade,  
Repulses like a growing palisade”.—COULEII.

“Which makes me wonder,” adds Evelyn, “it should be reckoned among the unfortunate trees by Macrobius, and by others among the lucky; for so it seems they used to send branches of it, as well as of the Oak, (the most fortunate according to Gentile’s Theology) with their *Strenæ*, (*New Years’ Gifts*), begun, as Symmachus tells us, by king Tattius, almost as old as Rome herself. But to say no more of these superstitious fopperings, which are many, about this tree, we still dress up both our churches and houses, on Christmas and other festival days, with this cheerful green and its rutilant berries.”—EVELYN.

We thus perceive that this, like many of our Christian customs, originates in heathen superstition.

“Is there under Heaven a more glorious and refreshing object of the kind, than an impregnable hedge of about four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five in diameter, which I can show in my now ruined gardens at Say’s Court, at any time of the year, glittering with its armed and varnished leaves? The taller standards at

orderly distances, blushing with their natural coral. It mocks the rudest assaults of the weather, beasts, or hedge-breakers; *Et illum nemo impune lacessit.*"—EVELYN.

Our modern taste might probably not quite agree with Mr. Evelyn as to the beauty of his "rare hedge" in Say's Court, the "boast of his villa," or of the "Hedges, or, if you will, stout walls of Holly twenty feet in height, kept upright, and in two or three places one above another, shorn and fashioned into columns and pilasters, architectorially shaped, and at due distances; than which nothing can possibly be more pleasant; the berry adorning the intercolumniations with scarlet festoons and encarpa."

Nor can we find the park, "somewhere in Sussex, environed with a hedge of Holly, able to keep in any game." Still it cannot be denied that the Holly, when laden with its bright winter berries, is a very beautiful tree; it seems not to mind heat or cold, sunshine or shade, and will grow any where, even under the drippings of other trees.

"The timber of the Holly, beside that it is the whitest of all hard woods, and therefore used by the inlayer, especially under thin layers of ivory, to render it more conspicuous, is fit for all sturdy uses; the mill-wright, turner and engraver, prefer it to any other. It makes the best handles and stocks for tools, flails, the best riding-rods, and carter's whips; bowls, chivers, and pins for blocks; also it excels for door-bars and bolts; and as of the Elm, so of this especially, they made even hinges and hooks to serve, instead of iron, sinking in the water like it."—EVELYN.

Of the rind of this tree bird-lime is made.

"Alas! in vain with warmth and food  
You cheer the songster of the wood;  
The barbarous boy from you prepares  
On treacherous twigs his viscous snares:  
Yes, the poor bird you nursed, shall find  
Destruction in your rifled rind."—HUNTER.

The bird-lime is made by fermentation of the bark.

"Peel the bark about Midsummer—put it in spring water—boil it till the green bark may be separated from the brown—lay the green bark on the ground, covered up with some rank weeds, till it becomes a mucilage—then pound it in a mortar till it becomes a paste—lay it to ferment in earthen vessels, skimming it till it is clean and pure—add to it oil or goose-grease over a slow fire, stirring it till cold, and thus the composition is made."—EVELYN.

The bird lime, imported from other countries, is made from different trees. There are some Hollies with va-

riegated leaves, others with yellow berries, but they are only variations of the common species. The leaves used to have very extraordinary medicinal properties, but they have probably departed with the beauty of its cut hedges.

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### ON PRINCIPLE.

IN almost every recent publication, from the two-penny pamphlet to the five guinea quarto, the word *principle* is frequently introduced. Whether this arises from the refinement of the age, or an affectation to use philosophical terms, is not the object of this paper to decide. That this word is often written and as often read unaccompanied by any definite idea, appears too evident to require proof. Some speakers and writers will say that it is used merely as an expletive, while others regard it as expressive of a radical idea to which they attach much importance. If the opinions of those who use this very popular term are so diversified, we cannot feel surprise that readers should have very vague conceptions on the same term.

Every word is the sign of some idea in the mind, and if a word be spoken or written, it is intended to express the sentiment of the speaker or writer; to have the precise meaning of words fixed in the mind must be deemed a desideratum to insure progress in knowledge. And the want of precision in some writers, has made the path of science more rugged, and the ascent more steep, than any other circumstance whatever. It is readily admitted, that *principle*, like many other words, varies in its meaning according to the connection in which it is found. In mathematics the axioms are the *principles* upon which the demonstration is carried on. In the study of language the rules of Grammar are the *principles* of the language. Illustrations of this kind might be multiplied: but in reference to moral conduct, which is the most important connection in which the term *principle* is em-

ployed, it may be defined *a fixed and influential sentiment produced by a review of motives to certain actions*. Hence the man who acknowledges the Divine authority of the Sacred Scriptures, comes to them to inquire what are the duties he owes to his God and to his fellow-men, and observes what they prescribe, because the divine authority of the Sacred books is a sufficient motive to induce his obedience. A man who possesses this sentiment we unhesitatingly call a man of principle, because his regard to divine authority insures consistent and becoming conduct; while, on the other hand, the man who regulates his conduct merely by caprice, or a desire to promote his own interests, though it may be at the expense of another's peace or prosperity, is appropriately called a man of no principle. J. G. H.

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## HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

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### THE MOTHER'S REFLECTION.

THE mother looked upon the babe  
That on her bosom lay,  
And saw the fluttering life prepared  
To take itself away.

She watched the heaving of its breast,  
She watched the closing eye—  
Paler and paler on its cheek  
She saw the colour die.

The whitening lips, the moistened brow,  
Lifeless and livid grew,  
Like flowers, when they fade beneath  
The cold and clammy dew.

The mother kissed her babe, and said,  
My loved, my only one!  
What has the world then done to thee,  
That thou wilt go so soon?



I thought I saw the lineaments  
Of manhood on thy cheek—  
That little mouth, it moved as if  
It had been meant to speak.

I traced upon thy baby brow  
The still unconscious thought—  
The passion slumbering in thine eye,  
As yet awakened not:

And then I gaz'd, and gazing tried  
To read thy destiny,  
As if those features might betray  
What fortune meant for thee.

I fancied how those lips would move,  
While men attentive hung,  
To catch the whisper'd word of truth  
And wisdom from thy tongue.

I fancied how that brow would look,  
When haply it put on  
The gemmed and fretted coronet  
Of merit proudly won.

And then I spoke thy name—and thought  
That name might sometime stand,  
The proudest and the best beloved  
Of all thy mother's land.

Those eyes, these lips, that baby hand,  
Oh! they might sometime be  
What genius would be proud to trace,  
And say 'twas meant for thee.

Strength, intellect, and beauty all  
Seem'd there in proud portent—  
For what but fortune, fame and love,  
Could such a form be meant?

Mother too proud, 'twas all no more  
Than nature's mockery—  
Thy baby boy was born so fair,  
For nothing but to die.

And there he lies, so cold, so still,  
The false, false dream is broken—  
He has not thought, he has not felt,  
My baby has not spoken.

O baby, baby ! could they come,  
 And look upon thee now—  
 And see how still thy bosom lies,  
 And feel how cold thy brow—

Might infidelity stand by  
 And see thy colour go—  
 O baby, would they tell us still,  
 'Tis all no more but so ?

A form of life, a thing so fair,  
 And look'd upon, and gone !  
 If this were all, thou hadst not lived,  
 Or could'st not die so soon !



## AN ANSWER.

I KNEW a stream—'twas yonder, where,  
 Now bleak and bare,  
 There was a covert once of such fair green  
 Upon its margin seen,  
 The wandering Nightingale was fond to come,  
 And summer birds would choose it for their home.  
 And then it was a wild and wayward stream ;  
 The brightest beam  
 Of summer, when it played upon its cheek,  
 Painting its waters with a golden streak,  
 Did but betray  
 The hidden rocks that on its bosom lay :  
 And many a rugged mound, and many a steep,  
 And many a frowning chasm dark and deep,  
 Were on its path—and many a sigh,  
 As it pass'd them by,  
 I've heard those waters whisper—I have known  
 The sleepy midnight startled at the groan  
 With which they dashed upon the rustick bridge  
 Or on the edge  
 Of some sharp precipice, or fallen tree  
 Bath'd in its foam and water'd with its spray.  
 But there came a night—'twas such a night  
 As starlets bright  
 Fear to look out upon ; and the sick moon  
 If she appears, will hide herself anon,  
 As if she did not like that men should see  
 The dimness of her eye :

Small light was there except the lightning's flame—  
Fresh from the hills the sweeping torrent came,  
And nought could stay its course,  
Or check the force  
Of that tremendous flood, whose fearful sweep  
Bore with it to the deep  
Whatever could impede it by the way—  
The rocky mound, the over-hanging tree,  
The hidden stone that on its bosom lay—  
All yielded, and all went with it. And now,  
I'll show thee where those once wild waters flow,  
Deep, silent, beautiful—the brightest ray  
Of the mid summer's best and brightest day,  
The morning's blush, the evening's golden streak,  
Are brighter on its cheek  
Than any where beside—upon its breast  
The Nympha goes to rest  
And floats securely—not a ripple now  
Furrows its silver brow—  
And not a sound  
From the broad waters wakes the echo round.  
The winter snows return, the rains descend,  
And earth and heaven in mingled fury blend—  
It matters not—securely sped  
Within their deepen'd bed,  
Straight to the main the steady waters flow ;  
For nothing is there now  
On which to break themselves—nor rise, nor fall,  
Nor frowning chasm—the tempest swept them all.  
My Sister, there are hearts on earth, I ween,  
That erst have been  
Less tranquil than they are—they once had joys  
And hopes, and expectations—gilded toys  
That they mistook for treasures :  
They had pleasures  
And prospects and desires—Fortune then  
Ne'er shot in vain  
The random arrows of her reckless bow,  
Barbed with woe,  
Sure to hit somewhere : earth was peopled then  
With things that could be loved and loved in vain,  
Joys that depart, and pleasures that betray :  
One sorrow came, and swept them all away,  
And now there are none—  
They yielded, they are gone,

And do you wonder now  
To see upon that light and careless brow  
The smiles of pleasure playing?  
Gaily straying  
From flower to flower, like the summer bee  
That fearlessly  
Sips from their honied cups the sweets they bear,  
And is content that they should perish there—  
What should it want with them? Its stores are laid  
Where flowers do not fade.  
There was a struggle once—the rebel heart  
Refused to part  
With what it lov'd—the unsubmitted will  
Opposing still  
The stronger will of Heaven, met the tide,  
And laid itself in ruins by its side.  
Still sleeps the battle when the field is won.  
The strife is done,  
And Heaven is conqueror. Flow on, flow on,  
Straight for eternity, thou welcome tide  
Of never-resting Time! Let calmly glide  
With even wave  
Thy now untroubled waters—they shall lave  
Bosoms that will not sigh beneath their weight—nor mourn  
Their going—nor bewail them gone.  
If rainbow colours glitter on thy brow,  
If golden blossoms on thy margin grow,  
The tranquil spirit shall reflect their hue—  
As pure, as true,  
As yonder waters to the bright blue skies;  
And when the stormy vapours rise,  
Dark but not troubled, clouded yet serene,  
That spirit shall be seen,  
Swiftly and lightly as they pass it o'er,  
To borrow from them but a beauty more.  
Nay, fill thy tide of sorrow to the full,  
Throng the encompass'd bosom with the swell;  
O'erflow it, overwhelm it—tranquil still,  
Still the enlarged heart shall give thee room—  
There cannot come  
So much of sorrow on thy brief, brief tide,  
But it may glide  
Peacefully over it, and buried lie  
In yonder ocean of eternity.

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I THINK of heaven—and then I think of THEE,
 My blessed God—for heaven is where thou art—
 And I have known, when pondering the chart
 Which guides my way till I thy glory see,
 Some foretaste of that glory beam on me—
 Thy spirit condescending to impart
 The sweet assurance to my seeking heart,
 That where my Lord is, I shall also be—
 And therefore heaven is mine—for THOU art mine
 Whose presence constitutes my bliss below—
 Nor other heaven can saints made perfect know.
 Only on them thou dost for ever shine—
 I catch some scatter'd and far distant rays,
 Of that great Light they view in one unclouded blaze.

VERITA.

EXTRACTS.

POPISH SUPERSTITION.

IN the year 1381, in the fourth year of Jubilee of the most famous martyr, St. Thomas, the people from every place flocked in great multitudes to Canterbury. At the same time it happened that the venerable Father, the Lord Simon de Suthberi, then bishop of London, was travelling towards Canterbury, who being misled by the spirit of error, positively assured the people that were going on pilgrimage thither, that the plenary indulgence which they hoped for at Canterbury was of no profit or value; on which many of the crowd, with their eyes cast down to the ground, stood amazed at the sayings of so great a father; some went back again; others with loud voices cursed the bishop to his face, saying and wishing that he might die a base and shameful death, who was not afraid to do so great an injury to so glorious a martyr. A Kentish knight also, whose name the writer thinks was Sir Thomas de Aldoun, being moved with anger, came up to the bishop, and said to him, "My lord bishop, because you have raised such a sedition amongst the people against St. Thomas, at the peril of my soul, you shall die a shameful death;" to which all the people cried, Amen, Amen. Accordingly in the reign of Richard II. he was beheaded by the mob that rose under Wat Tyler and Jack Straw, that the voice of the people, saith the popish writer of this story, *i. e.* the voice of God; as it was foretold, might be in due time fulfilled.—*Wharton's Anglia Sacra.*

ARABIC DISCOVERIES.

GUNPOWDER, the discovery of which is generally attributed to a German chemist, was known to the Arabians at least a century before

any traces of it appear in the European historians. In the thirteenth century, it was frequently employed by the Moors in their wars in Spain, and some indications remain of its having been known in the eleventh century. The Compass also, of which the invention has been given alternately to the Italians and French in the thirteenth century, was already known to the Arabians in the eleventh. The geographer of Nubia, who wrote in the twelfth century, speaks of it as an instrument universally employed. The numerals, which we call Arabic, but which, perhaps, ought rather to be called Indian, were undoubtedly at least communicated to us by the Arabians. Without them none of the sciences in which calculation is employed, could have been carried to the point at which they have arrived in our day, and which the great mathematicians and astronomers among the Arabians very nearly approached. The number of Arabic inventions, of which we enjoy the benefit without suspecting it, is prodigious. But they have been introduced into Europe in every direction, slowly and imperceptibly; for those who imported them did not arrogate to themselves the fame of the invention, meeting, as they did in every country, people who like themselves had seen them practised in the East. It is peculiarly characteristic of all the pretended discoveries of the middle ages, that when the historians mention them for the first time, they treat them as things in general use. Neither Gunpowder, nor the Compass, nor the Arabic Numerals, nor Paper, are anywhere spoken of as discoveries, and yet they must have wrought a total change in war, in navigation, in science, and in education. It cannot be doubted but that the inventor, if he had lived at that time, would have had sufficient vanity to claim so important a discovery. Since that was not the case, it may be reasonably presumed that all these inventions had been slowly imported by obscure individuals, and not by men of genius, and that they were already universally known.—*Sismondi.*

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Dunallan; or, Know what you Judge; a Story—by the author of "Decision," "Father Clement," &c. Edinburgh.—Oliphant and Co. 1825.

THE author of one good book has brought upon himself a most fearful responsibility. Nay, to write for the publick at all, is a task so responsible, that perhaps, were it fitly appreciated, there would be fewer authors than there are. The minister who speaks from the

pulpit, knows to some extent the persons to whom he addresses himself, and can in some measure calculate the effect of his words upon their hearts—the place, the circumstance under which they are to be listened to, are at least known to him. And the minister is in some degree known to his hearers—if they hold him in estimation, they will put the best construction upon his words, and if they are equivocal, will say he did not mean what he expressed—if they know him to have some weakness or peculiarity of character, they will attribute to that known character any thing they perceive amiss, and be the less misled by it. The words too of the preacher are but fleeting sounds—if the general impression they make be good and they be fitted for the occasion of their utterance, all is well—they will not remain to be misconstrued, perverted, and misapplied; or if they make a wrong impression, he may have an opportunity to explain them. The author speaks to he knows not whom—his words are to be read he knows not where or in what circumstance—they must be taken upon their own character, not upon his—the mischief, if they do any, admits of no redemption—the mistakes, if they contain any, cannot be contradicted—the explanations, if they need any, cannot be given—for though he may write hundreds, he cannot insure them the same readers. The writer who commits a work to the publick, prescribes not to a patient whose constitution he knows for a disease that he has studied; but he compounds a draught of which whoever will may drink—whatever their constitution, whatever their disease, they may take of his nostrum if they like. How careful needs he to be of the ingredients with which he mixes it! But if this is true of all who write, far more is it so with those who have written once and been approved. In other cases the prudent will enquire before they taste—in this case, the lable is sufficient—another book by the author of ——. It must be good—every body buys it, and every body reads it—

They may end in disapproving, perhaps—but meantime they have read it, and the draught is taken.

Had “Dunallan, a Story,” been published without reference to other works, the title sounds so like a novel, and the outside of the book looks so like one, our cautious young people would not have taken it up—our prudent parents would not have put it in their way, at least till they had read it themselves. But bearing the warrant of the author of “Father Clement,” one of the best little books that ever has been written, every one hastened to enquire for it—and we fear our protest will come too late, to prevent our young readers from amusing themselves with such—respect for the unknown author of “Father Clement,” and sincere admiration of that production, bids us withhold the epithet we had prepared for this.

It is our duty, however, whether our young friends have or have not read “Dunallan,” to protest strongly against such works in general and this work in particular, one of the worst specimens we have met with of religious novels. To say that the story itself is absurd and improbable, is not much—the great objection to novels in general is, that they give a false representation of the world they pretend to paint, and make trebly delusive that which in itself is a delusion. But alas! must the false spectrum extend itself to the very regions of eternal truth; and not content with painting folly as it is not, paint wisdom, religion, truth, as it is not? Let us have no religious fiction—there is contradiction in the very terms—for religion is truth. If it be said the story, which is fiction, is but a vehicle to convey the sentiments, which are truth—we beg pardon, on behalf of “Dunallan” at least—for here the sentiments are even as fictitious as the story, itself the most improbable we ever read. “Put off thy shoes—for the ground on which thou standest is holy ground.” The romance, the intrigue, the criminal passion, the perjured vows—the stalest trickery of the vulgarest sort of novel-

writing, which, in deference to our amended taste, the writers in that department themselves have been fain to forego, are no fit vehicles for religious truth, supposing it were there—but so admixed, it is not truth, it cannot be. The pious, who have been accustomed to study religion in their Bible, in their silent chambers, in the yet stiller chambers of their own hearts, wonder, as well they may, and feel sad to see the beloved of their bosom in such strange company, and with features so unlike to what they have been used to look upon—the world, for whose conviction these works are more especially intended, aware of our *prejudices* against vice and villainy, and folly and falsehood, and all such harmless fricandage, laugh at us, as well they may, that we are compelled to have recourse to their cookery for the better disguising of our unsavoury meats, and to mix with what we present to them as wholesome food, a portion of what we pretend to think poison, to make it at all digestible. There are novels that are beautiful, that are harmless, and it may be, improving, to minds sufficiently matured to use them rightly; and we should delight to see them written with a religious tone and on Christian principles, though not religious works. It is far from our wish to banish works of fiction from our literary treasures, or to forbid them to the most holy and the purest mind—though we may persuade our *very* young readers to wait for them a year or two, as being at present too stimulating for their unformed taste. But the works we speak of are not of this sort—without the religion mixed up in them, they would be stupid and pernicious novels—What are they likely to be with it? Worse—because in the former case, no one would read them—the harmless folios would go to wrap up butter and candles, to which they could do no harm—in the latter, all good sort of people read them conscientiously, and take it withal to be a devotional exercise—we have known ladies very much surprised that we should think

a religious novel not the fittest reading in the world for the Sabbath morning.

In respect to "Dunallan," we would rather not produce it to our readers in the form of minute criticism—but if any of our young friends, who have as yet but little acquaintance with religion and the world, have studied this portrait of them, we would assure them that it is not the custom for religious gentlemen to make irreligious young ladies plight vows before God which they know to be false, even though ladies' maids should not deliver letters, which they generally do—that thoughtless, heartless, prejudiced women would not always be captivated with religion the moment they saw it, even though it should consist in reading family prayers, visiting the poor, and sitting with your back to the card-table, which it does not—that in Great Britain in the reign of George IV. duels are not often fought without the consent of the parties—that disappointed lovers do not in general employ themselves in firing *so many* pistols—in short, that not one of the events recorded in these Octavos, is likely to happen in any world, religious or irreligious, with which they are likely to become acquainted.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.—No. 5.

IF there be any one fault which gradually degenerates into a vice, it is undoubtedly indolence. It leads to every thing that is wrong, and the rapidity with which the habit increases, would assuredly prevent young people from giving way to it in the slightest instance, could they foresee its future consequences. Eliza is sixteen years of age, and although clever, accomplished, good-tempered and amiable, her extreme indolence casts a dark shade over her good qualities, and materially deducts from the happiness of her family. Her sisters have usually learnt their lessons or taken a walk before she considers it time

to rise; and when she comes down (which is rarely before the family have assembled round the breakfast table), the negligence of her dress justifies the supposition that she has not had sufficient time to attend to her person. Does she write—one of her younger sisters places her desk, her books, &c., and she continually interrupts their studies that they may ring the bell, or fetch that book, look for such a piece of music, or open the piano-forte. Does she walk—her sisters are employed in replacing her desk or her work-box, and laying out her walking dress: she returns, she takes off her dress in the first room she enters, and lays it on the nearest table or chair. She has given up dressing and curling her hair herself because it tires her arms; and it is now so long since she either tied her shoes or picked any thing from the ground, that it is too great an exertion to stoop. She would (although naturally industrious) rather sit idle than go up stairs to procure employment. True, Eliza was willing to assist her sisters in their studies, their lessons, or their work; or to lend them any thing, provided they could procure it themselves; or she would send a servant to her drawers or closets, but she *could not* go herself. She was not always so indolent—three years since she only employed her sisters to run up stairs, but the habit of indolence increases rapidly: she is only sixteen; what will she be at thirty?

E.

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A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

(Continued from page 253.)

HISTORY OF PERSIA—FROM B.C. 401, TO B.C. 333.

IN the year B.C. 400, the Lacedæmonians, having crushed the rival power of Athens, turned their arms against Persia, and invaded it with a considerable force under their king Agesilaus. For six years this prince waged successful war on the Persian territories, when he was recalled to the defence of his own country; and a great naval victory of the Persian fleet under Conon over the fleets of Lacedæmon, gave a turn to the prosperity of that state, which was never after recovered; the opportunity of this defeat being taken by the other Grecian states to resume the liberty of which the superiority of Sparta had deprived them. Athens, which the Persians had so recently assisted the Lacedæmonians to destroy, they now determined to rebuild, the better to oppose their power. Conon repaired thither with eighty ships, landed in the port of Athens, and, assisted by all those who were disposed to befriend her, rapidly rebuilt her walls, and restored the city to its former splendour, fortified at the expense and with the spoils of the Lacedæmonians, who had dismantled it. They, beholding

with apprehension the resuscitation of so powerful an enemy, endeavoured to come to terms with Artaxerxes. The conditions they offered were too advantageous to be refused—a peace disgraceful to Greece was concluded, giving up to Persia all the Asiatic Greeks, for whose liberty Agesilaus had so long contended; while Conon is said to have been sacrificed by his king for the service rendered to the Athenians. The Lacedæmonians never after interfered with the affairs of Persia.

Two unsuccessful expeditions followed, the one against Cyprus, then an independent kingdom, the other against the Cadusians, a people inhabiting the mountains between the Euxine and the Caspian seas, of whom all that we know is, that they at this time were governed by two kings, revolted probably from the dominion of Persia. With equal ill success, an expedition was made into Egypt, which had for some time freed itself from the Persian yoke.

Towards the end of his reign, the peace of Artaxerxes was destroyed by the factions of his court, and the contentions of his children. He had one hundred and eighteen sons—of these he declared Darius, his eldest son by his wife, his successor on the throne, and allowed him to assume in his own life-time the title of king, and wear the tiarā. This did not content the young prince, and engaging fifty of his brothers in the unnatural project, he formed a design against his father's life. The plot was discovered, the conspirators seized, and all put to death. The contention was not thus terminated; the other sons began to contend for what these had forfeited, and poisoned and destroyed each other. These crimes, and the loss of his children, overwhelmed with grief the aged monarch, already ninety-four years of age; unable longer to bear up against them, he died in the forty-sixth year of his age, with the character of much justice, mildness, and generosity. B.C. 359.

Ochus, his son, conscious of the hatred he had incurred by the murder of his brothers, prevailed with

those about his court to conceal the king's death, and continued to issue decrees in the name of Artaxerxes, as if still alive; among others, a decree by which he proclaimed Ochus his successor. After about ten months, the death was acknowledged, and Ochus openly assumed the government; but an almost universal insurrection immediately arose throughout the empire. Ochus exceeded in cruelty and wickedness all the princes of his race—to prevent their becoming his rivals for the crown, he put to death every individual of his family, and indeed every one else whom he suspected of opposing him. Such measures could scarcely prevail; one revolt succeeded to another, and threatened to dismember the empire—but Ochus finally prevailed. As soon as peace was restored at home, he led an army into Egypt, and again brought that kingdom into subjection to Persia. All opposition thus ended, Ochus gave himself to luxury and dissipation, and left to his ministers the management of affairs; by one of whom, an Egyptian, he was eventually poisoned, in pious revenge for his god, Apis, whom Ochus, in his Egyptian expedition, had destroyed. B.C. 338.

The minister who had thus murdered his master and benefactor, put to death also all his sons, except Arses, the youngest, whom he placed on the throne—but before the end of the second year, murdered him also and all his family. Darius Codomannus, a distant branch of the royal family, was next raised to the royal dignity. Him also the treacherous minister would have murdered, but being detected in his purpose, Darius forced him to drink himself the poisonous cup he had prepared, and thus had secure possession of his throne. This Darius was a prince of great valour and good disposition—but the period of Persian greatness was at hand, and Alexander, now on the throne of Macedon, was preparing to overthrow it.

The name of Macedon is new to our history of the world—we have hitherto not had occasion to mention it,

nor shall we do so particularly, till we come to the annals of Grecian history. It is sufficient now to remark, that the first Grecian states had already reached the summit of their glory and declined—while the kingdom of Macedonia, lying north of those with whose name we are already familiar, was rising to greatness on their decline, and about to claim an almost universal empire in the civilized world, as extensive as it was brief. At present we have no more to do with it than as connected with Persian history.

The aggressions of Persia for three centuries passed, were not forgotten by the Greeks, and an invasion had for some time been contemplated, under Philip, the father of Alexander. He being dead, Alexander called an assembly of the Grecian states, and persuaded, or rather obliged them to choose him their commander, and furnish men and money for the expedition. But it was now by valour and moral strength, not by numbers that battles were to be won—the contrast is remarkable: when Persia was to attack the small states of Greece, she brought over an army of 600,000 men—now Greece was to subdue the immense empire of Persia, not more than 33,600 crossed the Hellespont. At the river Granicus Alexander first met the enemy, to the amount of more than 100,000, drawn up on the opposite side of the river to dispute his passage. The Persians waited till the Macedonians should enter the water, prepared to attack them in landing. As soon as a convenient place was found, the passage commenced with sounding of trumpets and loud shouts of joy. A bloody engagement ensued, the Macedonians resolutely endeavouring to land, the Persians driving them back into the river. The valour of Alexander and his troops forced the Persians to give way after long and obstinate resistance. The victory was complete—the Persians lost 45,000 men. Of the Macedonians, twenty-five men of the king's troops fell in the first attack, whose statues, made by Lysippus, Alexander, some time after, caused to be set up in Dia, a

city of Macedon, whence they were, many years after, carried to Rome by Metellus. About sixty others were killed, and buried the next day with solemnity, the king exempting their parents and children from all taxes and burdens. The cities of Sardis and Ephesus immediately surrendered to the conqueror—Miletus maintained a severe siege, but yielded at last. Halicarnassus was very bravely defended, and much knowledge of the art of war, as well as intrepid courage, was manifested on both sides. The Macedonians, with great difficulty, filled up the ditches and brought their engines to the walls; their works were repeatedly demolished, and their engines set on fire. No sooner was a part of the wall beaten down with the battering rams, than another rose behind it, and all was to begin again. But Alexander's perseverance was never vanquished. The Persian commander, Memnon, was obliged to abandon the city to its fate. As the sea was open, he placed a garrison in the citadel, and going on board the fleet, of which he was also admiral, he conveyed the inhabitants, with all their effects, to the island of Cos, not far distant. Alexander, finding the city empty both of riches and inhabitants, razed it to the ground: but left the citadel as of small importance.

In the second year of this war, Phrygia, Gallicia, and most of the northern provinces were subdued, and the friends of the conqueror left to govern them. Darius made vigorous, but unavailing preparations for defence. The death of Memnon, his best general, as he was preparing to lead an army into Greece to attack the dominions of Alexander in his absence, was an irrecoverable loss to the Persian empire. At Babylon, Darius himself assembled from four to six hundred thousand men, according to different authors, and marched to meet the enemy in the vast plains of Mesopotamia. As this is the last opportunity, we shall relate as a matter of curiosity illustrative of Asiatic habits, the order of march on this occasion.

Before the army was carried, on silver altars, the sacred and eternal fire, as they called it, attended by the Magi, or priests, singing hymns after the manner of their country, and 365 youths in scarlet robes. After these came a chariot, consecrated to Jupiter, drawn by white horses, and followed by one of an extraordinary size, which they called the horse of the sun: all the equeuries were clothed in white, each having a golden rod in his hand. Next appeared ten sumptuous chariots, enriched with curious sculptures in gold and silver; and the vanguard of the horse, composed of twelve different nations, and all armed in a different manner; this body of horse was followed by another on foot, called by the Persians Immortal, because, if any of them died, his place was immediately supplied by another; they were 10,000 in number, and distinguished by the sumptuousness of their apparel; for they all wore collars of pure gold, and were clothed in robes of gold tissue, having large sleeves garnished with precious stones. About 30 paces distant came the king's relations or cousins, to the number of 15,000, appareled like women, and surpassing even the Immortal body in the pomp and richness of their attire; they were honoured with the title of the king's cousins, and possibly several of the king's relations were in this body. After these came Darius himself, attended by his guards, and seated on a chariot, as on a throne: the chariot was supported on both sides by the gods of his nation, cast in pure gold; from the middle of the beam, which was set with jewels, rose two statues of pure gold, a cubit in height, the one representing War, the other Peace, and both shaded with the wings of a spread eagle of the same metal. The king was clothed with a garment of purple, striped with silver, wearing over that a long robe, enriched with a great number of precious stones; and the scabbard of his scymetar, as we are told, was made of a single precious stone. On either side of the king walked 200 of his nearest relations, followed by 10,000 horsemen, whose lances were plated with silver,

tipt with gold; after these marched 30,000 foot, the rear of the army, and lastly, 400 led horses belonging to the king. At a small distance followed Sysigambis, the king's mother, and his consort, seated on high chariots, with a numerous train of female attendants on horse-back, and fifteen chariots, in which were the king's children, and those who were charged with their education. Next to these were the royal concubines, to the number of 360, all attired like queens: they were followed by 600 mules, and 300 camels, which carried the king's treasures, and were guarded by a body of bow-men; the march was closed by a great many chariots, carrying the wives of the crown officers and lords of the court, and guarded by some companies of foot lightly armed. The splendid incumbrance of such an armament; is in itself sufficient to account for the rapid success of Alexander's arms. Our minds are apt to be dazzled and surprised by the extent and rapidity of his victories, and falsely to regard his character as great in proportion to his successes—we shall speak more of this in his own history; but would here have it observed what were the enemy with whom the poor and hardy Greeks had to contend—a nation widely victorious indeed, but it had been over people of habits and character like their own—and under a brave commander, but one who had no real soldiers to command, and was encumbered with such armaments as we have described; more like the procession of a masque than the movement of an army.

Alexander waited for Darius in the mountains of Cilicia, where the narrowness of the passes made the multitude of his train still more unmanageable. Darius either knew nothing of the art of war, or would not depart from the customs of his nation—a peculiar characteristic of the eastern world, where nothing yielded to time and circumstance; but must always continue what it always had been; this constancy extended to every thing, from the arrangements of the battle, to the fashion of their garments. It was in vain,

therefore, that the Greeks, who were serving in Darius' army, exhorted him to remain in the plains where all his troops might be drawn up, or to separate, and attack the Greeks in different bodies. The Persian courtiers traduced as traitors those who suggested such a plan, alleging that they advised to divide the troops in order to weaken them, and give them into the hands of the enemy. They also made Darius believe the Greeks were flying before him, and that he ought to pursue them to the passes of the mountains, in order to destroy their force while entangled among them. This step decided the fate of the Persian empire. Alexander, when he heard of Darius' approach, could scarcely believe a circumstance so exactly suited to his wishes; he waited for him, and having offered a sacrifice to the gods, drew up his army on a spot of ground near the city of Issus, bounded on one side by the mountains, on the other side by the sea. Here Darius, having no room to extend his forces, was obliged to draw up his lines one behind another, so that the Macedonians attacked and defeated them in succession. The first line was soon broken and recoiled upon the second—that upon the third, and so on till the whole army was in disorder. Those of the Persians whose courage would still have maintained the struggle, were lost in the crowd; Darius, among the rest, with difficulty got through the throng, and fled in his chariot to the mountains, where he mounted a horse and pursued his flight, leaving behind him his bow, his shield, and royal mantle: the Greek mercenaries of his army alone saved him from being pursued and taken, by fighting, till from 20,000 they were reduced to 8,000. Part of the royal family and their treasures were taken in the camp; the remainder having been removed to Damascus, were afterwards taken with that city. Such was the famous battle of Issus, 333, B.C.

Alexander next marched into Syria, where the commanders of Darius readily delivered their cities and

treasures into his hands. The king, however, did not yet believe he could be vanquished, and sent a haughty letter to Alexander, to offer ransom for the royal prisoners; and as for their dispute about the empire, they might decide it, if Alexander pleased, by an equal number of troops selected on both sides; yet he advised him to rest contented with the kingdom of his ancestors, and not invade one to which he had no right—he was ready to swear friendship and amity with him for the future. Alexander, in reply, enumerated the injuries Greece had suffered from the Persians; wherefore he was not the aggressor, but had taken up arms in his own defence and to revenge his country and his fathers; the gods, who were always for the just, approved the war, since success thus far attended it, and the hosts of Persia fled before a small band of soldiers. He engaged, however, to restore the princesses, provided Darius would repair to his camp in the attire of a suppliant, and humbly beg him to give them liberty, which he might do in perfect security to himself.

REFLECTIONS

ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

On thee do I wait all the day.—PSALM xxv. 5.

THERE is something so beautiful, so happy, so full of meaning in that idea of waiting upon the Lord. It indicates a spirit so patient, so submissive, so serene—so hopeful, so confiding, so firm: exactly contrasted with the “who will show us any good?” of a spirit dissatisfied with earth and heaven, and unable to repose itself on God or man. “On thee do I wait”—it speaks a devotedness that cannot be drawn aside to go after other things—a watchfulness that cannot forget itself in unconcern—an expectation that cannot weary itself to sad-

ness—a patience that no delay can irritate—an attention that scarcely can mistake thy meaning—a willingness that never loiters to fulfil it—an abandonment that has no purpose of its own, and affects nothing on its own behalf; but waits cheerfully to hear what thou wilt say, and see what thou wilt do. “All the day!” Many are the events that a day may bring forth—changeable is the aspect of the days of man—the sun that rises bright may be shadowed ere it is noon. Various are the occupations of the days of man, and changeable as the winds are the feelings of his bosom. Do I wait on thee all the day? Not in sorrow only when I cannot do without thee, nor in joy only when I revel in thy bounties—not only when my heart is warm, and desires to enjoy thee, nor only when it is cold, and requires that thou warm it—but all the day—in gratitude when it has, in expectation when it has not, in consent when it must not have: giving my futurity as it were to thee, with all its temporal and spiritual concerns, and waiting to receive it back again, minute by minute, hour by hour, in whatever colour thou art pleased to clothe it, with whatever errand thou art pleased to charge it—waiting for the message each brings, confident to be pleased with it and determined to abide by it. Is there any happiness on earth worth the peace of a bosom that thus waits upon its God?

Have no company with him, that he may be ashamed.

Yet count him not as an enemy, but admonish him as a brother.—II. THESS. iii. 14, 15.

So deep is the knowledge of God of the heart he has created and renewed—its proneness to err on this side, and to err on that side, and warned of danger on the right hand, to rush into danger on the left—that while he overlooks no circumstance of our christian course to leave us therein without a guide and an admonitor, he seldom gives an admonition without guarding it by a reverse—observe it here. If any man openly disobey the

word of the gospel he professes, those who love it and are tenacious of its glory must mark their disapprobation of this conduct, by so far withdrawing their countenance from the culprit, as shall make him feel and be ashamed for his defection: they must show that they are wounded in the wounding of their Lord, and in his dishonour feel themselves dishonoured. They must not leave the world to suppose them a party to the wrong, by manifesting no disapproval of it, nor the guilty brother to doubt if it be wrong, since it brings on him no shame. But so prone is man to do amiss even that he ought to do, that it is very seldom this is done in a proper spirit, or within due limits. Instead of admonishing the erring christian as a brother—a brother still, and therefore still fraternally beloved, although in error—we begin to account, or at least to intreat him as an enemy—to speak to him with haughtiness, and of him with bitterness—sullenly abandoning or harshly rejecting him, instead of trying by gentle admonition to win him back again. If our Lord were in as much haste to disown his children as we are to expel them from our brotherhood—if he were as zealous to raise the war-cry of enmity against the defaulter as we are to sound it for him, woe would it be to his family upon earth. I fear we shall many of us have to answer for the lengthened wandering of the erring sheep, by the eagerness with which we close the fold against him, the little willingness we show to receive him back again—treated as an enemy, enmity gets stronger possession of his mind—when admonished as a brother, he might remember his fraternity and be softened into penitence.

Et c'est ici la volonté de Dieu, savoir, votre sanctification.—I THESSAL. iv. 3.

ENFIN la nécessité des progrès dans la sanctification, paroît par le but que Dieu s'est proposé en nous plaçant sur la terre. On a eu souvent de la peine à concevoir comment Dieu logeoit l'homme, cette créature si noble,

sur le théâtre des vanités et de l'inconstance. On n'a pu comprendre ce qu'est notre vie, trente, quarante, quatre-vingts années dans l'immense océan de l'éternité. On n'a pu accorder le rôle que nous jouons ici bas, avec la sagesse de celui qui nous y a mis, et s'il m'est permis d'ainsi dire, la petitesse du monde, avec la grandeur de ses habitans. Quelle destination assignerez-vous à l'homme? Quel but attribuerez-vous à son Créateur? Pourquoi nous mettre dans ce monde? Etoit-ce pour nous y rendre heureux? Mais quoi? En nous environnant d'objets si peu proportionnés à nos facultés? En mettant notre fortune, notre reputation, notre vie, en butte à toutes les vicissitudes humaines? Etoit-ce pour nous rendre misérables? Mais comment accorder ces vûes avec les perfections de Dieu? Avec cette bonté, avec cette charité, avec cette libéralité qui fait son essence? Etoit-ce de nous faire cultiver les sciences et les beaux arts? Mais quelle relation d'une occupation si vile, avec un être si noble? D'ailleurs, auroit-il faller renfermer notre vie dans de si étroites bornes? Helas! à peine avons-nous fait quelque progrès dans les arts, et dans les sciences, qu'elles nous deviennent inutiles! A peine sommes-nous sortis du noviciat de l'enfance, que la mort arrête nos projets, et nous enlève aux fruits de nos decouvertes et de nos lumières: à peine avons-nous appris les langues, que la mort nous condamne à ne plus parler: à peine connoissons-nous le monde, que nous sommes appelés à le quitter: à peine savons-nous vivre, qu'il faut mourir. Que si le fameux Théophraste à l'âge de cent sept ans, regrettoit la vie, parce qu'il commençoit alors à pouvoir vivre avec sagesse, combien de regrets n'ont pas à former les autres hommes? Quel à été donc ce but de Dieu en nous plaçant sur la terre? A ce été de former une société et de l'entretenir? Mais cette société composée de créatures si passagères et si inconstantes, peut-elle être regardée comme un tout réel et solide? Et si elle a quelque solidité et quelque réalité,

lorsqu'on la considère dans une vue abstraite, qu'est-elle pourtant en elle-même? Qu'est-elle par rapport à vous, par rapport à moi, par rapport à chaque particulier qui la compose, et qu'une même loi va bien-tôt entraîner dans le tombeau? Une seule voie nous est ouverte, pour sortir de ces labyrinthes. Une seule réponse peut satisfaire à cette question. La terre est un lieu d'exercice; la vie est un tems d'épreuve, qui nous est donné, afin que nous options, pour une félicité, ou pour une misère éternelle.

SAURIN.

When thou art angry, all our days are gone.—

PSALM xc. 9.

SPEAKS not the heart a quick affirmative to this, that having once known what it is to have the light of God's love upon our tents, has seen it obscured, even no more than with a passing cloud of wrath too consciously deserved? Does it not seem so. Comes there not a darkness over the mind that seems a perpetual and eternal midnight? The judgment that before could see so distinctly every turning of the intricate path of righteousness, can now no more discriminate—it falters, hesitates, and likely mistakes its way. The faith that was before so firm, begins to waver—there are doubts, and difficulties, and uncertainties, that were not there before. The confidence—that beautiful abandonment of every thing to the care of him who careth, that firm reliance upon the promise of him who never lies—where is it all? Perhaps he does not care—perhaps he has not promised, or he is not true. Alas! it is all gone. Who can walk confidently, certainly, and exactly, in the dark? But what has caused the darkness? Why is the sun so suddenly gone down? What has obscured our judgment, and weakened our faith, and shaken our confidence? Even this—we provoked him and he was angry—he was angry and all our days are gone. Those who once sat in darkness, have seen a great light: but if that light is withdrawn, where should they be again

but in the darkness? And it is withdrawn, whenever, by sin indulged, God's anger is provoked: it came with his countenance, and it departs when that countenance is averted. It has been feared by some, that confident trust, and simple reliance on the merits of another, as in the Gospel inculcated, may lead to indulgence and carelessness of life. Let them be content. The moment the life becomes careless, and sin is indulged, the anger of God is kindled—the light grows dim—the confidence is shaken, the faith is obscured, and the day is for that time gone. The remembrance of it may encourage the soul to penitence, and lead it humbly to wait for the returning light—but it will not enable it to walk contentedly and boldly in the darkness.

LECTURES
ON OUR
SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

LECTURE THE SEVENTEENTH.

No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.—MATT. vi. 24.

It is delightful to follow the divine Composer of this best of sermons; as in brief simplicity of words, seemingly no more than a succession of plain precepts, he combines in these often unconnected sentences, argument, proof, and reasoning at once—all that the most intricate discussion could suggest, in the pleadings, if we may so call them, of the eternal God against his guilty creatures. Some persons, whose love for the Bible does not extend to the whole of it, who are averse to the more doctrinal parts of Scripture—they say because they

do not understand them; but really because understanding they do not like them—attempt to shelter themselves under this most beautiful portion of the divine word, which they take to be a mere moral code, in their rejection of the peculiar doctrines of the gospel; as if there were indeed a difference between the doctrine of Christ during his ministry on earth, and that of the inspired apostles who succeeded to it. They have little digested the words of this discourse who think so—they are not a succession of mere moral precepts, that, affecting the outward conduct only, require no change of principle in the heart, and leave men to adjust their faith to whatever creed they please. On the contrary, there is in the whole sermon a train of reasoning carried on, and doctrine exhibited, in perfect conformity with the full system of the gospel; wanting nothing to complete it, but that which the Preacher was about to add, not in word, but in deed—as if in closing his sermon he had said, so far I have told you of the truth; follow me to Calvary, and you will see the rest.

Jesus began his discourse by declaring the preference of God for a people whom the world, in its established maxims, had not preferred, and pronouncing his blessing upon those whom the world had not esteemed blessed—the self-abased, the sorrowful, they who desire holiness more than their necessary food, and are willing to be reviled and persecuted for its sake. And with the objects of his blessing, he describes the nature and the value of it—comfort, joy, and satisfaction in time—rank and inheritance through all eternity. But where were these objects of his preference so described—what heads received the blessings as they fell? His disciples, his followers—they who had left all and braved all, to unite themselves in common cause with him. The personal application of the words follows immediately on their utterance—“YE are the salt of the earth, the light of the world.” But lest the distinction between his disciples and the world should not be fully perceived, lest some should take the blessing

for whom it was not intended, the Saviour goes on to discuss at great length the discordance that in old time, and at all times since man egressed from Paradise, had subsisted between him and his creatures, for which they stand before him condemned and rejected; and to show the necessity there was that those who called themselves his disciples, and were reconciled and restored, should come over to his mind, and be agreed with him in all things in which he stands at variance with the world. What the unregenerate are, and what the believer must not be, comes thus to be minutely discussed—the characters are placed in perpetual opposition—the world is convicted of wrong in every thing—even its best things—in most things the avowed opinions of men are wrong—or where these are right, their conduct is often not conformed to them—or where both opinion and conduct are right, the secret motive, the hidden principle is in the wrong: their worship, their prayers, their kindest dispositions towards each other, their very devotions to the Deity—all are in the wrong; and the contrast of their characters is made the standard of Christian excellence. “Be not like unto”—“But thou”—is the language addressed throughout to those whom God distinguishes with his approbation and his blessing.

But whence is all this discordance? Are not all these the creatures of God? Have they not his laws written on their hearts, delivered to them from his mouth, registered in his own eternal word? They hear, they read, they profess to know—what is the matter that they come to no agreement? Jesus takes no direct notice of this—he enters on no regular discussion—but passing at once from the consequences to their cause, he pronounces a truth, that without any immediate connexion with what has been said, answers the question and explains the whole. Nay, these few and simple words are a comment upon the conduct of the whole world, that solves, as it were, the riddle of all our contradictions and inconsistencies, the opposition to our own interests, and blindness

to our own advantage, and falseness to our own professions. Two powers, in direct opposition to each other, claim our service. A few of us determine boldly for the wrong master—serve him heartily and honestly, take his wages, and say we are content. Another few—I wish they be not the fewer—determine for the right master, and unworthily yet honestly serve him—prefer his wages, though we cannot earn them—will take hire of no other, lest he disown us—fighting his battles ill, but forsaking not his colours—cowards and poltroons often, but foregoing our allegiance never. The greater number, in Christian countries at least, are trying to serve both masters; and the consequences are exactly what the Preacher says they will be. Look around, look within, and see if it be not so.

We need not describe what our Master is who claims our services, nor the right he has to them. It is He who made us, and gave us, with existence, the means, the laws, and the ultimate object of existence. He is God—all to us that that great word implies. The other power is expressed by a most comprehensive term, the fittest that could have been selected to express the meaning. It is a Hebrew word, signifying riches, gain—from its supposed derivation, any thing that is trusted or confided in. This is what is often called in Scripture the *world*, not meaning the people of the world, but the things of the world—our pleasures, interests, and possessions in it—essentially our riches, our Mammon. It may be gold dug from the deep mine, it may be honour won from the suffrages of men, it may be sensual indulgences, extracted from the properties of nature, it may be mental gratification of the powers or passions of our own minds—all are alike our riches or what we esteem such; and so far as they are opposed to, or separate from the laws prescribed by our Maker when he created us, or to the purpose for which he created us, they are the Mammon here spoken of.

“Ye cannot serve two masters:” their commands so

different, their wages so different. How is it possible? Why then do we not choose between them, and be faithful? Because we like the service of the one and the wages of the other—that is, we wish to live in the service of Mammon, and die in the service of God—but how can we do this? We will enroll ourselves among the servants of God, and call him our Master, and in the mean time we will do the bidding of the other; or at least so divide our service as to get hire of both. You cannot—it is impossible. Ten times a day the balance will stand suspended, and demand the weight of a preference to turn it—ten times an hour duty and eternity will contend with the interests of earth for the unhallowed barter of your services, and risk to be out-bidden. No, it cannot be that the heart should be twice disposed of, and doubly occupied—the result must be, and is, what the prophet prophesies. “Either he will hate the one and love the other—or he will hold to the one and despise the other.”

God has denounced and rejected a divided heart—but even that is more than is sometimes offered: or the division is so unequal, the preference so decided, that the more favoured possessor has small reason to complain of rivalry. Our love for the Mammon of this world is sufficiently demonstrable in the sacrifices so willingly, so gaily made to it—the toil, the care, the watchfulness bestowed on it. Conscience, our acknowledged duty, and our eternal interests, are not too much to be yielded to its demands—the three-score years and ten, or four-score years allotted us, are not too much to be expended in restless anxiety to obtain, or as restless efforts to enjoy it: nay, when it has no more to bestow on us, and is about to depart from us for ever, our love is so true, so constant, it grows but the stronger for the recession of its object, and we love the world for nothing when it can give no more. The converse of the sentence is a fearful subject—there are few hearts so seared with earthliness as not to shudder at the idea that they should hate the

God that made them—we would not that any one should reflect upon it, and admit it of themselves. But we know very well what things are accepted in the world as symptoms of affection, and what would be construed as indications of averseness: to shun the presence, to dislike the name, to ridicule the words, to oppose the plans, to revile the friends; habitually, systematical, and of fixed design—we know by what name such conduct towards any earthly friend or master would be called.

But, whatever be true of the secret feelings of our hearts, however we may persuade ourselves we love what we do not serve, and prefer in the secret affections of our bosoms the being we thus outrage,—the actual share of obedience shown to each is too obvious to be denied. If drawing the inference from what we see, we may not conclude that men love the world and hate their God, we may take what we see in evidence of itself, and admit that men—the larger number of those who profess to serve both masters, do certainly, “hold to the one and despise the other.”

In opinion, avowed opinion, how very little comparative weight is allowed to the mind of God, even where clearly and unequivocally declared. It is the weakest of all arguments in human discourse, to prove that God has given his judgment on the point in question: the judgment of the world and its established maxims, are in the scale as all to nothing. In conduct—when is the despised, neglected master allowed to take precedence of his rival? Our time—if he ask that, he must wait till we have to spare—it is small portion we can yield to him, and that unwillingly and at inconvenience; so much are we pressed with the demands of our more honoured Master. And of that we spare to him, he must be content it is the worst we have—our hours of sickness, inability, or enforced solitude—the wearisome seventh day—or more likely the seventh part of it—of an enjoyed and busy week—the *pis aller* of a mind that will not please itself or employ itself with him, till it can find

neither pleasure nor employment in any thing else. Our talents—some hold them for pleasure, and some for gain, some for the purchase of each other's love, and some for the benefit and improvement of mankind. But who considers that he holds them for his Maker's service, or expends them in the extension of his power and the furtherance of his glory? Our obedience—if we have any doubts as to the opposition of the commands of these two masters, we have but to look again through the preceding verses of this sermon, which we all receive as from the lips of Deity, to be satisfied that they are not agreed. But even to this we need not go—it will be enough to watch the movements of our own hearts for some little space attentively, to perceive that interest and inclination are perpetually in competition with the law of perfect holiness and God's just decrees, and do commonly prevail against them: this is so far from being a secret, that very few will venture, or may escape ridicule if they do venture to allege God's commands as a reason why they do a thing, or his prohibition as a reason why they determine to forego it. And in fact, it is no reason, so long as by preference they hire themselves to another master, and by preference take his wages: it must be that one is despised—left neglected and forgotten, if not openly denied and set at nought.

The secret of all our equivocations and defections is in the text of the Preacher. We have a Master kind, loving, and most bountiful—the giver of all that we have, the guarant of all that we expect—Maker, Preserver, Redeemer, and Disposer, in time and in eternity. By duty and by interest we should serve him, and him only should we serve. But we have chosen for ourselves another master in the Mammon of this transitory world—its pleasures, its profit, its business, its toys—ease, credit, indulgence—any thing it is natural to the heart of man to love—would that sin itself, that loathsome object of most unnatural affection, were not among the number. If we have courage to make our choice

boldly for this new master, and deny the other or forget him, we may go on very successfully, perhaps happily in what seems to us an easy service—though God knows it is not always so!—to a certain point of time; when the service is done, and the last unwelcome wages are to be paid. If conscience refuse altogether to sanction this defection, or dread the too certain issue, there is less hope of peace; but still it may be accomplished—self-delusion will lend itself to the task—by dint of not reflecting, not believing, and not enquiring, the mind may go to rest in its own inconsistencies, confuse the differences of profession and principle, and fancy the despised Master has no clearer sight; till the full mid-day of eternal glory burst upon us, and disclose the grossness and absurdity of our delusion.

But if we determine to be the servants of our rightful Lord, honestly, openly, and loyally, then we have much indeed to do with these the holy Preacher's words—we must take them as our study and write them on our hearts; for it is necessary, indispensable, that foregoing the opinions and the sayings of men, we come over to his mind, and judge with his judgment, and see things even as our Master sees them.

Surely it is idle to assert, that no change of heart, no altered principle, no direct separation, is exhibited in our Saviour's Sermon on the Mount, between the world in general and the people of God in particular. Words of more determined opposition could not be found, than those in which the Preacher describes what men in general are, and what his disciples must be—opinions more irreconcilably adverse could not be propounded, than those from which the principles of his disciples are required to be changed. And in this text, as having brought the opposition to its climax, he declares the absolute impossibility of holding both—"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon;" I have proved to you that you cannot hold to things so opposite—nothing, therefore, remains, but the choice between them.

But these had chosen; and the Saviour of mankind addresses them as having done so, as his own beloved disciples and the servants of God his Father. To such only the succeeding verses are addressed; to them only they are reasonable; to them only possible—nay, they are true to none others; for God does not pledge himself to the paternal maintenance and protection of another's servants—though, thanks to his forbearance and still loitering bounty, they share it yet abundantly.

THE LISTENER.—No. XXX.

THE searcher after hidden wealth has sometimes found a treasure scarcely less valuable, though not the same, as that he looked for. The blighted autumn leaf encloses a bud of future promise; and the hour of disappointment is the birth-time, not seldom, of a hope more fair than that which it extinguishes. Even so do the defeats of our baffled wisdom bequeath to us a jewel of no common price—a lesson of humility, self-knowledge, and forbearance.

Such was my reflection, as, in the closing sentence of my last paper, I alluded to that self-esteem which makes to itself an idol of the things that are its own, and desires to conform to them the things of others. And I determined to make it the subject of future admonition to those who even now are setting out on the passage of life, with these Penates in their bosoms; prepared to immolate to them every thing that is most lovely, most excellent, and most generous in human intercourse—justness, forbearance, concord, good-humour, kindness, liberality, affection, harmony, and peace.

An opposition of interests, each one's selfishness taking arms in defence of its own, is undoubtedly the source of much of the misery of life, and much of the contention with which it is distracted. But if we observe the various

sources of disunion and disagreement that break the peace of families and the harmony of society, we shall find that opposing interests are not the only, nor perhaps the most frequent cause. We see the members of a family teasing, contradicting, and annoying one another perpetually, when all their real interests are in common: we see the members of society traducing, despising, and maligning one another, when it is the interest of all to live in sociability and peace. One very fruitful source of these disorders—but I would believe not one that is irremediable, since a better knowledge and better government of our own hearts might surely correct it—is that self-esteem of which I spoke, that making of our own ideas the standard of all excellence. Hear a fable:—

The beasts of the earth, and the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea, were living once—I do not think it was in Noah's ark—in peaceful community together—that is, they might have been peaceful if they would—being all fully provided, and secure in possession of their own.

But peace, it appears, was not to their mind. The rein-deer, taking a walk one day to refresh himself, and being accustomed then, as now, to walk upon four legs, met with a Heron, who, as every one knows, walks upon two. "Yonder is a fine bird," said the Rein-deer to himself, "but the fellow is a block-head; why does he not go on as many legs as I do—I'll e'en knock him over to convince him of his mistake," and forthwith he ran his sturdy sides against the slender limbs of the bird; and, if he did not break them, it was no fault of his.

A frolicsome Colt, playing his morning gambles, happened to come up to a young Bullock, entangled by his horns in the thicket, who, with groans and cries, solicited assistance to release him. "By no means," said the Colt—"it is your own fault. What need you to be wearing those things upon your head—don't you see that we have none;" and kicking up his hoofs in the poor captive's face, he galloped off.

A Magpie, wishing to improve the society of the neighbourhood, sent an invitation to some Blackbirds to dine with him in a certain wheat-field, where, at much expense no doubt, a dinner of newly-sown corn had been provided. The Blackbirds came in a full suit of black—the Magpie was dressed, as usual, in black and white; which, when the Blackbirds saw, great whisperings began amongst them. What a vulgar fellow—how monstrously unfashionable—could he not see that every body wore black—they wished they had not come—they gulped down the corn, half choking with ill-humour; two of them died that night of indigestion; the rest would ever after endure the pangs of hunger rather than alight in a field where a Magpie was feeding.

A certain Crab, cast upon the shore by the tide, and eager to regain his native element, was walking, as was his custom, sideways to the water's edge. By the way he met with an Eel in the same predicament; but he, like most other people, travelled with his head foremost. "I do not see, Sir," said the Eel, "why you should refuse to conform to the customs of the world and the habits of society—therefore I will thank you to turn about and walk like other people." The Crab maintained his right to walk as he pleased, more especially as it was the only way he could walk. The Eel persisted. A quarrel ensued—meantime the tide went out, and neither party, backward or forward, being able to reach the water, they were left to die of thirst upon the sand.

"Hear those creatures," said a pretty little Thrush, who just finishing his morning song, had alighted on a bough that overhung a bee-hive—"would you believe they take that noise for musick? The tasteless creatures! and pretend to have a concert! How I hate pretension. I will shame them into silence;"—and forthwith the Thrush resumed his loudest song. The Bees, however, happening to have more taste for honey than musick, a concert the least of their thoughts, went buzzing on, totally unconscious of the rivalry they

had excited. The Thrush grew wroth—they were actually trying to out-sing him—that was not to be borne—and down he hastily pounced upon the bees, as one by one they soared above their hive, and struck them to the ground with his beak; they trying in vain to pierce his close feathers with their sting—though some historians are of opinion he did not escape altogether unhurt.

“Pray, sir,” said a Goat to a Sheep, as they chanced to meet one day upon the narrow path of a declivity, but just wide enough to allow them to pass—“may I take the liberty of asking why you wear your hair curled while I wear mine straight?” The Sheep, not remarkable for his reasoning powers, had no particular reason to give—it answered his purpose, and if each was content with his own, there was no need of argument. The Goat thought otherwise—people ought to have reasons for what they do, and be able to explain the grounds of their conduct—and if they have not brains enough to discriminate, they ought to follow the example of those that have—therefore, to convince him that there was a reason why long, loose hair was more advantageous than close, curled wool, he should take the liberty of putting his horns into his fleece, and rolling him down the steep, which, if he had worn hair, he could not so easily have done.

It happened that a beautiful little Spaniel formed a strong attachment to a certain Rabbit he was in the habit of meeting in the beds of his master’s garden. The Rabbit felt extremely much flattered by the protection of so superior a person; but there was one subject of difference between them that was not easily to be adjusted. The Spaniel assured the Rabbit it was excessively vulgar to live upon vegetable diet—no rational creatures did so—it was food only for brutes—he hoped now he had chosen the Rabbit for his friend, he would try to acquire more genteel habits. The Rabbit modestly suggested that, beside that he had no teeth to

masticate animal food, and possibly no organ to digest it, he did not exactly know how he was to get it. The Spaniel generously promised to remove the latter difficulty, by sharing with him his own food—as to his teeth, if he could not masticate the meat, he might swallow it whole; it would save appearances, and nobody would know whether he digested it or not. The ambitious Rabbit, eager to place himself on an equality with his friend, and willing to imitate him in every thing, most assiduously swallowed the meat the Spaniel brought him, and if he did not enjoy his meals to the full as much as when he fed on cabbages and parsley, the idea of growing more genteel quite reconciled him to the privation. But, alas! nature prevailed, and poor Bunny died.

A Fly, who had been born and bred among his kindred behind a drawing-room curtain, determined to go forth and see the world, and make himself better acquainted with the beings that inhabit it. On his return, he was observed to be morose and melancholy—he shut himself up in a creek of the ceiling, and could scarcely be persuaded to go out in search of his necessary food. His friends, greatly concerned, questioned him upon the cause of this sadness, to which he only answered, that what he had seen of the world had so disgusted him, he was determined to have no more intercourse with it—he would rather stay in his creek and starve. His companions, who except a few Spiders, had seen nothing in society so much amiss, continued to express their surprise; till the poor Fly explained, that during his recent intercourse with the world, he had observed that the animals had the folly to wear their eyes in the front of their heads—of all the living creatures he had become acquainted with, there was not one, beside themselves, that could see behind him—he would sooner starve in solitude than associate with creatures so senseless—and he is supposed to have died of cold soon after, because

he would not go to the hearth to warm himself, lest he should meet a creature without eyes at the back of his head.

My readers, I am sure, must feel much affected at the mournful state of society in the animal creation at that period, and the sorrows that overwhelmed alike the innocent and the guilty. I can imagine that nothing, while they read it, stays their tears from falling, but the hope that such a state of society never has existed. I cannot certainly pledge myself to the historical truth of what I have related—though it appears to me quite as probable as many things that are believed—but I can assure you, I have seen something very like it, in the state of society among certain young ladies and gentlemen of my acquaintance in various parts of the habitable earth: I say *young* ones, more especially—because it is an evil the experience and self-knowledge of increasing years, tend in some degree to correct. But habit not unfrequently perpetuates what began in folly; which makes it the more necessary that early habits, the habits to which ignorance and inexperience mostly tend, should be watched, and as far as may be restrained, lest, confirmed by repetition and become insensible to ourselves, the fault remain when the excuse is gone.

Young persons, ignorant of the world and mostly ignorant of themselves, receive from their parents or their governess, or from the combined circumstances of their education, a certain set of opinions, ideas, and habits—very good ones, perhaps, but confined as the sphere in which they are collected. This set of notions is made into a standard of excellence differing materially according to the difference of education—but every girl thinks her own standard the best, or rather the only one, for she knows no other, and she comes into society fully prepared to measure all, and every thing by her own set of notions. If, to discover her mistake and correct it were the only results, it would be very well—the best and easiest remedy for a temporary evil—but

this is not all. Censoriousness, contempt, impertinence, ill-humour, contention, and injustice, are the abundant product, and self-esteem is the parent of them all. Too high an opinion of ourselves, and too low an opinion of others, is the certain position assumed by a mind so conditioned—the very worst that can possibly be maintained for all that is most lovely and valuable in the human character.

I observe a young woman who has been brought up in a London school—she has been taught to do every thing by the rules of politeness—she walks by rule, and talks by rule, and eats by rule, and thinks by rule—and she is withal a very genteel young person. She goes into the country, and meets persons who have had an education quite as good as her own, but they do every thing as nature suggests with the careless freedom of home and a country life. She decides at once that they are coarse and rude. She treats them with contempt—speaks of them with ridicule, and decides that it would be an outrage upon her good-breeding to become their companion and friend. She is mistaken—they are neither coarse nor rude—there is more elegance very frequently in their ease than in her mannerism—more grace in their carelessness than in her high polish. They have feelings as refined, and minds as well-cultivated as her own. And these too return her the compliment of aversion—they call her fine, affected, artificial—they think she can have no simplicity of feeling, or honesty of heart under an exterior that betrays so much design. They are unjust too—she is not affecting any thing or designing any thing—her heart is as open and as true as theirs—but artificial refinement has, by education and habit, become natural to her.

Again, a girl has been brought up abroad—under skies where lighter spirits and less thoughtful minds, and less cautious temperaments, give to the manners more ease and cheerfulness, and the feelings, from their very want of depth, acquire an appearance of more warmth and vivacity.

She goes into society in England where more thought, more feeling, more moral sensibility, encumber the mind whose intrinsic value they enhance, and give to the manners a degree of restraint, reserve, and heaviness. Now, if this young lady says these manners are disagreeable to her, she is not used to them, and cannot enjoy such society, that is very well, and she may be free to avoid it. But if she affects contempt for her countrywomen, exults in her own superiority, fancies they are admiring in her what she desires in them, or believes that they are not ten times more agreeable to each other than she is to them, she is mistaken. They have turned the glass, and at the very moment she is rising in her own esteem on the comparison, they are seeing her bold, flippant, heartless, imprudent, indelicate: not at all more just than herself, they attribute to character what is mere manner, or do not make allowance for circumstance in their estimate of character. Both parties seeing themselves in the other's glass, had gone away humbled, perhaps—but having looked only in their own, exalted in their own esteem, they have separated highly pleased with nothing but themselves.

Here are persons brought together by providential circumstance—they might be the happier for each other's friendship, the better for the counterbalance of each other's peculiarities, mutually improved by the very opposition of their characters—but they despise each other—when they meet, a bare civility and haughty distance ill conceal their aversion—when apart, they ridicule and traduce each other without mercy.

The woman who, with considerable natural powers, has been placed in a situation to cultivate them highly—whose taste for literary pursuits, never checked by the claims of domestick duty, or encumbered with attention to the homely necessities of existence, revels in the full delight of intellectual employment; and while she indulges her own inclination, fulfils the wishes of those she loves, and gratifies by her improvements and her talents

all around her—comes in contact with some quiet, domestick girl, whom smaller powers, or smaller means, or different example, has consigned to other occupations and other pleasures: her business is the direction of household affairs, and the plying of the indefatigable needle—her amusements, the weeding of her garden, the feeding of her canaries, or a five miles walk in the mud: the comfort no less of those about her, the cheerful and useful assistant of her parents, the prudent adviser of her inferiors, and the affectionate friend of her equals. What should these be to each other, but objects of mutual kindness and admiration, each fulfilling her own destiny, improving the peculiar talents committed to her charge, and contributing to the happiness of those around her? And what are they to each other? The clever and accomplished woman turns her back on the useful, domestick friend, repels her friendly intimacy, wonders she wastes her time in work when she might be improving her mind—laughs at her amusements, despises her plain good sense—and when not restrained by the civilities of society, treats her with disregard and impertinence. The other does not remain her debtor in this reckoning of mutual depreciation. She thinks women should keep their sphere—better be a good housewife than set up for a great genius—it is waste of time to be always reading—why does not her friend do something that is useful? She does not approve of learned ladies—she cannot bear *blue-stockings*—it is only for display women learn so much—it is not consistent with feminine modesty to be so much distinguished for talents and attainments.

To speak more generally of what I have thus evidenced by a few examples. Young people think every one who does not know what they happen to have been taught, is ignorant—every thing they happen not to have learned, is useless—every thing that is not the custom of the society in which they happen to have moved, is vulgar—every one who does not like what

they happen to like, has bad taste—every one who does not feel what happens to affect them, has no heart—every one who is not employed as they are, wastes their time—every one who does not conform to their estimate of right, has no conscience—every one whose opinions are not like their own, or their mama's, or their governess's, is mistaken. If it ended here, we might live very happily in our self-esteem; and society, if not in unanimity, might remain in peace. But it does not—we are never content in our fancied superiority—offence is taken where it is not given, or given where it is not provoked—kindness is coldly withheld, or rudely repulsed, or ungratefully repayed with ridicule—pain is inflicted unnecessarily where all have of necessity enough—innocent feelings are mortified and innocent enjoyments marred—instead of being as we ought to be, the variously wrought parts of one providential whole, to support, to counterbalance, to assist each other, to communicate to others what we hold in pre-eminence, to avail ourselves in others of what in us is deficient, it seems to be the very essence of our existence to depreciate and despise others, while our minds become at once narrowed and inflated by admiration of our own supposed advantage ground.

CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

CONVERSATION VI.

Quartz—Felspar—Mica—Hornblende—Origin of Granite Rocks.

MRS. L.—Now I hope you recollect the fundamental constituents of the Granite Rock, as I enumerated them in the last conversation.

ANNE.—I think they were Quartz, Felspar, Mica, and Hornblende, some of which were always present,

but not necessarily all of them; and occasionally they were intermixed with Schort, Garnet, and other substances, not considered as the usual base of the Granite.

MRS. L.—You are quite correct—and I now propose to show you these substances separately, and explain their qualities. This is rather the province of Mineralogy than of Geology; but as I have said before, I prefer clearness to regularity, and it is vain to go on talking about Quartz, Felspar, &c. without knowing the meaning of the terms, or having an idea of the substances they stand for. “QUARTZ is the substance commonly called Rock Crystal: it consists of pure siliceous earth, (Silex, flint,) and is abundantly found in more or less regular six-sided prisms, terminated by six-sided pyramids. *Fig. 1.* It occurs of various colours, such as a rose, brown, yellow, and purple, metallic bodies generally giving these tints; and sometimes these varieties are transparent, and when properly cut, constitute beautiful articles of jewellery:” such are the Amythist, Cairne-Gorum, Cats-eye, &c. “It is so hard as not to be scratched by a knife, and it cuts or scratches glass. Quartz is sometimes met with in mountain masses, which usually present a conical appearance. The Quartz has then the appearance of *Fig. 2.* The sugar-loaf mountains near Dublin; the pass of the Jura, in the Western Isles of Scotland, and some of the mountains of Sutherland and Caithness present instances of this formation.” Siliceous earth is an important substance in some arts, and is an essential ingredient in glass, earthenware, and porcelain. There is Silex, or Siliceous earth in almost every earth; but in its pure state, it is more particularly called Quartz. “There are tracts of country, exhibiting strata of some thousand feet in thickness consisting solely of Quartz Rock of the appearance of *Fig. 2.* The Fracture of this piece you will observe to be uneven, of no determinate form—try the edge on glass, and you find it will scratch it, though your sharpest pen-knife fails to scratch the Quartz. The Felspar, from which you

GEOLOGY.

PLATE V

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

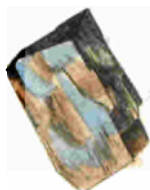


Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.



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T. H. K. 18. 18. 18.

found it difficult to distinguish it, is not so hard, and, when fractured, generally breaks flat and smooth.

MATILDA.—I think we have seen one specimen of Quartz, (*Plate 2. Fig. 3.*).

MRS. L.—Yes, in six-sided pyramids closely aggregated, or crowded together. Here is a piece of Smoky Quartz, of a dark colour, but transparent. (*Fig. 3.*) Woodstone (*Fig. 4.*) has the appearance of wood—but is evidently formed by the surrounding particles of Silex filtering in, as the fibres of the wood decay, and assuming their form.

ANNE.—I feel much better acquainted with Quartz than before—in some forms at least we shall know it when we see it.

MRS. L.—The next specimens are of Felspar—“Felspar is a compound body, of which siliceous and argillaceous earths (Argil, clay) are predominant ingredients: it generally contains a little lime and potash, and is often coloured by minute portions of oxyde of iron (iron and oxygen). Sometimes it is found crystallized, when it assumes the form of four or six-sided prisms, levelled at the extremities. Its usual colours are red, white, and grey. It is softer than Quartz, but harder than glass, and is characteristically marked by fusibility before the blow-pipe.

ANNE.—What is a blow-pipe?

MRS. L.—A small machine so constructed as by creating a current of Oxygen or pure air through a flame, so increases the intensity of the heat, that many substances are fused or melted by it, which resist the influence of ordinary fire. “Felspar is a very important ingredient in many kinds of pottery; and the substance used by the Chinese, under the name of petuntz, is probably of a similar nature. The decomposing Felspar of Cornwall is abundantly employed in the English porcelain manufactories, and as it contains no iron, it retains its perfect whiteness. There are some beautiful

varieties of Felspar employed in ornamental jewellery, such as the green and blue of Siberia and America, the foliated, pearly, or resplendent Felspar, called Adularia and Moonstone; and the Felspar of the island of St. Paul upon the coast of Labrador, (Labrador Spar,) distinguished by the property of reflecting very beautiful colours when the light falls upon it in certain directions. Felspar is an important component part of several other rocks besides Granite.

MAT.—What do you mean by the decomposing Felspar?

MRS. L.—A body is decomposed, when the ingredients of which it is compounded are separated—when we speak of a body as decomposing, we mean inclined to dissolve and separate its own parts: Felspar will sometimes do this; when it assumes the form of Clay. When fractured, Felspar has a flat, shining, foliated surface, as if it would separate in thin leaves, or laminae, but this it will not do: by the appearance of the fracture you may always distinguish it from the Quartz, which breaks rough. *Fig. 5.* is the common Felspar—*Fig. 6.* the Labrador Felspar; but it is impossible here to convey the beauty of the reflective tints.

ANNE.—The next substance is Mica, I suppose.

MRS. L.—“Mica is a well marked compound mineral, consisting principally of argillaceous and siliceous earths, with a little magnesia and oxyde of iron. Its texture is lamellar, and it is easily split into thin, flexible, elastic, and transparent plates. It is so soft as readily to yield to the nail: it is sometimes met with crystalized in four and six-sided plates and prisms. Its usual colours are shades of brown and grey; sometimes it is red, and sometimes black. In some parts of Siberia, Mica is copiously quarried, and is employed as a substitute for glass in windows and lanterns, whence it is called Muscovy glass. It has been thus used in Russian ships of war, where it has the advantage of not being shattered,

like glass, by the discharge of artillery. The extreme tenacity of the plates into which it may be divided, and their elasticity, render it very useful for the enclosure of objects to be submitted to microscopic inspection." Mica has a tendency in all its crystalizations to assume an hexagonal form. Here is a piece, transparent, and as thin as paper—you would suppose it artificially cut—but this is its natural shape. *Fig. 7.*

ANNE.—But what is this pretty pink substance classed with it—it does not look like Mica.

MRS. L.—Because it is in a mass—but if you rub it between your fingers, you will find it crumble into bright, scaly particles, resembling minute flakes of Mica. This is called Lepidolite. *Fig. 8.*

MAT.—The remaining specimen I conclude is the Hornblende.

MRS. L.—It is so: of a dirty black or green—a rough, crumbling, gritty substance—sparkling a little, but not flaky or transparent like the Mica. Hornblende, (*Fig. 9.*,) sometimes forms prismatic crystals—it yields easily to the knife: it contains siliceous and argillaceous earths, magnesia and a large quantity of iron. You now, I trust, feel yourselves in some degree acquainted with all the component parts of Granite—the first and most abundant of the Primitive Rocks.

ANNE.—I think so. And you promised further to explain to us the supposed manner and period of the formation of the Granite Rock.

MRS. L.—This is the most difficult part of my task—a secret upon which we may innocently form conjectures, but which the Creator has probably determined never to disclose. Granite and the other Primitive Rocks, are crystalized substances, which lead to conclude that they must some time have been dissolved—for all we understand of crystalization, is by the previous solution of the body, which, as it becomes solid again, assumes a crystalline appearance. Again, it seems to

us impossible that these substances could be dissolved in water—the strongest fire we can create is alone sufficient for the purpose—wherefore it has been concluded, that all these substances have been some time liquefied in fire. Another doubt is respecting the form and situation of these Rocks, whether they are as they were first deposited, or whether their shape and place have been subsequently changed. There is ample reason to believe the latter. “On the origin of Granite, geologists widely differ. As it constitutes the basis upon which all other rocks appear to lie, Werner has regarded it as the first formation of that chaotic, rock-depositing fluid in which he imagines the earth once to have been enveloped. But many peculiarities of Granite have been deduced by Dr. Hutton as contrary to such an opinion. If we examine a granitic district in nature, we shall observe in regard to it, two leading phenomena. The one is, that veins of Granite frequently shoot from the great mass, into the superincumbent strata. The other—that the bodies lying upon Granite, especially if they be stratified, either bear evidence of having been broken up, dislocated, and penetrated by the Granite whilst in a fluid state, or they seem as if gradually elevated by some power which has thrown the Granite up from below. So that upon this view of the subject, the date of Granite, as far as concerns its present position, is posterior to that of the strata that rest upon it. They were first deposited, and the Granite then erupted from beneath, and elevated the other strata, throwing them out of the horizontal, and giving them various inclinations to the horizon, and sometimes a vertical position.”

ANNE.—I believe I do not quite understand this question.

MRS. L.—It is simply this—whether the strata, that now lie above the Primitive Rocks, were once flat, and were broken and forced into their present form by the throwing up of the Granite from under them—or

whether the Granite having its present form before these were deposited upon it, they gradually assumed the shape of the mould on which they fell. This is a question we cannot answer. Certain it is, that every thing wears the appearance of violence and change. As we proceed, we shall see ample reason to believe that the ocean has changed its bed—that the now dry land has been some time covered with water, and that more than once.

MAT.—But if more than one such flood had taken place, would it not have been recorded.

MRS. L.—Most likely, if it had occurred since the race of man became the inhabitants of earth.

MAT.—But were not the earth and man created at the same time? When then could these things happen?

MRS. L.—Moses, the historian of divine truth, has told us that in the beginning God made the earth, and it was without form and void. The earth, therefore, existed before it assumed its present form at the successive commands of the divine word. Moses does not tell us what was the condition of the earth while the darkness was upon it, nor how long it remained in that condition, nor what changes it underwent before the Almighty commanded the light to shine upon it. Whatever was the condition of the earth before the six days' work of creation began, Moses, who did not mean to teach us Geology, or any thing but the history of our race, thought it enough to tell us that God had made it. If, therefore, Geology could prove that the earth has subsisted millions of years, instead of the thousands that our present race has dwelt upon it, it could not invalidate the truth of the Mosaic Scriptures. In the beginning, whenever that beginning was, God created it—and when it pleased him he made it what it is: and in the manner that he himself relates, prepared it for the reception of the beings he intended to place upon it. If any thing we discover in nature seems inconsistent with this relation, we may be assured it is our mistaken

understanding of his words, and not the words themselves, that are contradicted by the facts Geology has disclosed.

SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

CONVERSATION VI.

CLASS ARTICULATA—SUB-CLASS INSECTS.

Insects in their Pupa State.

ANNA.—Is it convenient to you, papa, to renew the subject we were conversing on last evening?

PAPA.—Yes, my dear; perfectly so. We were speaking, I recollect, of insects in their larva state.

ANNA.—Yes, papa.

PAPA.—We have taken a view of them then in that which is generally by far the longest, but by no means the most interesting part of their existence.

ANNA.—How long do they continue in that state?

PAPA.—The length of time varies considerably: some continue in it only a few days or weeks; others several months or years. When they are about to enter their third state they cease eating: some wrap themselves up in silken webs; others conceal themselves in decayed wood or in the earth; some take up their residence in the hollow stalks of plants; and many are concealed under leaves, or suspend themselves in dark places where they cannot easily be seen; and their skin, separating once more, discloses an oblong body, which Linnaeus called a *pupa*, from its resemblance in miniature to a child trussed up like a mummy in swaddling clothes; as young infants used to be in this country, and still are in many parts of the Continent. *Pupa*, you know, is a Latin word for baby. In this state most insects eat no food, are incapable of changing their

place, and when touched shew no other signs of life but that of giving their abdomen violent contortions. If opened, they seem filled with a watery fluid, in which no distinct organs can be traced. The shape, however, of the pupæ of different tribes varies considerably; and as I have, I believe, told you, different names have been applied to them. "Those of the beetle and bee tribes are covered with a membranous skin, inclosing in separate and distinct sheaths the external organs, as the antennæ, legs and wings; which are consequently not closely applied to the body, but have their form for the most part clearly distinguishable: to these Aristotle originally gave the name of *nymphæ*, which was continued by Swammerdam and other authors, and has been adopted by many English writers on insects. Butterflies, Moths, and some of the two-winged tribe are in their pupa state also inclosed in a similar membranous envelope; but their legs, antennæ, and wings, are closely folded over their breast and sides; and the whole body inclosed in a common case or covering of a horny consistence, which admits a much less distinct view of the organs beneath it. As these pupæ are often tinged of a golden colour, they were called from this circumstance *chrysalides* by the Greeks, and *aureliæ* by the Romans: both which terms are in some measure become anglicised; and though not strictly applicable to ungilded pupæ, are now given to those of all lepidopterous insects."

ANNA.—What are *lepidopterous* insects, papa?

PAPA.—Lepidopterous means scaly-winged; it is a name applied to those whose wings are covered with what appears a fine powder, such as moths and butterflies. The pupæ of flies, and some other two-winged genera, which are not excluded from the skin of the larva, but remain concealed under it till the perfect insect bursts forth, are called *cased-nymphs*: those of grasshoppers, locusts, and others of that sort, that resemble the perfect insect except in having only the rudi-

ments of wings, which are bound down under a skin that keeps them confined, are called *semi-nymphs*; these can eat and move as well while in the pupa state as when they have attained perfection: and those which still more nearly resemble the perfect insect, undergoing but slight changes either in their external or internal conformation, and retaining, throughout the course of their metamorphoses, the same power of moving and eating, are termed by Linnæus *complete pupæ*. The pupæ of fleas, lice, and many other wingless insects, are of this kind.

ANNA.—Now, papa, let me try if I can repeat the names of the different species of pupæ; I think there are five: the chrysalis, the nymph, the cased-nymph, the semi-nymph, and the complete pupa.

PAPA.—Good girl; you have repeated them very correctly. The larva of the butterfly becomes a *chrysalis*; that of the beetle and the bee, a *nymph*; that of the fly, a *cased-nymph*; that of the grasshopper, a *semi-nymph*; and that of the flea, a *complete pupa*. The envelope of cased-nymphs, which, as I said before, is formed of the skin of the larva, considerably altered in form and texture, is called the *puparium*; while the artificial coverings of different kinds, whether of silk, wood, or earth, which many insects fabricate for themselves previously to assuming the pupa state, is termed the *cocoon*.

ANNA.—Are there any other insects besides silkworms that form for themselves silken coverings?

PAPA.—Yes, many do, both during their larva state and previously to assuming the pupa: there are none, however, whose production is so valuable to us. The *Tinea*, or clothes' moth, as soon as it comes into existence, manufactures for itself a thick, warm coat of wool or hair, curiously incorporated with silk drawn from its own mouth: and another species of *Tinea*, which may often be found on the under surface of the leaves of the pear-tree in the spring, constructs its habitation entirely

of silk; its little downy russet-coloured tents, which are about a quarter of an inch high, and not much thicker than a pin, resemble, at first sight, so many spines growing out of the leaf; but if you pull off one of them, and give it a gentle squeeze, you will see a little yellowish caterpillar, with a black head, emerge from the lower end of it. The strong, white webs too, that frequently disfigure the hedges and fruit trees, are a silken covering, produced by the joint labours of a species of caterpillars, the larvæ of the *Bombyx Chrysothorax*, and intended as their common residence, under which they may be securely sheltered during their various changes. Indeed the instances are numberless of insects that use silk, either wholly or in part, in the construction of their habitations: whatever other substances be employed in forming the fabric, silk is almost always the cement that fastens them together.

ANNA.—None, however, produce such beautiful cocoons.

PAPA.—None, perhaps, enrich them with so much beautiful material: the silk worm, in the three days it employs in spinning, produces, at least, three hundred yards of silk: but there are several, even in our own country, that form very curious ones. Did you never see those of a species of weevil, the *curculio arator*, which are frequently found attached to the common spurrey? They very much resemble fine gauze. Many of the saw flies too are remarkable for the cocoons they construct: they form an internal one of a soft, close, flexible texture; which they surround with another composed of a strong kind of net work that effectually secures them from injury during their period of repose in the pupa state.

ANNA.—Do insects remain in the pupa state long?

PAPA.—They vary very much in that respect. Some species continue in it only a few hours; others months; and others one or more years. The length of time depends, in some measure, on the warmth of the climate:

the same insects will remain pupæ as long again in our country as they will in India. Your silk-worms, for instance, which you have probably observed to be about a month in escaping from their prisons, would become moths in fifteen days in their natural climate.

ANNA.—I always help them as much as I can by snipping open the cocoon when I have wound off the silk.

PAPA.—You need not do that; for the moth is provided with a solvent fluid which would enable it very readily to open a passage for itself.

When the insect is disclosed from the pupa it is in all respects different from what it had been before: it often requires no food at all, and scarcely ever more than a very small quantity; indeed its stomach is found to have been very much contracted, in some instances to a tenth of its former bulk: its almost sole object appears to be to make provision for the production of future generations, by depositing its eggs on that substance which is suited for the support of its infant offspring; and having done that, it generally dies. I have much, however, to tell you of its structure and habits during this short but interesting period of its existence. When I have a convenient opportunity, I will indulge you with a sight of my cabinet, and we will converse on the subject more at large.

ANNA.—That will indeed be a great pleasure to me: I am more and more anxious to become acquainted with these interesting little beings.

PAPA.—The same creature is, you see, in fact, three different animals; and the modes of its existence are often as distinct as those of animals the most distantly related of other tribes. The same insect often lives successively in three or four worlds: at one period it is an inhabitant of water; at another of earth; at a third of air; and in each abode has a form and propensities that adapt it to the offices in the creation it is intended to fulfil.

Z. Z.



Common Elm
Ulmus. Campestris.
Pentandria Digynia.

DESCRIPTION OF BRITISH TREES.

No. VI.

THE ELM—ULMUS.

THE Elm, like most other trees, does not bear the flower and leaf together, therefore we have drawn it in seed. It will be observed that in our specimen the leaf is long and pointed—in many it is not much longer than it is broad, but still pointed and much notched: this is but a variety of the same species. The flower of the Elm is a small tuft of greenish, yellow flowers, without blossom, coming out on the side of the stems before the leaf; of the Class Pentandria Digynia: the bark is cracked and wrinkled: the leaves are not alike on both sides of the stem, at the base, and they are much notched and veined.

“Columella, in his twelfth chapter de Arboribus, informs us that Elms were principally employed in making living props to vines; and that vineyards formed upon this extensive plan, were named Arbusta, the vines themselves being called Arbustivæ Vites, to distinguish them from others raised in more confined situations. Since the introduction of silk-worms into Italy, the Mulberry-trees in many places are pollarded for the double purpose of supporting vines, and supplying leaves for feeding the worms. Once in two years the Elms were carefully pruned, to prevent their leaves from overshadowing the grapes; and this operation was deemed of great importance. Virgil, in his description of the implements of husbandry, recommends the *buris* or plough-tail to be made of an Elm bent in the woods—from this is probably taken the hint of forming knee-timber by bending down young Oaks, while growing. Among the ancients, it was customary to plant about their tombs such trees as bore no seeds, particularly the Elm:”

Jove's silvan daughters bade their Elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honour grow.—VIRGIL.

“The Elm is certainly a native of this country—there can be no stronger proof of it, than that there are near forty places in this kingdom which have their names from it, most of which are mentioned in Domesday-book.”—HUNTER.

“Of the trees which grow in our woods, there is none which does better suffer the transplantation than the Elm; for you may remove a tree of twenty years' growth with undoubted success: it is an experiment I have made in a tree almost as big as my waist; but then

you must totally disbranch him, leaving as much earth as you can, and refresh him with abundance of water."—EVELYN.

"It seems to have been thought an excellence amongst the Roman husbandmen to be able to transplant large trees. Virgil represents the old Corycian as possessed of that knowledge in a high degree."—

HUNTER.

"Elm is a timber of most singular use, especially where it may lie continually dry or wet, in extremes; therefore proper for water-works, mills, pumps, pales, and ship planks beneath the water-line; and some that have been found buried in bogs, have turned like the most polished and hardest ebony, only discerned by the grains: also for wheelwrights, &c. Rails and gates made of Elm, thin sawed, are not so apt to rive as Oak; the knotty for naves; the straight and smooth for axle-trees; and the very roots for curiously dappled works; it has no superior for chopping blocks, blocks for the hat-maker, trunks and boxes to be covered with leather, coffins, dressers, and shovel-board tables of great length, and has a lustrous colour if rightly seasoned; also for the carver, by reason of the tenour of the grain, and toughness, which fits it for all those curious works of fruitages, foliage, shields, statues, and most of the ornaments appertaining to the orders of architecture, and for not being much subject to warping: finally, which I must not omit, the use of the very leaves of this tree, especially the female, is not to be despised; for being suffered to dry in the sun upon the branches, and the spray stripped off about the decrease in August, they will prove a great relief to cattle, in winter and scorching summers, when hay and fodder are dear; they will eat them before oats, and thrive exceedingly well with them."—EVELYN.

"The Roman husbandmen fed their cattle with the leaves of trees, but the preference was given to those of the Elm. The English husbandman, who lives in the neighbourhood of extensive woods, would do well to attend to this branch of rural economy. When hay is dear, dried leaves of all kinds are highly valuable. Columella considers twenty pecks of dried leaves as equal to thirty pounds of hay."—HUNTER.

It may be doubted whether modern horses are quite of the same opinion as those of ancient Rome—we believe the leaves of trees are now made but little use of: with respect to "the wonderful cures performed by the liquor of this tree," we are too incredulous to repeat them. On account of their growing high, and unless cut, not spreading wide, Elms are preferred for planting in many situations, where more spreading branches would injure the corn or herbage beneath them.

To the Editor of the Assistant of Education.

MADAM,

— I sometimes fear, in this abstruse day, when the deeper sciences are dipt into by every one, whether so close an attention to minutiae will not rather cast into shade that interesting elegance of mind, which results from the cultivation of the pleasures of imagination, and I have wished, especially in my own family, to guard against the possibility of such an evil. For this purpose I have been drawing the attention of my young ones to poetry; and in order to give them some distinct ideas on the subject, and at the same time to cultivate and improve their taste, I have encouraged them to write a few Essays on Poetry in general, beginning with its origin, nature, and design; then proceeding to its progress, and the examination of its several kinds; inducing them at the same time to bring forward examples from our best poets. These little productions I have carefully preserved, which, together with my own additions, may not perhaps be uninteresting or useless to some of your young readers, &c. &c.

CORNELIA.

ESSAY ON POETRY.

IN all ages and in all nations a taste for Poetry has universally prevailed. It has varied, indeed, in elegance and refinement, according to the different degrees of civilization in mankind. Yet the love of it has ever remained the same.

In order to understand Poetry clearly in all its branches, it may be useful to consider its origin, nature, and design. If the actual origin of Poetry be enquired after, it must be considered as a gift of nature and not as the production of art; not peculiar to any particular

age or people, but common both to the savage and civilized parts of mankind. Poetry must be attributed wholly to the more violent affections of the heart, expressing themselves with a fire and animation very different from the unimpassioned tone of common language; for when the imagination is exalted, and the passions fired by some great or unusual event, the mind labours to express the greatness of its conceptions, overflows the boundaries of ordinary speech, and rushes on in the lofty and swelling strain of Poetry; in striving to convey its ideas to another, it magnifies the subject, pours forth comparisons, and expresses itself in a manner unusually splendid, agreeable, and harmonious.

The earliest records of savage nations were composed in verse: dance and song were their chief amusements—with these they would celebrate their exploits, and the praises of their gods: the illiterate savages, warlike, impetuous, and without refinement, sang the victories of their heroes in wild and fiery measure, and while the maddening strains still sounded in their ears, their chiefs seized the golden opportunity, and led them forth to battle. Thus it was, in ancient times, that the poet and the orator had an equal share with the general or the magistrate in the balance of the state; by their eloquence they were capable of diverting the tide of public feeling into whatever channel they thought proper, and were not unfrequently the means of saving or of ruining a whole nation.

The effect of poetry was greatly heightened by its union with music: every bard sang his own verses, and the better to adapt these to the music, they were formed into harmonious periods; hence arose what is now called versification; or the art of forming poetry into regular and musical sentences.

Poetry may be considered as having two principal objects in view, utility and pleasure. Utility its ultimate end, and pleasure the means by which that end is accomplished. Poetry, like Philosophy, is designed to

instruct; but while the one appeals to reason only, the other engages the passions as well as reason on its side. While Philosophy leads her followers by a steep and rugged, though nearer path, to the summit of Parnassus, Poetry conducts her almost unconscious train to the same point, by a winding and flowery way.

Poetry is chiefly useful because it is agreeable; it conceals instruction beneath the ornaments of harmony and taste, and by the beauty of its imagery, it embellishes its precepts with an alluring sweetness, and thus captivates the affections and fixes the attention of the reader.

Poetry affords a salutary relaxation to the mind when harassed and fatigued, soothes and calms the tumultuous passions, cheers the spirits when depressed, elevates the mind to the admiration of whatever is great, virtuous, or noble, and excites it to the pursuit of glory and honour.

Thus far Poetry holds no mean rank among the liberal arts; but where it shines with greatest brightness, is in the service of religion, and in the praise of the Creator. What music so sweet as that which springs warm from a grateful heart, in the strains of adoration and praise? It is the very music of Heaven and the language of Angels. May we not suppose this to be a gift bestowed on man, to be employed in the service of his Maker? It is more than probable, that our first parents, while in Paradise, poured forth the earliest effusions of their pure and thankful hearts, in praise to their heavenly Father, in the rapturous strains of Poetry.

To the sacred language of religion, Poetry appears to be peculiarly adapted: it seems to be its native soil, where it flourishes with most luxuriance and arrives at the highest perfection: this is remarkably exemplified in the sacred poetry of the Hebrews, which infinitely exceeds in sublimity and magnificence of expression any other writings, ancient or modern; but this cannot surprise us when we remember that they are the lan-

guage of Divine Inspiration, and must necessarily bear a stamp of more than human invention.

We are expressly told, that music forms one principal employment of the spirits in bliss: may we not reasonably conceive that this sacred poetry may in some degree (though faint,) resemble that heavenly music poured from the breasts of those countless myriads "who cast their crowns at the foot of the Lamb," and make the celestial abodes to echo with his beloved name?

How delightful is the thought, that while from a humble and grateful heart we sing the praises of our God, our feeble notes rise with acceptance, and mingle with that heavenly choir who worship day and night before the throne.

Sacred Poetry serves greatly to animate the mind, to fix the soul in delightful contemplation on God the author of all good, to tune the heart to praise and thanksgiving, and to melt it into gratitude and love.

What pity then that a talent formed for such high emprise should ever stoop to gild the bait of vice, or soil its plumy wings by fluttering over the debasing pleasures of sense, and thus gorge on earthly food, when it might feast on celestial fare; like the swallow in Madame Guyon's poems, translated by our immortal bard, Cowper, her flight should be upwards. Can I close this essay better than with these beautiful lines:

"I am fond of the swallow, I learn from her flight,"

Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of love;

How seldom on earth do we see her alight,

"She dwells in the skies, she is ever above."

"It is on the wing, that she takes her repose,"

Suspended and poised in the regions of air;

'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grows,

"It is winged like herself, 'tis ethereal fare." CORNELIA.

[The Editor feels no doubt that the insertion of the above article will be pleasing to her readers, as to herself; and that they will unite with her in wishing a continuance of the Essays.]

ON THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

ON THE TRUTH OF GOD.

THAT which God hath spoken, faith receives as *true*, and hope relies on as *sure*; because God is the God of truth. He is called the God of truth or the true God to denote his holy supremacy above all the idol gods of the heathen. He is also designated thus because all truth emanates from him, and leads to him. The revelation which comes from God, a revelation borne witness to, by miracles, by prophecies, fulfilled and yet fulfilling, by its own beautiful harmony and consistency, its uncompromising purity, its enlightening, strengthening, and consolatory tendency; this revelation is the only sure foundation for human trust; and is therefore entitled the Word of Truth in contra-distinction from every system of merely human invention, the fables of pagan mythology, the theories of false philosophy, the prejudices, dreams, and delusions of bigotry, ignorance and superstition; and it is in accordance with the precepts and the promises of this Holy Word that the Christian, framing his life, and forming his expectations, is said to "walk by faith:" for the faith of the true believer is not the unwarranted confidence of a blind credulity; but the credence given by an enlightened judgment to the authenticated record of divine truth. And, alas, without the light of the inspired volume, the soul of man must ever wander in the fields of hopeless uncertainty or be lost in the mazes of error and perplexity; like the dove sent forth by the patriarch, it can find no rest, until it return to him from whom it departed; but without the instinct of that dove, the way to return it knows not; the understanding is darkened, the affections cleave to the earth, and "of the earth earthly" may be written upon every human soul in its natural state; "There is none that

understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God," (Rom. iii. 11.) "none calleth for justice, nor pleadeth for truth." "Yea, truth faileth, and he that departeth from evil is accounted mad," (Isaiah lix. 4, 15. margin.) "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not."—(John i. 5.) Nor will any receive the truth in the love of it, nor will any seek after, nor can any bear the image of the heavenly until it please God to "shine into the heart, and give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ,"—(II Cor. iv. 6.) who is therefore emphatically termed "The Truth," and "The true light which lighteth every man which cometh into the world:" since by him alone is manifested the counsel, will and perfections of the divine mind. "To this end," said Jesus, "was I born, and, for this cause, came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth; every one that is of the truth heareth *my* voice."—(John xviii. 37.) And again, "I am the way, the *truth*, and the life;" or the true and only way to life eternal; "every man therefore that hath heard and hath learned of the Father cometh unto ME." "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of ME." Christ is the Sun of that spiritual system which unfolds its mysteries in the sacred writings to the sincere and diligent inquirer after truth. The soul, taught of God and led by his spirit, beholds the inspired pages irradiated throughout with the beaming glory of Immanuel; sees him to be the first and the last, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, who was, and is, and is to come: sees in the prophetic visions of ancient days and in the memorial of events taking place in the fulness of time, the same grand and important subjects pourtrayed, namely, "The sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow." "The spirit of prophecy is the testimony of Jesus," and angels from Heaven, holy men of God, prophets, apostles, evangelists, appear but as the heralds and servants of him, to whom, with one unde-

viating witness they point, of whom, with one concurrent voice they speak, as the great Angel of the covenant, the teacher from on high, the lawgiver and prophet of his church, the "Light that should give light to the Gentiles and be the glory of his people Israel." Jehovah, incarnate, is the theme of Zion's songs; and whether the harp be touched to the deep and plaintive strains of suffering affliction, or struck to choral hymns of triumphant exultation, those notes of grief and lamentation are the expression of Messiah's sorrows, those chords of joy and praise are the celebration of Messiah's victories. The soul of the Mosaical economy, he was discovered to the spiritual apprehension of the true Israelite in the types of the Old Testament dispensation, and through the shadowy observances of the Levitical ceremonies, until the appointed period arrived when he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. By that *one* offering *once* offered, having perfected for ever them that are sanctified, the types and shadows are no more, that dispensation has passed away, the veil is rent asunder, the way into the Holiest laid open, and neither on "Mount Gerizim nor yet at Jerusalem" are the true worshippers now directed to worship the Father; "but in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him;" (Acts x. 35) and, sprinkled with the atoning blood of Christ, and clothed in his righteousness, those who worship God in spirit and in truth, have free access to the throne of grace at all times and in all places, with holy confidence and with boldness through the faith of him who is the true altar, the true sacrifice, High Priest and Temple, of him who is able to save even to the uttermost all who come unto God by him, "seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them;" to whom also it pertains to bless the people, for to Him is committed the ministration of the Spirit. He it is, who coming forth from the true sanctuary, is ever extending his hands over his beloved children and shed-

ding upon them from on high the richest blessings of God's everlasting love, pardon, and peace, and every grace by which they are enabled to glorify his name on earth and enjoy communion with him in heaven, for ever.

The great promise and blessing of the Gospel dispensation, is the gift of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Christ and of God; and he is promised as the *Spirit of truth* in opposition to that spirit who lies in wait to deceive, called in Scripture the "father of lies," who goeth forth to "deceive the *whole world*," (Rev. xii. 9.) who "abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him; (John viii. 44.) whose legions, "principalities, and powers," are "the rulers of the darkness of this world;" (Eph. vi. 12.); "and who blinds the minds of them which believe not lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." (II. Cor. iv. 4.) It is the gracious work of the Spirit of Truth to remove this blindness, to dissipate the darkness of ignorance and error, to renew the soul in knowledge after the image of Him that created it in righteousness and true holiness; not only guiding the mind into all truth, but binding the heart to it in love, and thus giving the believer to have the witness in himself. For while he bears witness in every man's conscience, so as to leave him inexcusable who obeys it not, "none can say that Jesus is the LORD but by the Holy Ghost." "It is the Spirit that beareth witness, because *the Spirit is truth*. (I. John, v. 6.) He bears witness to Christ in the *life* of the believer, by causing those fruits of righteousness to spring forth, which are by Jesus Christ, to the glory and praise of God. For that only is *true* faith, or the faith which springs from the knowledge of *the truth*, which, working by love, produces holiness of heart and life, and is accompanied by a conscientious observance of all the commandments of God. The Spirit bears witness in the *heart* of the believer, by

taking up his abode there as the Comforter; (Rom. viii. 16.) sealing to him his adoption, taking of the things of Christ and showing them unto him, and applying to the soul all the benefits of his great salvation. He applies to the conscience the blood of sprinkling, and through the merits of Christ's perfect righteousness, gives to the child of God a holy and filial confidence in his approaches to his heavenly Father, helping his infirmities and enabling him to pour out before the Lord Jehovah his supplications and aspirations, his prayers and his praise; and then affording with the gracious manifestations of his presence to the soul, assurance of pardon, acceptance, and favour, bringing it into a state of fellowship and communion with God, and shedding abroad in the heart, and yet more abundantly, that knowledge and enjoyment of the love of Christ, which indeed "passeth knowledge." He reveals to the understanding more and more perfectly the glories of the Redeemer's person, work, offices, and all-sufficiency, teaching the soul to live upon his fulness, and enduing it not only with those graces which are essential to the Christian character, and which glorify Christ before men, but also enriching it with that joy which a stranger intermeddleth not with, and that peace which is both the earnest of and the repose of the soul in its everlasting rest.

Thus the Christian is enabled to set to his seal that God is true, and even here on earth not only reads but realises the declaration, that "all the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus," so far as they relate to the kingdom of grace, and he waits in patient hope until they are finally and fully accomplished in the kingdom of glory. That patient but assured hope, resting on the word and immutability of Him "who cannot lie," he knows in whom he has believed, knows that though heaven and earth shall pass away, *his word* shall never pass away; and therefore when called to close his eyes on things temporal, in the confident expectation of opening them on things eternal, he commits himself to Him

who is the resurrection and the life, saying, "*Into thine hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.*" IOTA.

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

HASTINGS CASTLE.

WE'VE seen, my Love, full many a season
 Pass o'er yon ruined towers—
 Still its lines remain unaltered,
 Mindless of the passing hours.

Alike in Summer's garish day,
 Alike in dreary Winter found—
 Its beauties ever are the same,
 Unchanged, when all is changing round.

Might I tell of what is like it,
 'Tis the friendship felt by those
 Whose love from nature's impulse budding,
 Dies not with that nature's close.

Adverse fortune cannot change it—
 Age can never check its bloom—
 Surviving nature to embellish,
 A bright eternity to come.

HYMN.

INCENSE sweet I fain would bring
 To the altar of my King;
 Rich perfumes I fain would give
 To the God in whom I live;
 But where are the spices, and where the perfume?
 And where do the citron and olive tree bloom?
 My garden is barren, my garden is dry,
 And my heart can no flame for the altar supply.

I would shed repentant tears
For the guilt my bosom bears—
I would utter songs of love
For the benefits I prove ;
But where is the tear-drop, and where are the sighs ?
And whence shall the accents of gratitude rise ?
My heart it is selfish, my heart it is cold,
By kindness unsoften'd, by fear unappall'd.

I have nothing then to plead
But my poverty and need—
I have nothing left to pay,
Yet there is, there is a way.
The citron and olive on Calvary bloom ;
In Gethsemane's garden I'll steal my perfume ;
From the temple of Zion I'll rifle the fire ;
And the prayer he will answer my God will inspire.



THE REPLY.

WEEP not, Mother, for the babe
Cold at thy heart that lies ;
Gaze not upon his marble brow,
To wonder why he dies.

Nature did not mock thee, Mother,
When in a form so fair,
She wrapt the spirit of thy babe,
And gave him to thy prayer.

That form of manhood is not worn
In idle mimicry—
Eternal love his being gave—
But, Mother, not for thee.

For thee, it were indeed no more
But a sad and sorry boon,
To look upon a thing so fair,
And fancy it thine own.

Alas ! this cold and sinful world
Had been no home for him—
Made for eternity at once,
And destined not for time.

POETICAL RECREATIONS.

Thy baby was not born to die—
 Mother, he has not died—
 'Twas but a garment that he wore
 And lays it now aside ;

Lest that by sin or sorrow soiled,
 Or by passion haply riven,
 The longer wearing should pollute
 A dress prepared for heaven.

Mother, the coronet had proved
 Too heavy for that brow ;
 And left a furrow on the skin,
 So smooth, so spotless now.

Mother, while earthly halls had rung
 Glad pæans for thy boy,
 There had been tears in heaven, perhaps,
 O'er their unhallowed joy.

Nay, gaze again upon thy babe,
 As thou wert used to do,
 And read upon his cold, cold front,
 A brighter promise now.

Fancy celestial glory hung
 Upon that lovely brow—
 Fancy the love that angels feel
 Kindling that breast of snow.

The musick of immortal joy,
 How richly it will flow
 From feelings that were never struck
 To sound the notes of woe.

Nay, smile upon thy babe again,
 To God and glory given—
 Should there be sadness on the earth
 When there is joy in heaven ?



MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.

SILENTLY, slowly up the clear blue sky
 The moon is stealing in tranquillity :

There is no sound save when the passing breeze
 Wakes a faint whisper in the yielding trees,
 And heaven is cloudless as the solitude
 Snatched from this Babel—of the wise and good.

The stars are peeping through that vault of blue,
 As redolent of peace and calmness too;
 Not as when brooding o'er creation's birth,
 They sang together, and the sons of earth
 'Shouted for joy,' but mournfully serene,
 As though they wept that sin should intervene,
 And death and woe spread round destruction there,
 To mar a prospect so divinely fair.

The breeze is chill, and yet I love to stray
 Whiling in thought the twilight hours away,
 Where the grey yew, by time and tempest riven,
 Courts a last glimmer from the western heaven,
 With solemn step the church-yard's gloom to tread,
 And pass an hour in converse with the dead.

* * * * *

'Look to yourselves'—as o'er the silent grave
 'You mark with wandering eyes the wild grass wave,
 'And if the thought of death may start a tear,
 'Moisten with it his tomb who moulders here—

* * * * *

I knew him: and have watched his wandering feet,
 Seek from the blaze of day some cool retreat
 Where he might lay him on the grass green sod,
 Communing thro' his works, with nature's God,
 While down his cheek a faltering tear would steal,
 And a faint sigh his troubled thoughts reveal,
 For he would read in earth, sea, air, and sky
 'Thanksgiving, and the voice of melody'—
 He was alone ungrateful; all around
 Even "mute nature" made a joyful sound:
 And tho' while musing, in his troubled breast
 The fire might kindle, it was soon supprest;
 For sin spread round it such a tainted air,
 The flame of love could not burn brightly there.

A.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Selections from the Works of the Latin Poets, with English Notes. Parts I. and II.—Baker & Fletcher. 1825.

WE know a great many of our young female friends are learning Latin—we wish that all were so—and we are assured they will be obliged to us for the mention of books in which they may amuse themselves with the best productions of the language, without risk of meeting with any thing the careful parent might object to place in the hands of his children. The first part contains Selections from Horace, the second from Virgil, with English Notes of explanation of proper names, mythological references, &c. in the form of a school-book, and one that we do not doubt will be found very useful. Our opinion of this study for young ladies we have already more than once expressed, and it is becoming every day more general among well-educated girls. That “a little learning is a dangerous thing,” is a long-standing maxim; and the advocates for idleness and ignorance, either on their own behalf or on that of others, have brought it to bear alike on the Latin Grammar of polite education, and the Primer of the National School. It may be doubted whether the original propounder of this sentiment would not be much surprised at its application, and confess there is a minimum of learning so extremely small as to be below the reach of the danger. If this be not so, women are under a necessity of being absolutely ignorant, or excessively learned, neither of which extremes we believe to be good for them—therefore in opposition to this established maxim, we venture to think that a little learning, and a great deal of good

sense, would be the very best compound for female intellect. But if we should have the learning without the sense? That would be unfortunate, especially for the honour of learning, which would have all the discredit of the deficiency; though how it could be guilty of producing it, would be hard to say. If it can be ascertained that any individual has not, and never will have any sense, we are quite agreed that she had better not have any learning—but if sense may be cultured and matured as other mental endowments may, we believe that ignorance is not the means. We have made these remarks in connexion with the mention of this publication, because some people persist in thinking, when we speak of Latin for girls, we wish to make them learned—though we perceive not ourselves any connexion between the two, and we should be sorry that our children learned to imagine any. With respect to the present publications, we can recommend them as well selected, and particularly useful to those who may desire to teach themselves without the assistance of a master.

EXTRACTS.

LA SIMPLICITE.

La simplicité qui est une vertu, loin d'être grossière, est quelque chose de sublime. Tous les gens de bien la goûtent, l'admirent, sentent quand ils la blessent, la remarquent en autrui, et sentent ce qui est nécessaire pour la pratiquer; mais ils auroient de la peine à dire précisément ce que c'est que cette vertu. La simplicité est une droiture de l'ame qui retranche tout retour inutile sur elle-même et sur ses actions. Elle est différente de la sincérité. La sincérité est une vertu au-dessous de la simplicité. On voit beaucoup de gens qui sont sincères sans être simples: ils ne disent rien qu'ils ne croient vrai: ils ne veulent passer que pour ce qu'ils sont; mais ils craignent sans cesse de passer pour ce qu'ils ne sont pas; ils sont toujours à s'étudier eux-mêmes, à compasser toutes leurs paroles et toutes leurs

pensées, et à repasser tout ce qu'ils ont fait dans la crainte d'avoir fait trop ou trop peu. Ces gens-là sont sincères; mais ils ne sont pas simples : ils ne sont pas à leur aise avec les autres, et les autres ne sont pas à leur aise avec eux : on n'y trouve rien d'aisé, rien de libre, rien d'ingénu, rien de naturel; on aimeroit mieux des gens moins réguliers et plus imparfaits qui fussent moins composés.

FENELON.

DUELLING.

In A.D. 1352, Henry, Duke of Lancaster, having been informed of some reproachful words spoken against him by a Duke of Brunswick, resolved to sail over to France to fight him. But before he committed his innocence to the trial of the sword, he desired the Bishops of England to assist him with their prayers, and to recommend him and his cause to the mercy of God. Accordingly Radulphus de Salopia, Bishop of Bath and Wells, enjoined all the clergy of his diocese to exhort the people in their sundry cures every Sunday and holyday, with all humility and devotion, to beg of God, who is the giver of victory, that he would appear for the honour of his holy name, and the clearing the truth of the noble Duke, and the glory of the English nation, by giving success to his arms.—*The original in the Register of Bath and Wells.*

CIVILITY.

Lord Chesterfield observes that civility and sweetness of manners are directly required by our Saviour's practical exposition of the second great command of the moral law—"That we should do to others whatsoever we would that they should do to us." All men love to be treated with civility, and are bound therefore by the law of God to exhibit such treatment to others. The Chinese proverbially and justly observe, that a man without civility, is a man without common sense. Such manners are the proper polish of that most beautiful of all diamonds, virtue; and enable it to shine with its own peculiar lustre. They render the character lovely, increase exceedingly the power of those who possess them to do good, and secure them a thousand kind offices, to which coarse, rough, and brutal men are utterly strangers. Children, in order to be taught such manners, beside being particularly instructed in their nature, should especially be accustomed to the company of those from whom they may be successfully copied.

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